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VOLUME XIII.

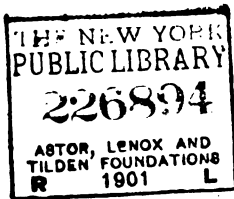
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# THE WORLD OF THOUGHT

WITH EDITORIAL COMMENT.

	PAGE
ADVANCE THOUGHT PUBLICATIONS, . . . . .	469
ATTITUDE OF THE RELIGIOUS WORLD (Editorial), . . . . .	66
BIBLE READINGS NOW AND AFORETIME, (Editorial), . . . . .	453
CHINESE AND RATS, THE . . . . . A. W., . . . . .	70
DIVINE ORDER, THE . . . . .	294
EPISTLE TO THE HEBREWS, THE . . . . . Epheros, . . . . .	373
FAITH CURE BECOMING SCIENTIFIC, . . . . . Alexander Wilder, M. D., . . . . .	222
GIFTS, . . . . . H. D. Thoreau, . . . . .	70
GREAT TRUTHS (Poem), . . . . . Eliza A. Pittsinger, . . . . .	463
INDEPENDENT THOUGHT, . . . . .	292
INTELLIGENT CONFIDENCE, . . . . . D. A. Wasson, . . . . .	70
LEADERS, MR. LECTURES (Editorial), . . . . .	291
LIEBNITZ ON MATTER, . . . . .	146
MARIE CORELLI TO CARDINAL VAUGHAN, . . . . .	293
MEDITATION, . . . . . Rev. Henry Frank, . . . . .	69
MENTAL ATTENTION (Editorial), . . . . .	65
MOSQUITOS AND MALARIA, . . . . .	146
OUR WORK AND ITS PURPOSE, . . . . .	370
PROPOSAL FOR A GERMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH (Editorial), . . . . .	221
SOME MISREPRESENTATIONS CORRECTED, . . . . .	47
TOLSTOI ANOTHER MIVART, . . . . .	145
TONGUE THE (Poem), . . . . .	71
TRANCE VISIONS, . . . . . Karl M. Sherman, . . . . .	456
TRUE EDUCATION, . . . . .	69
TWO SOULS (Poem), . . . . . George Williams Wright, . . . . .	455
SCHOOL OF PHILOSOPHY, THE . . . . .	68 372
SUPERIOR FREEDOM ENJOYED IN CHINA; . . . . .	293
VEGETABLE MAGNETISM, . . . . .	69
WISDOM AND PHILOSOPHY, . . . . .	69



# INDEX.

## VOLUME THIRTEEN.

### CONTRIBUTED ARTICLES.

	PAGE
FAMINE IN INDIA (Poem), . . . .	Paul Avenel, . . . . 258
FORGIVENESS, . . . . .	Aaron M. Crane, . . . 88, 172
GENESIS AND PURPOSE OF MUSIC, THE .	Axel E. Gibson, . . . . 404
GRADUAL DEVELOPMENT OF THOUGHT IN HINDU PHILOSOPHY, . . . . .	Kannoo Mal, M. A., . . . 238
GREAT AWAKENING, THE . . . . .	Charles Johnston, M. R. A. S., 1
LIFE IN DEATH, . . . . .	Ethelbert Johnson, . . . 419
LIVING GOD, THE . . . . .	Benjamin Fay Mills, . . . 392
MAGNETISM AND ELECTRICITY, . . . .	Mabel Gifford, . . . . 414
MAKING AND DECAYING OF THE CREED,	Rev. Henry Frank, 18, 99, 185, 250
MAN—SPIRIT, SOUL AND BODY, . . . .	Hiram K. Jones, LL.D., M. D., 151
METAPHYSICS OF MATTER, THE . . . .	Alexander Wilder, M. D., 10
MIND AND CEREBRATION, . . . . .	Alexander Wilder, M. D., 375
MODERN MADNESS (Poem), . . . . .	Paul Avenel, . . . . . 333
PHILOSOPHY OF TRUST LEGISLATION, THE	Henry Nelson Bullard, . . . 323
PRACTICAL IDEALISM, . . . . .	Allen R. Darrow, . . . . 33
PSYCHIATRY AND PSYCHAL FORCE, . . . .	Alexander Wilder, M. D., 82
ROMANOFFS AS REFORMERS, THE . . . .	Charles Johnston, M. R. A. S., 75, 165
SCRIPTURE HABIT, THE . . . . .	Rev. Charles Ferguson, . . . 328
SILENCE AND SOLITUDE, . . . . .	Eugene A. Skilton, . . . . 80
TEACHING OF REBIRTH IN INDIA, THE .	Charles Johnston, M. R. A. S., 295
THEORETICAL LEARNING, . . . . .	Hon. Boyd Winchester, . . . 231
VEDANT, THE FINAL GOAL OF KNOWL- EDGE, . . . . .	Kannoo Mal, M. A., . . . 309

### DEPARTMENT OF PHILOSOPHY.

ALL THINGS TO ALL MEN, . . . . .	C. H. A. Bjerregaard, . . . 346
ART AND CAMERA NOTES, . . . . .	C. H. A. Bjerregaard, . . . 119
CHILDHOOD DEVELOPMENT (Editorial) .	. . . . . 350
CHRISTMAS VIBRATIONS, . . . . .	C. H. A. B., . . . . . 423
DECADENTS, COLOR AND SOUNDS, . . . .	C. H. A. B., . . . . . 193
DOUBLE PERSONALITY OF GUY DE MAU- PASSANT, . . . . .	C. H. A. B., . . . . . 41
IBSEN'S "WHEN WE DEAD AWAKEN"	(Editorial), . . . . . 46



	PAGE
IDEAS AND REALITY, . . . . .	C. H. A. B., . . . . . 348
JOHN BURROUGHS IN "THE LIGHT OF DAY,"	C. H. A. B., . . . . . 270
LETTERS AND SOUNDS, . . . . .	C. H. A. B., . . . . . 265
LIGHT, VISIBLE AND INVISIBLE, . . . . .	C. H. A. B., . . . . . 265
LITERATURE, A MYSTERY AND A REVELA- TION, . . . . .	C. H. A. B., . . . . . 198, 339
NATURALISM: AN EPILOGUE TO MAUPASSANT (Editorial), . . . . .	44
NATURE'S CALENDAR—THE NEW HUMANISM (Editorial), . . . . .	122, 123
NATURISM AND DE BOUHELIER, . . . . .	C. H. A. B., . . . . . 125
NIETZSCHE AND INDIVIDUALISM, . . . . .	C. H. A. B., . . . . . 49
OCCULT PSYCHOLOGICALLY CONSIDERED, THE	C. H. A. B., . . . . . 115
PESSIMISM AND AFFIRMATION, . . . . .	C. H. A. Bjerregaard . . . . . 268
PSYCHIC ROMANCE, A . . . . .	C. H. A. Bjerregaard, . . . . . 434
SEPTEMBER . . . . .	C. H. A. Bjerregaard, . . . . . 191
SOCIAL IDEALS AND THE MYSTERY OF MAN,	C. H. A. Bjerregaard, . . . . . 427
SUMMER, . . . . .	C. H. A. Bjerregaard, . . . . . 37
TRUE PHILOSOPHER, THE . . . . .	Elizabeth Perry Howland, . . . . . 275
WORK OF IMMANUEL KANT, THE . . . . .	C. H. A. B., . . . . . 431
YELLOW PERIL AND THE WHITE MAN'S BURDEN, THE . . . . .	C. H. A. B., . . . . . 202

## THE HOME CIRCLE.

AN OLD STORY (Poem), . . . . .	Eva Best, . . . . . 135
CHRISTMAS GREETING (Editorial) . . . . .	437
CULTURE OF THE SELF BY THE SELF, . . . . .	Rosa G. Abbott, . . . . . 129
FATHER TIME (Poem), . . . . .	Mrs. Sixty, . . . . . 62
GIVING—GLEANINGS, . . . . .	444
HER SAVIOR (Poem), . . . . .	Eva Best, . . . . . 443
HOOLAX AND THE WONDERER, THE	Eva Best, . . . . . 352
IDEALISM, . . . . .	Frances Dewey, . . . . . 51
KING'S JEWEL, THE (Poem), . . . . .	Psyche, . . . . . 213
MASTER'S MESSAGE, THE, . . . . .	Abbie Walker Gould, . . . . . 360
OLD YEAR SPEAKS, THE (Poem), . . . . .	Eva Best, . . . . . 441
PASSING PILGRIM, THE (Poem), . . . . .	Eva Best, . . . . . 279
PLEA FOR THE WORD GOD A . . . . .	Barnetta Brown, . . . . . 133
SONG OF REJOICING (Poem), . . . . .	Eva Best, . . . . . 132
STORY OF A RIVER, THE (Allegory) . . . . .	Advaitin, . . . . . 206
THINK BEAUTIFUL THOUGHTS (Poem), . . . . .	Eva Best, . . . . . 368
TWILIGHT, . . . . .	Adelaide Greene Clifford, . . . . . 61
VALUE OF CONFIDENCE, THE (Editorial), . . . . .	277
WISE MAN AND THE SEA URCHINS, THE . . . . .	Eva Best, 54, 137, 215, 283, 361, 445

The idea is one and eternal. . . . Everything we perceive  
and of which we can speak is only a manifestation of the idea.

—*Goethe*.

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## CONTENTS:

	PAGE
THE GREAT AWAKENING - - - - - CHARLES JOHNSTON	1
THE METAPHYSICS OF MATTER - - - - - ALEXANDER WILDER, M. D.	10
THE MAKING AND DECAYING OF THE CREED (11) - - - - - REV. HENRY FRANK	18
SILENCE AND SOLITUDE - - - - - EUGENE A. SKILTON	30
PRACTICAL IDEALISM - - - - - ALLEN R. DARROW	33
SUMMER - - - - - C. H. A. KJERREGAARD	37
DOUBLE PERSONALITY OF GUY DE MAUPASSANT (Editorial) - C. H. A. B.	41
NATURALISM, AN EPILOGUE TO MAUPASSANT (Editorial) - C. H. A. B.	44
IBSEN'S "WHEN WE DEAD AWAKEN" (Editorial) - - - - - C. H. A. B.	46
NIETZSCHE AND INDIVIDUALISM (Editorial) - - - - - C. H. A. B.	49
IDEALISM - - - - - FRANCES DEWEY	51
THE WISE MAN AND THE SEA URCHINS (IV) - - - - - EVA BEST	54
TWILIGHT - - - - - ADELAIDE GREENE CLIFFORD	61
FATHER TIME (Poem) - - - - - MRS. SIXTY	62
MENTAL ATTENTION - - - - - (Editorial)	65
ATTITUDE OF THE RELIGIOUS WORLD (Editorial) - - - - - A. W.	66
THE SCHOOL OF PHILOSOPHY—VEGETABLE MAGNETISM—TRUE EDUCATION—WISDOM AND PHILOSOPHY—MEDITATION—THE CHINESE AND RATS—GIFTS—INTELLIGENT CONFIDENCE—THE TONGUE (Poem)—HEREDITY (Poem)—SELECTIONS—BOOK REVIEWS—PUBLICATIONS - - - - -	69-74

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## THE GREAT AWAKENING.

BY CHARLES JOHNSTON—*Bengal Civil Service, Retired.*

“As a marvel one beholds this; as a marvel another tells of it; as a marvel another hears it; yet even he who hears it, knows it not.”—*Bhagavad Gita, II.*

The theme of the Songs of the Master is the theme of all the great Scriptures of the world; something so wonderful that it can hardly be told in the simple human speech at all; yet something so dominant that the sense of it underlies all human speech, without any exception whatever. The Scriptures of all lands have dealt with no other matter, for it is the presence of this wonderful theme alone which gives a book the right to the name of Scriptures; yet, though all tell of it, one may read them all and not surprise the secret; there must be another to teach, an answering revelation in the reader, illumining what he reads, or he will read in vain.

According to national and individual character, each great nation, each nation which has added something to the eternal treasure of man, has put on record its insight into this great secret; it cannot be expressed in words, so that he who runs may read, but it can be

expressed in symbols, which endure better than words; yet they will ever be understood only by him who has the key to the symbol. Most of the nations, most of the great men, heroes and sages, who have drawn near to the secret, have put their vision on record in terms of their personal and national history, using these as the symbols of their script; and the careless reader whose eyes have never been opened to the all-present mystery will take that record to be history only, as though a barbarian were to see in a picture only so many spaces of color, failing to understand or suspect the presence of the picture which these color-spaces made. In this the Bhagavad Gita is like all the rest; it is much easier to miss the message than to find it, for the essence of the matter is that this secret can be revealed only to those who have some inkling of it already: some insight born of the ripening of their souls.

In the Eastern Books there is a wonderful word which, for those who have ears to hear, almost flashes forth the heart of the message. The sage is spoken of, not as seer, prophet or teacher, but quite simply as "he who has passed over, who has crossed to the other shore." In the same way the Saviors of mankind are spoken of as "those who have crossed back"; as though there was on that sacred shore an august company of immortals, the real and divine humanity, from whose being our human life alone draws its purpose and significance.

For there is a river, an ocean, bordering this our human life, and there are those who find their way across to the other shore. In comparison with this event all other happenings in human history are as the glinting of glow-worms to the shining of the noonday sun. Yet so easy is it to pass by this great central truth that you may read all the accepted records of the historians, all the annals and chronicles of human events, and never suspect its presence, or know that, for the flower of our race, this mystery has been an open secret from the beginning.

Take what is received as our history: the dim, pre-historic ages, through which, shadowed by the huger forms of mammoth and cave-

bear, mastodon and sword-toothed tiger, by glacial ranges and pleistocene lakes, wandered man paleolithic, and then his younger neolithic brother; take the twilight period where states and cities began to be born, and the dim, unfathomed vast, whence issue archaic Egypt, the old Chaldean days, the first stirrings of India and China; add Copan and Palenque, the ruins of lake Titicaca, and all that lies behind the oldest days of Inca and of Aztec. Pass from these earliest ages to the more familiar classic times of Persia and Phœnicia, of Greece and Rome. Then, amid a newly gathering darkness, watch Alexander's empire totter into ruin, with the thrones of the Cæsars following it, whether in venerable Rome by the Tiber or in that newer Rome which grew up in pillars and porticoes by the Golden Horn. Byzantium and the once mistress of Italy suffering eclipse, and the Goths and Huns and Vandals sowing amid blood and rapine the seeds of the modern world. Then from this great kneading-trough, as the leaven works, come forth visible heroic figures to prepare the way for what is to come: Charlemagne, William the Conqueror, the first Hapsburg; all the makers of an epoch of the world. These again touched with the dawning sunrise of modernity as the Renaissance of Old Greece began to light the summits of the Appenines, and Italy broke forth into art and beauty, awakening knowledge and a sense of the fair outer world. Take then the next great event in the world-story: the tracking of the pathless ocean, the opening of the Seven Seas, Columbus, Magellan, Vasco da Gama, and a thousand others, furrowing with their keels the bays and inlets of new worlds, and finding new fields and forests ready for the works of man. And now, in the full blaze of modern days, we come to the great era of uprising, the revolutions, reforms, universal suffrages, that speak the coming of democracy, the gospel of earth's newest day. Such is our accepted chronicle, yet in all of this, from the first chapter to the last, there is no hint of our real history, no hint of that ocean forever echoing on our shores, of that river which seers and heroes have crossed over, passing to the other side.

Or we may take human history in quite another way, beginning



with the separate life of each of us; our birth and childhood, our youth and maturity; marryings, christenings, sickness and sorrow; meetings and separations; successes and failures, wealth and sharp privations, and at last inevitable death, and the sad pilgrimage to the final resting-place; we may tell the tale of a thousand men, the loves of a thousand women, with the minute truth of microscopic scrutiny, and miss the whole secret, passing by unspoken the magical heart of life.

Life has been compared of old to the flowing of a river, and we can take this world-old symbol now, to press the self-same moral home. You can trace the river from its sources to the sea, from the first rocky fountain or velvet-green morass whence it issues forth; mark every turning and eddy of its course; tell the tale of what fields it flows through, what forests, among what hills, along what valleys; recount its tributaries on right and left, the steepness or levelness of its banks, the flowers that grow on them; adding a deeper knowledge of the rocks and soils it passes through, with the story of their ages, and the deep-hidden histories written in their hearts; you may come at last to the shining sea, where the stream offers its treasures to ocean, mother of all, and mingles its sweet waters with the waves:—yet telling all this, you have told nothing, have indeed left out the one thing worth telling, the heart of all the rest.

For before you come even to the source of the stream and its hidden fountains, there is a high history to unfold; there is that magical power which has drawn every dewdrop forth from among the billows, distilling its sweetness from their salt; that power which, using the sightless winds as its messengers, has carried the dewdrops sublime through the pathless upper air; that power which, perpetually upbearing them, yet relaxing something of its intensity, has let the dewdrops rest condensing on some summit peak, to steal at last through hidden ways to the birthplace of the river, the green upland meadow, or the crevice of the riven rock; that self-same power which still holds with steadfast firmness every drop in all the river,

till it runs its course and once more is lost in the sea, yet not lost for the smallest division of an instant to the all-guiding, all-upholding power of the sun.

What the sun is to the river, the Soul is to the life of man; the power hardly spoken of, overlooked, ignored by the accepted histories, yet whose withdrawal, if it were possible, would mean instant and inevitable death; the river frozen hard as granite; the life of man deader than the rocks. You draw the chart of the river, leaving out the sun; yet the sun is present everlastingly; the sun's minister, the wind, moves every ripple, the sun's even or broken beams make the myriad shades of blue or brown or silver-gray across the face of the waters; the sun's more occult power holds each separate water-drop in firm, gentle grasp, the very life of the sun is what keeps each drop alive. Who but the sun, too, has gathered the rains which gave the river birth? Who else has spread the green canopy along its banks? Who has nourished and strengthened the forests, and, finally, given the soul-breath to every living thing, from minutest ciliated specks of quivering atomies, to the greatest and most enduring creatures who bless their daily lives with its wholesome waters?

Thus the charting pilot of the stream leaves out the sun, and the historian and chronicler of man leaves out the soul. But the sun and the soul do not leave themselves out; they are ever-present, everlasting. At heart, in the inmost essence of the Life that throbs within them, they are one, and that One we are, each in perfect fulness, each in boundless plenitude.

Between the naïve realism of our historians and the splendid reality of the seers and heroes, there is a great gulf fixed; this is indeed that mystic river, that hidden sea, which beats forever along our mortal shores; and whoso crosses it, becomes immortal. There is the old-world and unregenerate view of life, which sees in man, or living by which man sees in himself, nothing but an adroiter animal, with all the fears and desires of the beast, and with the beast's doom of irremediable death. And there is the new vision regenerate, by

which illumined we behold ourselves as the one immortal Soul, the everlasting Life, which throbs forever, everywhere, in all things. From this shore to that, each of us must pass, to inherit our immortality; and it is this passing, and the means by which it must be encompassed, the dangers on the way, the pitfalls, the hidden rocks and shallows—with the knowledge of the fair tides which help, and the fittest times and seasons for setting forth—it is this which constitutes our real history, the theme of all true Scriptures, the divine epic of man.

We are many-sided beings, with many wonderful powers. And for each side of us, for every power, there is its own regeneration, its own share in the great awakening. There is the intuition first to be illumined, that superb vision of the very being of the Soul itself, which is the hidden heritage of all. Then the reasoning mind, which serves as the ministrant of the Soul in bodily things, the go-between linking earth and heaven—the mind too must be instructed in the Mystery. Last comes act, that perfect action springing from the intuitive soul, through the instructed mind, and expressing itself in noble deeds, whether in works of enduring power and beauty, or in the bodily service of our other selves. All must have their share; in every true Scripture each has its share, and the Songs of the Master are no exception to the rule.

If we hold this larger vision in our minds, and look again at human life, we shall see everywhere the visible working of the Soul. It is throughout all history; it is present in every act of each personal life. And among the races of men—or, to speak more truly, among the epochs and divisions of our one human race—there have ever been those which drew nearer to one or another part of the Mystery; those who were eminent in intuition, or in the instruction of the mind, or in act, the visible embodiment of the Soul. The singular and pre-eminent virtue of archaic India is this: that her sons stand a head and shoulders above all the rest in power of intuition; that they surpass all the children of the earth in direct vision of the Life which palpitates through all life.

We, on our part, have almost lost the light of intuition. We are wise, neither in intuition nor in instruction, but in act; we have the instinct of handling the powers of our mother earth hand to hand and face to face. So far the will in us is wisdom; but the moment we go beyond mere instinctive act, the mere impulse to replenish the earth and subdue it, that moment we fall. Our acts are led, not by intuition, nor by the instructed mind, but by mere vanity and ambition, the silly desire to be envied or admired, the longing to be talked about, to be saluted with sweet and gratifying words; the moment we leave unconscious instinct, we become insubstantial as shadows, of no permanent value to the real world at all.

We are therefore very much in need of such vision as shall restore our intuition, and bring us back from futility to the healthy heart of life. Our whole civilization has fallen into dotage, so far as any sane recognition of life's real purpose goes, and we must either recover wisdom or consent to drift into hopeless moral madness. This is India's gift to us; the restoration of the intuition; of that inner spiritual will which holds us to the living heart of things, just as the power of our muscles holds us to the visible frame of the world. But great and beyond value as this gift is, India can do still more. And this, in virtue of her marvelous history, and of that destiny which gathered together into one land races of singularly potent genius, yet races not uniform but contrasted and complementary, whose different geniuses have wrought a single whole, a message of will and wisdom such as no other land in this world can bring.

For after that archaic age of India's sunrise, when the great Mystery was understood and held by the direct vision of the soul, there came later ages, though still very remote from us, when the keenest powers of intellect were bent upon the older records of vision, and every step was taken, every foothold of the way assured, whereby the mind can do its part as worthy ministrant, as servant and interpreter of the wordless soul. There were, too, epochs of personal religion, when leaders, shining in their present divinity, drew forth the warmest devotion of human hearts; devotion not to themselves, but to the

nameless divinity which lit up their human lines as the lamp within lights up the alabaster vase. The record of personal religion gleaned from the lives and teaching of these, fills and completes the perfect treasury of wisdom already enriched by the lore of intuition and the bright work of trained and illumined understanding.

All these elements are summed up in the Bhagavad Gita, the Master's Songs. This marvelous book stands, indeed, as the record and monument of India's achievement for the world; it has its secrets even for sages, yet it speaks direct to every devout heart of man. The central figure of the book is Krishna, the Savior or Avatar, who has "crossed back from the other side." He has been for millenniums the ideal of millions of worshiping hearts, the idol of a warm and enthusiastic personal religion. The precepts of Krishna, thus regarded as a divine teacher and savior, are the purest unselfishness and love, the gentlest consideration for human needs, the wisest insight into human weakness. So that the elements of personal worship are found here, for all who live rather in act than in intuition; there is a path for them, which will lead them to the heart of the Mystery; and that path is abundantly made clear.

But Krishna does more than merely stand as a miraculous teacher, an object of worship and devotion. He is the supreme sage, the perfect philosopher, from whose lips come the ripest and mellowest pronouncements of wisdom, the fine fruit garnered after a thousand years of intellectual ripeness. He stands for the perfect expression of reason, of the instructed mind, summing up in a few principles all that was seen by the sages who went before him, those whose piercing vision lit up the darkness.

Last of all, Krishna stands for the intuition, speaks for the Soul itself; and it is in this that the Songs of the Master find their best and most authentic purpose. So potent, so full of inspiration, are the sentences wherein he teaches concerning the Soul, that the mere reading of them will awaken the intuition, and bring to the birth that power of the Soul which is the theme of their teaching. It is not as though the vision of the Soul were some tedious science, something

very hard to be learned, and needing painful research, exploration of remote and unvisited lands, the crossing of the pathless seas; it is not as though we had to build up the fabric of our salvation, like some mighty cathedral which only consummate science, boundless resource, and endless industry can lead to completion. The Soul is not the pillared aisle of the cathedral, the soaring cupola set with mosaics; it is the august canopy of blue, arched over us all, and set with shining stars, to which no man can add anything; from which no man can take anything away, but which nevertheless is freehold for every man, on the one condition that he shall open his eyes and see.

It is this opening of the eyes—the eyes, not of the body, but of the spirit—which is the supreme work of Eastern wisdom; those eyes which cannot be opened until the bodily eyes are closed; those eyes which can view undaunted the things of our immortality. This is the first task of the Songs of the Master, this opening of the eyes; every note is struck which can draw forth an echoing note in us, making our souls resound to the music of the Soul. Every instinct of the awakened will in us is touched, till our souls gain the power to lay hold on the inward Power; the divine fire in us, first a dim, uncertain sparkle, is kindled into flame, the flame which shall illumine the worlds and cast its gleaming light across the dark pathway of death.

Thus all our powers are trained; intuition, mind, and will, the priceless power to turn thought into act, the power without which we cannot breathe or move a finger; the power which, working in us magically, weaves the fabric of our daily lives. We shall try to show what is the message of the Songs of the Master, to each of these three powers: intuition, mind and will; and we shall not be satisfied with only repeating the world-old words or wisdom, but shall attempt further to render them anew, so that the Mystery of old may find a place in this our modern world.

CHARLES JOHNSTON.

## THE METAPHYSICS OF MATTER.

BY DOCTOR ALEXANDER WILDER.

If I were asked to define the meaning of the abstract term "matter," my reply would be that it denoted a principle at the very foundation of things, of which the existence objectively is implied and conjectured, while the real truth in relation to it is not known. It is true that at first thought it seems to signify everything that is tangible, that comes within the purview of our senses; and the great multitude, being in the habit of regarding things in that way, on the surface only, would consider it far-fetched reasoning, or stupid and absurd outright to question the accurateness and sufficiency of this explanation. Byron has spoken for such:

"When Bishop Berkeley said 'there was no Matter,'  
And proved it—'twas no matter what he said."

He and others like him find it convenient to dismiss such problems with a jest or a sneer. But we may not be abashed by levity and light-mindedness and deterred from profounder inquiry. In the fable of the cock in the barn-yard we are told that he chose a kernel of corn in preference to a precious gem, and we may leave individuals of that character to their tastes. Our attention is directed beyond affairs of sense. These are in seeming only, and actually deceptive, and we are seeking the truths that transcend them and lead to the portals of Wisdom itself.

Only relative subjects can be debated and explained. Those which are positive, which denote absolute facts, must be accepted without question. Life itself is of this character. We may think at first glance that we know all about it; but when we attempt to tell what it is, we are certain to find ourselves utterly at fault. The dictionaries and books of science do not help us out. We know that it is in some occult way identified with our very being, but how or even why is beyond our ken. It is well enough for us to speculate upon the subject, and to endeavor to ascertain what we can, but there is no occasion for chagrin that the solution evades us.

We may with a similar feeling engage in the inquiry respecting Matter. What we know of it is known as we know of other things, by the manifestations that come within the purview of our cognizance. It is in such manifestations and seeming demonstrations that that knowledge consists which is so commonly distinguished by specialists as "science." It begins with an hypothesis, the assuming that there is some primordial fact or substance; this, however, having never been shown by demonstration or experiment. From this starting-point are deduced the various innumerable theories and conclusions. It is a necessary mode of procedure. Without the absolute foundation-principle thus accepted as true, all our appliances and facilities for investigation would be vitally lacking. Whether it were the study of planets and far-off worlds, or the making of discoveries in the depths of the earth, or the descrying of the genera and peculiarities of micro-organisms, we could in such case be only groping our way from No-whence to No-whither.

Such an outcome, such a conclusion for our investigations, would signify only that all existence is purposeless. The mere surmise that the world of Nature about us is only a series of changes, of evolutions and revolutions that are without aim or object, would utterly dismay us. We instinctively repel it as unworthy to be entertained. We look intuitively for an origin, a Source or principle, by which and by means of which all is set in motion and kept in operation. As our quest extends beyond the limitations which we recognize as Time and Space, we apperceive that origin to be in Eternity. The constant changes which we observe as pertaining to things of sense, actually relate to the world which is beyond sense, to the principle or force which set them in motion and maintains their activity. This would not be the case, however, except that that which is moved and undergoes changes is essentially connected and at one with the cause, with the force or principle that effected it. Hence, as at the present time all things which are objects of sense are denominated "matter," and as their operations are explained as being induced by the "laws of nature," we are again at the starting-



point of our inquiry, the cause and source of these changes and manifestations. We are led to comprehend the creation itself as a work that is always going on, beginning in eternity; but the *something*, the objective material upon which it operates, yet remains to be accounted for and in some way explained.

So far as we venture to speculate upon Divinity, we apperceive it as *One* and yet likewise as the All. But when we contemplate it as Being, in activity, we apprehend the presence of a Second and then of a Third. This Second Principle, whatever it is, proceeding from the One to the manifold, operates in some occult way to divide or segregate the objective element from the essential, somewhat as bodies are distinguished from each other by opposite polarity. That which thus bestows life is itself Living Force, the agent of the Superior Cause. The object which is operated upon and made the vehicle of life may seem to us to be relatively inert and lifeless. Yet it must be actually in a condition which is receptive and of an essential quality that is the counterpart of the Divinity which infills it and imparts life to it. Thus we are brought logically to the conclusion that this objective substance is itself an emanation, that it is eternally proceeding from Divinity, that it is coöperative with it and sustained by it. Hence, to our finite conception, Matter is next in order to God, and we cannot think of the one without the other. Some notion of this is traceable in the legend of the Genesis, that woman was originally formed from the side of the man.

The ancient philosophers and the modern school of science differ in regard to their notions of what Matter intrinsically is. The old sages considered it as has been here set forth, to be the passive or receptive principle through which the active or generative principle manifests itself in the creation. It was described accordingly as being "of that species which is corporeal, devoid of any form, species, figure and quality, but apt to receive all forms, and thus the nurse, mother and origin of all other beings." This, indeed, is what the terms "matter" and "nature" signify in their original etymology. Matter is the *materia* or mother-principle, and *Nature* means the

parent who gives birth. Plato has accordingly described Matter in the *Timæos* as a "formless universal receiver, which, in the most obscure way receives the immanent principle of the Intellectible." And again, speaking of it in relation to ideas or ideals and likewise to objects of sense, he says: "It is the Mother"; implying relation to Idea as the father, and to objects of sense as the offspring.

We may deduce from this that the goddess of the ancient mythologies, the "Great Mother," with innumerable names, as Venus, Demeter, Kybelê, Astartê, Isis, Anahita, or Mylitta, was simply Matter or nature personified and endowed with divinity.

In short, we may accept the explanation of William Archer Butler, that matter is rather a logical than a material entity. He declares: "It is the *condition* or *supposition* necessary for the production of a world of phenomena." It is thus the *transition-element* between the real and the apparent, the eternal and the contingent; and lying thus on the border of both territories, we must not be surprised that it can hardly be characterized by any definite attribute." In other words, this Hylê or Matter, or Mother, is an unchangeable principle, neither God, nor ideality, nor soul of man; and it exists as a medium of the Divine Intelligence which manifests itself in the creation and organization of the world.

Modern writers seem to be coming to conclusions of similar character. Thus John Stuart Mill defines matter as, a permanent possibility of sensation. This clearly sets it forth as the agency by which moral and spiritual operations become physically "knowable" and are introduced into the region of sense. The Platonic theorem is thus fully sustained, that mind has being in itself before becoming involved in relations with the world of nature, that the soul is older than the body and is therefore superior to it. Matter may be explained accordingly as intermediary, as the potentiality or inherent possibility of coming into natural conditions, the agency by which ideal models of the eternal region, the world of Mind, are brought into manifestation in physical form. This is further verified by the declaration of the Apostle, that the things which may be seen, or

perceived by the corporeal senses, are temporal and belong to the region of Time, while the things which are not thus seen are eternal and of the world that is beyond Time. The affirmation of the writer of the *Epistle to the Hebrews* is confirmed: "The things that are seen did not come into existence out of the things that appear"—that are phenomenal only.

It may seem hard at first hearing to accept or even to understand the proposition that that something which we perceive by the senses, which may be weighed and measured, is not a discrete permanent entity. We are naturally impatient of being reasoned with when the evidence seems palpable. It is always difficult to believe that anything that seems genuine may not be really so. Yet we are deceived by our senses in our every-day life. The relations of the earth to the sun and other planets are widely different from what they seem. The food that we eat, and the water that we drink are constituted of elements distinct in form and character, which no plastic art of ours can put together.

Faraday himself became convinced that certain of the notions which we have been taught in relation to the properties of matter were actually overturned by the manipulations of chemistry. The common form of the doctrine that two bodies, two kinds of matter cannot occupy the same space, he found to be actually contrary to obvious facts. It is by no means certain that any of the elements have conditions that cannot be overpassed. Whether the quantity of material elements in the earth, or in the universe itself, is precisely determined as by measurement, is a proposition which we may doubt; the weight and dimensions certainly are not. Faraday has demonstrated this by showing that if oxygen be compounded with potassium atom for atom, and again both oxygen and hydrogen in a twofold number of atoms, the material will become less and less in bulk, till it is less than a third of its original volume. A space which would contain twenty-eight hundred atoms, including in this quantity seven hundred of potassium, is thus filled by four hundred and thirty of potassium alone.

According to the hypothesis of Boscovich, the Italian naturalist, matter in its ultimate form is made up of atoms, each of which is simply an indivisible point endowed with potential force. It has no parts or dimensions. Faraday supplemented this theory by asking what was known of an atom at all apart from force. These views exhibit matter as being devoid of all positive character, and indeed of every physical quality which has usually been attributed to it. When thus reduced to the condition of geometric points, that have neither extent nor dimension, it disappears altogether from the region of space and subsists entirely in the realm of force. It is *dynamic* only; it is endowed with power, possibility, capability; but of itself it can originate nothing. It is simply objective, negative, and thus only receptive of the positive, energizing force. By the interblending with this, the potential with the active, it becomes the material or maternal principle that gives existence to things. In this way we perceive that the adage is true, that Nature is the mother of us all. Her laws are over us, but they are not of her making. They are derived from that Source which is interior and superior.

The later investigations in electricity are of the nature of demonstration. Professor Thomson of Cambridge University in England, declares that the masses of flying matter which constitute the cathode rays in an excited Crookes tube are much smaller than the "atoms" which chemists and physicists assume as existing. Heretofore it has been supposed that matter could not be divided more finely than into minute corpuscles or molecules, and that these were chemically, or rather hypothetically, divisible into atoms. This was regarded as the end of all dividing. But Professor Thomson now shows that "chips" can be taken off from the atoms, and this being the case, it must be possible to construct these chips anew into atoms of another character. Under the common theory the minutest particle imaginable of iron has its own specific nature and is absolutely and completely distinct from that of any other substance, as for example, lead. But the Professor has evidence, he says, that these smaller corpuscles, these chips from the atoms, have

actually similar properties, although they were taken from different substances. Thus a corpuscle of oxygen does not differ intrinsically from a corpuscle of hydrogen. It may be concluded from this, that this process of taking "chips" from atoms may be a resolving of matter itself into its primitive physical element. These chips are so detached from the atoms by electrification. If, therefore, they are actually similar or the same in nature and character as Professor Thomson conjectures, it is but another step to form those which have been procured from one element into a new body belonging in another category.

Lockyer seems almost to have accomplished this very achievement. He placed copper under the voltaic current and rendered it volatile, and then made it appear by means of the spectroscope as if it had been changed into calcium. Nickel was metamorphosed into cobalt, and calcium into strontium. The concept of changing other metals into gold has been entertained through all the historic centuries. Indeed, there are men of skill in India, who seem to have brought this matter to a certainty. They add to a small quantity of gold a larger mass of other metal, and then transform it all apparently into gold, losing not a grain in weight.

It may be presumed, then, that transmutation is going on all the time. The affinities of chemical atoms and their variableness indicate the chemical elements themselves to be compounds of simpler material, and if this be so there can be but few primal forms of matter—enough merely for the fixing of force and enabling its evolution into the realm of Nature. Indeed, it is far from being an unreasonable assumption to suppose that matter is moving incessantly in a circle, coming all the while into existence from spiritual essence, and again returning thither.

Both the ancients and the moderns have recognized an "ether" which accounted for phenomena which they were otherwise unable to explain. It seems to have been considered as a superior form of matter, a quintessence, or perhaps of the nature of force. It may,

perhaps, be intimately identified with the transition-element which has been mentioned, but its existence is only an hypothesis.

If we can conceive of spirit or mind itself as positive energy, and conceive that it can in some occult way become objective and reactive, we may form a concept of the source and originating of Matter. A solitary particle would be a nucleus sufficient for the objectifying of force and expansion into the illimitable dimensions of the universe. As the bodies of plants and animals are constituted of air made solid by the organic forces, so matter itself is the product of the solidified forces. "In Nature," says Schelling, "the essence strives first after actualization, or exhibition of itself in the particular." Emanation is accordingly prior to and causative of evolution. Emanuel Swedenborg has given an explanation superior in its lucidity. "Every one who thinks from clear reason sees," says he, "that all things are created out of a substance which is substance in itself, for that is being itself out of which every thing that is can have existence;\* and since God alone is Substance in itself, and therefore Being itself, it is evident that from this Source alone is the existence of things." However the natural forces, the laws of nature, may be installed in the full control of the universe, the Divine Will precedes, as the Source and origin. It has not been set in motion like a clock, to run itself down. God has created, or to speak more correctly, is all the while creating the world, not out of nothing, nor even from dead chaotic matter, but out of his own substance.

ALEXANDER WILDER, M. D.

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\*Swedenborg is always careful to make the proper distinction between being and existence—*esse* and *existere*. By being or essence is denoted the subjective individuality, that which constitutes the individuality what it is. Existence is manifested being, as distinguished from the subjective. "Whatever *is*, is right," says Pope, meaning by the sentence the Absolute. The Sanskrit formula expresses the same sentiment: "There is no dharma or law of living superior to the Satya or that which is. God is, being an essence; but his existence is known only by being manifested in his works."

## THE MAKING AND DECAYING OF THE CREED.

BY REV. HENRY FRANK.

(II.)

### THE CHRISTENING OF THE CREED.

In the previous chapter we observed that in the early church there was no formulated expression of Christian dogma. There was individual freedom—every believer shaping his own theology if he possessed any. The aim of each follower of Jesus was, not to find a theology or a creed, but to find the life which Jesus lived and revealed

Character stood as the supreme arbiter of salvation. Assent or dissent to creed in order to eternal happiness had as yet found no room in Christian instructions. Says Pressensé: "The first practical lesson which it" (the early Christian church) "will teach is this: to repudiate alike the religious radicalism which denies all revelation and the narrow orthodoxy which insists on the acceptance of its own interpretations. In truth neither the one nor the other finds any sanction in the heroic church, which was wise enough to encounter fundamental errors with the simple weapon of *free discussion*, and to vindicate the legitimate independence of the human mind by the very variety of its schools and formularies." (*Early Years of Christianity*, Vol. 2, p. 472.)

In view of this fact it is easy to trace the gradual development of the power and authority of the creed. Read the so-called Apostles' creed and you can discern no hint of authority. It was in its original form simply a plain confession of what was commonly believed among the early Christians, but assumed to give no definition or to authorize any interpretations.

The fact is, the original Apostles' creed is simply a setting forth of the master-features in the career of Jesus Christ as they were first understood among his followers. Slowly this creed was modified as different legends about him began to be accepted, such as his "descent into hell," the "Resurrection of the Flesh," etc. Says

Dean Stanley, "The creed of the Roman Church came to be called 'The Apostles' Creed' from the fable that the twelve Apostles had each of them contributed a clause. It was successively enlarged. First was added the 'Remission of Sins,' next the 'Life Eternal.' Then came the 'Resurrection of the Flesh.' Lastly was incorporated the 'Descent into Hell,' and the 'Communion of the Saints.'" (*"Institutions of Christianity."*)

The noticeable feature of the pristine Creed is that it assumes and asserts no authority for itself. But the Nicene Creed which was formulated and promulgated by a conclave of the clergy after the church had risen into political influence closes with an anathema or curse on all who deny its salient doctrines.

From that age, creeds have assumed authority. From that time, no man dared think for himself and obey the dictates of his reason and conscience concerning the most momentous problems of life. And yet, from this later age, when we survey the rise and decay of creeds we see how absurd were the original proclamations of absoluteness and infallibility.

I am free to say that that creed has not yet been written which approaches so near to final truth as to be justified in the court of common sense by any claim to absolute or partial authority. Every creed yet written contains more error than truth. Every creed yet promulgated is but a shift for popularity and power—a glittering vagary to affright the ignorant and ornament the wise.

I desire to call attention to two very salient facts connected with the history of creeds. The first is that, *in all ages the subscribers to any authorized creed have always been in the minority even within the pale of believers.* The second is that, *so soon as a creed is established in power—that is, so soon as the free thought of the people is congealed in frozen formularies, so soon does the moral condition of the age begin to decline.*

If these two charges shall be found to be true they will certainly argue against the wisdom of the creed.

Is the first charge true? Let us study the very age in which the



first creed was promulgated to learn the truth or falsehood of this assertion. What was the cause of the promulgation of the Nicene creed? Heresies in vast numbers had already begun to abound. Some authors assure us that the number of heresies in the early church was fully one hundred and twenty-eight. There are plain indications of powerful heresies in the New Testament. Many of Paul's Epistles were written to thwart their influence, and it is well known that John's Gospel was avowedly written to counteract the growing popularity of the heretical Ebionites.

But let us not forget that there can be no heresy without an established and recognized authority. When Paul proclaims his interpretation of a theological standard all who oppose him are heretics. Therefore Peter was declared a heretic by Paul, as were also Barnabas and the Christian Jews (Gal. 2:11 ff.). Many authors are therefore ready to believe that the Nazarenes and Ebionites were the primitive Christians who were originally but a reform sect or faction of the Jewish people and that as Paul's interpretation of the religion of Jesus grew into popularity, the first Jewish Christians came to be regarded as heretics and were therefore condemned indirectly and mildly in the writings imputed to John.

In the same manner the Gnostics had grown into prominence and popularity under their able leaders Basilides, Valentinus, Marcion, etc., so that when clerical Christianity assembled in the great conclaves at Nicæa and Calcedon they found that the largest number of believing Christians were not Catholic but Gnostic. Likewise when the great contest concerning the teachings of Arius broke forth in the church, although the clerical authorities decided against Arius and his party, nevertheless the vast majority of Christian believers were Arian. Indeed, the active, aggressive, missionary Christians of the age were the Arian or heretical factions. Therefore I am prepared to assert that in every age the great majority of the devout and earnest Christians have been the heretics.\*

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\* See Pressensé's "*Early Years of Christianity*" ("*Heresies*"); Stanley's "*Eastern Church*"—*passim*.

It is argued by orthodox writers in proof of the accuracy of the Gospel records of the life of Jesus Christ, that these noble men and their followers would not have given their lives in sacrifice to their convictions of the truth of these records if they were not conscious beyond a peradventure that they spoke and wrote the truth. This argument is of course very weak. Yet if it be a good argument to sustain the principles of orthodoxy, why should it not be equally employed and with as good effect in proof of the honesty and earnestness of heresies? In the whole history of Christendom where can you find more noble expressions of sacrifice and martyrdom than in the grand army of heretics who have suffered for conscience' sake from the days of St. Augustine to the persecutions of the sixteenth century?

Therefore it is one of the greatest stains on Christianity that the minority of its devotees, having arrogated to themselves authority and procured the assistance of the civil powers, have ever persecuted even unto the most disgraceful death the great majority of its believers, simply because in some few particulars they conscientiously differed from the assertions of a select and self-chosen few.

The next point which I wish to emphasize is that as soon as the common and free faith of the church is narrowed and frozen into authoritative formularies, so soon does the moral standard of the church decline and every species of iniquity find favor among its leaders. A very common error that obtains in minds of people at large is that good morals are always commensurate with correct belief—that in proportion as a man varies from established standards of thought in his personal beliefs or convictions so does he in his private life vary from correct standards of conduct. This dictum of judgment holds so popular a sway in this age that it is well to refute it.

How can an intelligent person accept such a conclusion in the face of the fact that many of the noblest men and women who ever lived and loved were so defiantly heretical as to be publicly condemned and often slain? Think of Arius, of Valentinus, of

Montanus, of Marcion, of Nestorius, of Zwinglius, of Socinus, of Bruno, of Servetus, of Dr. Dollinger, of Père Hyacinthe, of William Ellery Channing and Theodore Parker and the great unnamed army of heroic souls who suffered by the scores and hundreds and thousands in the days of fiery persecution rather than surrender their honest convictions and live the lie for comfort's sake while truth should perish!

But perhaps we can more effectively disprove this common error by a collective example than by that of innumerable individuals. I will quote from some eminent authorities to show that whole nations live a moral or immoral life, guided by the popular and highest standards, wholly disproportionately to their belief in accepted standards of theological authority.

Lecky in his history of Rationalism says: "The two countries which are more thoroughly pervaded by Protestant theology" (therefore of course orthodox—barring Catholic judgment,) "are probably Scotland and Sweden; and if we measure their morality by the common though somewhat defective test that is furnished by the number of illegitimate births, the first is well known to be considerably below the average morality of European nations, while the second, in this as in *general criminality*, has been pronounced by a very able and impartial Protestant witness, who has had the fullest means of judging, to be very far below every other Christian nation."

This fact Mr. Lecky advances to prove that not only in Catholic countries does there prevail this commonly unrecognized disproportion between faith and conduct but that it is almost as true of Protestant countries. Of course every Protestant is full of sufficient proof to establish the fact that the people of Catholic countries, though the most devout in their faith, are nevertheless most incongruous in their daily lives. It remains therefore only to show that the same fact is true of Protestant countries.

Mr. Laing in his "Notes of a Traveler" gives this startling evidence: "The Swiss people present to the political philosopher

the unexpected and most remarkable social phenomenon of a people eminently moral in conduct yet *eminently irreligious*; *at the head of the moral state* in Europe, not merely for absence of numerous or great crimes, or of disregard of right, but for ready obedience to law, for honesty, fidelity to their engagements, fair dealing; sobriety, industry, orderly conduct, for good government, useful public institutions, general well-being and comfort; yet *at the bottom of the scale* for religious feeling, observances, or knowledge, especially in the Protestant cantons, in which prosperity, and well-being and morality seem to be, as compared to the Catholic cantons, in an *inverse ratio* to the influence of religion on the people."

With the above contrast Carlyle's dithyrambic outburst, and observe how much safer is the voice of history than the rhapsody of a prophet. Carlyle says: "To such readers as have reflected on life; who understand that for man's well-being Faith is properly the one thing needful; how with it, martyrs, otherwise weak, can cheerfully endure the shame of the cross; and without it worldlings puke up their sick existence by suicide in the midst of luxury; to such it will be clear that for a pure moral nature the loss of *religious belief* is the loss of everything."

It is clearly manifest that the rejection or acceptance of a standard creed bears no possible relation to one's individual moral conduct. Yet it was on the assumed basis of this dictum, that no disbeliever or heretic could be a good man, that the pages of Christian history have been turned red with the blood of innocent souls shed in defence of a shadowy, vague, and incomprehensible theology.

#### THE CRIMES OF THE CREED.

Before I speak directly of that terrible record of human crimes, so complacently and unrepentantly committed in the name of the gentle Galilean and his tender teachings of love, I must remind the reader how such disgraceful acts became possible in the name of his irenic religion.

It was argued that so soon as a man fell away from faith in the

creed so soon he must have fallen in his private character. But no one must stand as a representative teacher of the religion of Jesus whose character could not bear the test, therefore he must be driven from his post, and to make sure of his eternal silence he must be put to death.

Let us listen to the echoes of the past, and understand how these assumed leaders came so terribly to pervert the teachings of Jesus Christ. Says one: "The only foundation for toleration is a decrease of scepticism and without it there can be none. If by cutting off one generation a man can save many future ones from hell it is his duty to do it." It will surprise the uninformed reader to learn that it was so late a political leader as Charles James Fox who uttered these scandalous words. What then may we expect from the earlier ages?

Says Cyprian: "God commanded those to be slain who would not obey the priests or the judges set over them for a time. Then indeed were they slain with the sword while the carnal circumcision still remained; but now since the spiritual circumcision has begun amid the servants of God, the proud and contumacious are killed when they are cast out of the church. For they cannot live without it and there can be salvation for no one except he be in the church." Out of such Biblical arguments grew the papal decrees compelling civil magistrates to persecute heretics to the death. Thus the councils of Avignon in 1209 enjoined all bishops to call upon the civil powers to exterminate heretics, while the bull of Innocent III. threatened any prince who refused to exterminate heretics, with excommunication and forfeiture of his realms.

So much for Catholic arguments and convictions. But no less the Protestant leaders stand convicted. While there were many Catholics, many noble souls, who argued against the lawfulness and justice of persecution, the power of the councils was against them. So among Protestants there are found noble and heroic hearts who protested as loudly against persecution and intolerance as they did against Catholic supremacy. Such were Milton and Zwinglius,

Socinus and Castellio. But on the contrary the powers of state and church obeyed the more stentorian and ferocious voices of Luther and Calvin, Beza and Knox, Ridley and Cranmer; all of whom cried out loudly for persecution and suppression of the heretics.

When, however, we turn to the pages which recount Christian persecutions and read that terrible story written in human blood it verily turns our blood to ice and blanches our cheeks with pain. Not a few were killed, but hundreds, thousands, millions. A heretic was designated as a culprit—a felon—a tool of the devil, fit only for his dark angels and endless torture. One of the most fearful consequences of persecution was the taint it placed on the family of the heretic. The same disgrace that to-day attaches to a public felon who is to slip through a gallows-rope into eternity attached in that age to a noble-hearted and heroic heretic. They pointed him out as the scoff and scorn of the age. They dressed him up in mock robes. His black gown, as he was led to the stake, was covered with pictures of the devil and his imps in all manner of horrible shapes, as suggesting that the heretic was himself the very devil incarnate. Then, slowly, amid the jeers of the multitude and the groans of his immediate friends and relatives he was led off to the fagots ready for the fuse. As the flames began to scorch his feet and gradually to singe and shrivel his flesh, the ghastly priests made the air ring with their orisons of praise to Almighty God for his unspeakable mercy in permitting them to rid the earth of another traitor to his cause.

Imagine what a heart of oak it must have required to withstand such fierce opposition and such abominable treatment. Yet these noble men and women bore it all for the sake of conscience, freedom and truth. And when we recall that these were not occasional or infrequent occurrences but that the numbers of the persecuted ran sometimes into the millions, we see into what a pit of horrible perversion and corruption the once beautiful religion of the Galilean had fallen. And all because a creed had been established in authority which bound men's consciences in a theological vise and blocked the way of the free soul toward the kingdom of Eternal Truth.

Let us now ask what were some of the principles for which the inquisition contended, that we may discover whether the doctrine gained by the shedding of so much blood was after all a truthful or a worthy one. Here again our amazement will be multifold. All that was contended for was purest abstraction or abstruse metaphysics—or vaguest nonsense. Take the first great struggle the church witnessed, a struggle that divided it into two mighty schisms, and has to this day left its impress on all Christendom. I refer to the Arian contest. One party proclaims itself *Homoiousian*! What did that mean? Merely that Jesus Christ in nature was substantially like the Father. Another party proclaimed itself *Homoöusian*. And what was that? Simply that Jesus Christ in nature was not only like the Father in substance but was verily, essentially, and absolutely identical with the Deity.

Now over this absurd and abstruse question thousands of lives were lost, wars were waged and rivers of blood were shed. But observe the absurdity of an age of scientific ignorance discussing such a question as that! An age that believed that the earth's surface was quadrilateral and flat; that the sky was a solid substance and that the stars were peep-holes into glory; that knew nothing of the chemical composition, and was totally ignorant of the physiology, of man or of any of the associate living-kingdoms of animals! Such an age arbitrarily fixing a fiat concerning the mysterious nature of Jesus Christ when they knew absolutely nothing about the scientific nature of their own bodies—their chemical substances, their hygienic laws or the composition and circulation of the blood within their very veins! Absurd? Ay, pitiable, appalling, sad! How fearful is it when ignorance is crowned a king! How dangerous when a little knowledge is set in authority—especially when in the hands of priests and their political tools, who sway the sceptres of power in the name of religion, clothed in the livery of diabolical hypocrisy!

But let us study those later and more intelligent periods of the world's history when persecution was still in vogue and duly sustained.

The Protestants have ever cried down the Catholics for their persecutions. But let us remember that *Lady Macbeth* could not wash her hands white lest they should incarnadine the sea. So Protestants cannot wash their hands clear of the blood of their persecutions. And their excuse for this atrocious abuse and misapplication of dogma was far less plausible than that of the Catholics.

The Catholic church had not relinquished its priority of age. It had proclaimed its absolute and unique power. It was God's ~~vice-regent~~ *vice-regent*—To interfere with this power was, as they professed to believe, to undermine the power and church of God on earth. This would of course result in eternal unhappiness to the human race. But Protestantism was a mere parvenu. It had not so much as the mantle of gray locks with which in charity to cover its dark deeds. It denied all authority to Rome—Rome which had for centuries displayed and preserved her power—nevertheless it claimed absolute and complete authority for itself.

But its very constituency disproved its claim of rightful authority. For no sooner did Protestantism break from Catholicism than it whirled off into countless divisions—never again to be reunited, but ever to be mutually opposed. As the worlds were formed from primitive cosmic nebulae, whirling on and on till fleecy nodules rolled into spheres and constellations—so Protestantism whirled away from cosmic Catholicism and ever since has rolled on forming new rings and divergent centres.

Therefore parvenu Protestantism, as an authority, appears puerile and absurd compared with staid, integral, compact, and rock-riveted Catholicism. And why should it not?

The persistent and wholly inexcusable mutual persecutions which so long prevailed among the Protestant sects are full and sufficient proof of the worthlessness and crime of binding creeds. Henry the Eighth dislikes the German reformation but will instigate one of his own. The Anglican church grows into mighty power, and the dissenters or nonconformists arise. The Presbyterians under Knox declare their principles:—the Anglicans in defiance maintain theirs.



Forthwith there appears the *odium theologicum* resulting in fiercest persecutions and most unholy deeds. Anon the Puritans arise and seek their rights—when they too must meet the volley of bloody ecclesiasticism till they are driven from English shores and come to America. Here they hope for a world of freedom, but soon discover the Catholics in possession of Maryland. These Catholics had, however, inaugurated a reign of toleration and charity, suffering all opposing faiths to live together in peace and harmony and affording ample protection for each.

But to the Puritans such a state is worse than heretical—it is diabolical. Therefore in order to enjoy perfect, selfish freedom, they establish a reign of persecution against Catholics, till blood traces in deep trenches the course of the Christian religion. So suffered the early Methodists. So the Baptists. No age is free from the curse. No faith has ever risen and grown, unscathed by the deathful hand of persecution.

And all for what purpose? Because each sect had concluded that it alone, forsooth, had at last discovered the philosopher's stone that transforms the base metal of existence into the golden wealth of eternal life. Because each sect claimed it had discovered the only road to Heaven, it established the signboard by the way. Whosoever obeyed and believed would be saved, whosoever believed not would be damned. But why wait for God to damn the disbelievers at the final day? Why should they further cumber the earth? Cut them down at once! \*

Thus, because the way of salvation was misconstrued, because the meaning and nature of salvation were most falsely interpreted, and because certain self-chosen leaders set forth the way of salvation in loudly proclaimed symbols, for that reason alone the world was filled with fratricidal blood and the religion of Jesus set back centuries on the road of progress.

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\* Jesus's unfortunate parable of the fruitless figtree which was cut down because it cumbered the earth was too often cited as sufficient divine authority for the cutting down of fruitless heretics whose existence, too, cumbered, needlessly, the heaving bosom of the church.

When men begin to fight for a creed they forget the purpose of religion. Innumerable have been the devout believers whose lives were sunk in deepest crime; who relapsed from exalted spiritual ecstasy to black immoral indulgence, yet whose religious faith abated not.

Their faith was strong and incontrovertible in the written symbols; they believed. Enough! This alone would save them. Character would take care of itself. So long as their faith was secure their future was safe.

Such is the natural delusion caused by authorized dogmas of faith. Such is the deadly consequence of ecclesiastical creedism. Jesus taught nothing of it. His was a religion of love, truth, righteousness. His only aim was to elevate and ameliorate mankind. His only sword was love—his only persecution, persuasion. Were he here to-day who could believe he would for a single moment sanction the authority of conflicting creeds? It overthrows one's faith in his supernal power and supremacy to see how, for fifteen hundred years loud-lunged professors and devotees, self-styled his own, have grossly perverted his teachings, and yet through it all his silence has been unbroken.

One would think that he who could "of these stones raise up children unto Abraham" would long since have raised children of the true faith who would have captured Vatican, throne, conclave and council, and forever banished ecclesiastical money-changers from the temple, that his pure and simple teachings might once more be heard ungarbled by an eager world.

It is for this we are struggling, we who disbelieve in any and all creeds—who believe that systemized dogmas set forth in confession and symbols have only perplexed the heart and confused the understanding of man; who hope to cry down all creeds and proclaim the disenthralment of man from the bondage of ecclesiasticism.

Let us therefore learn the simple religion of love, brotherhood, truth and character. Let us learn to make the highest conceivable moral standards our only symbols of faith. Let us live in sublime

and lofty thoughts—"our thoughts ever in Heaven"—that our deeds may reflect the splendor of the empyrean where we dwell. Let us banish once for all the age and spirit of mediævalism, of Calvin, of Luther, of Beza. Let us welcome the spirit and lofty toleration of Milton, Zwinglius—the spirit of Jesus Christ himself. Then will the dawn of the new age have begun and the dark cloud of crime, long gathered round creed and dogma, sink back into the night of oblivion—while the splendor of the promised vision will begin to illuminate the world with its fruition and inaugurate the epoch of intellectual freedom, spiritual unity and unbroken brotherhood, among all the races of mankind.

HENRY FRANK.

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### SILENCE AND SOLITUDE.

BY EUGENE A. SKILTON.

There is an intensity of pleasure to the soul which lives in the heart of nature, breathes her pure air and treads the maze of her pathless woods. He who thus winds his solitary way with observing mind, sees a universe welling up from every atom and feels a zodiac vibrating from every star. Alone with the prolific, silent life of nature, mankind possesses a sense of companionship supremely greater than he ever finds within walls built by man. Moments come when the intensity of a life-time is concentrated in a glimpse—when the soul stands in the solitudes of nature and soars out into or permeates the immensity of Space. To such a one, there dawns a knowledge of a grander Karma—a Universe of Spirit and Force. The muse of Poetry is but a silent whisper to the thunderous eloquence of such a Cosmos; for this is the communion of Man with Deity through Nature.

There is a communion of Self—a converse of mind and spirit—from which the greatest achievements have been effected. Enterprises of great moment are not developed in the midst of the crowded

auditorium nor in the deepest of intellectual society. It is in those *silent* meditations, where the mind contemplates the questions of life, that the pros and cons are most seriously debated. It is then, in calm consideration, that the clearest and most mature judgments are formed, those which in later hours govern men in the heat of debate and enable them to express extempore the masterful decisions of matured thought.

When some sweet strain has left its impress on our minds, we may indeed feel that we are communing with the soul of harmony. The exquisite vibration of the occasion may produce inspirations of the sublime, but its reaction leaves a sense of the artificial. The intellect is not sustained in the loftiness of such induced abnormalism. Only in the silences of nature and the solitude of self can the intellect become the clear fluid that runs with crystal thoughts and teems with the acquirements of the ages. Alone with the grandeur of life, we are conscious of its mysteries, realities, and beauties passing in gentle review, as though each thought, bowing, presented itself to discourse most sweetly to the soul of its conqueror.

Happiness attains its perfection in the silent meditations of the soul. The heart that has created a universe within itself and can draw upon the mines of treasure it has absorbed, is the mind that is serene. In contemplating its resources and adapting its knowledge to the benefit of others, is found a quintessence of peace which the world cannot give. Those who thus live, feel a deeper companionship in memory, than the votaries of fashion find in the gayest functions of actual life. In solitude, a man can choose his thoughts and companions, as nowhere else. His feeling reaches its greatest depth when, in the silences of life, he communes with the creations of the past.

Mere frivolity and levity require the presence of others to produce their lightness. In life such affectation is like a froth, which hides the rich color of the wine beneath and which in its brief effervescence loses the very aroma of its being. On the ocean of life, it is only in the shallows that the sea lashes itself in harmless fury; it is in the

deeps that the heavy swell hurls the nautilus of life high into the clear dome of air, or with the ebb buries it deep in the current of thought. It is only in the deeps of life that remorseless action sweeps and irresistibly crushes out dogma with the force that builds "each new temple nobler than the last" on the ruins of its predecessor. Depth of thought and feeling can never be fully developed in the whirlpool of society; it requires the silence of the *sanctum sanctorum* and the secrecy of revery.

Life that has drained all the world offered, realizes that existence has been no more than a succession of animal impulses and sensations; and while worldly-wise in external affairs, is self-admittedly superficial in esoteric matters. The philosophy of life has been a mystery. To such, ignorant of the most self-evident truths, consciousness becomes an automaton. But he who has lived in the deep silences of life and meditation attains with a sublime realization a knowledge of Spirit and thought, Diety and feeling. Life presents a dualism from which we must choose—with society it is frivolous; in the clear vision of solitude it is earnest and sincere, and its knowledge of the mystery of "to be" never covets the chaos of "not to be."

The philosopher withdraws within himself, studies self—is then more able to cope with life and to expand with the knowledge of the All. With him, when death comes, life's sweetest honeys are extracted. Not so with the pedant, who skims the caldron of science, quotes famous names, delights in flattery, and when the end comes is satisfied if vanity has given him its own.

Silence is deep; Society is shallow. Life is thought; Society is vanity. Silence is communion, and in silence is intensity of life.

"There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,  
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,  
There is society, where none intrudes—

I love not Man the less, but Nature more."—*Byron*.

EUGENE A. SKILTON.

## PRACTICAL IDEALISM.

BY ALLEN R. DARROW.

A recent writer who signs himself "Fra Elbertus" says among other things good and true: "Thought is supreme, and to think is often better than to do." "To think rightly is to create."

In this utilitarian age, when so universally the ultimate of all values for man is made to refer to the things that contribute to his material or secular advantage or prosperity, it is refreshing and encouraging to find an occasional recognition of a quality in his nature, and a sphere of operation for his faculties, larger and higher than the realm of the mere physical or material.

Thought is supreme because it is the motive or moving power for all action. While the Pyramids of Egypt with their more than forty centuries of majestic material presence excite our wonder, it is the Idea, the thought and motive in the minds of their originators that captivates and longest holds the mind and the imagination of the beholder. We do not reverence Christopher Columbus simply because he discovered America; that was a result which was inevitable some time, and which some other man might have achieved; but we honor him because of the advanced thought and the determined purpose that would not be subverted, and that impelled to action.

Again thought is supreme and creative, because, unlike all material and secular forces, it is not circumscribed or bound; and when it is moved or animated by the imagination, that wonderful faculty of the mind, it has no limit either of time or space. The ideality which finds its expression or becomes creative in all the Fine Arts, producing results so valuable to man, is first a conception of the mind, and thenceforth wrought by the skill of the artist.

It is said of a noted sculptor that he had in his heart and mind a longing to make an image or statue of Christ that should not only represent the perfection of his human form, but should impress the beholder through the inspiration of a subtle and peculiar expression, with a recognition of his Divine Nature. Having finished his work

he called in a friend, a man learned in the books, to see it; he asked him if he recognized in the statue any individual of note. His friend after examining it carefully replied he saw only the perfection of his skill in the production of an intelligent and benevolent personage who might represent any one of the early philosophers. When he had gone the artist said sorrowfully to himself, "Alas! Alas! and is that all." But, not utterly despairing, he called in a little child who was passing to see the statue, and said to her, "Who is that man?" "Oh!" says she, "I know him! that is Jesus. He is the one who said 'Suffer little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not.'" And the artist wept with joy at her free and untrammelled recognition of his Ideal.

In modern painting or picture making, Idealism or the stimulus of the imagination never enters; the productions of our modern artists are almost wholly mechanical; even the drawings and paintings from nature, which are often very skillfully done, very lifelike and beautiful, are, after all, mechanical, because they are merely copies of what appears to the eye; while the very accurate reproductions and "snap shots" of Photography are wholly mechanical and chemical, and therefore, however popular and desirable, are never ideal, never prompted by the imagination. But in a large majority of the paintings by the old masters, particularly when religious subjects are considered, thought becomes creative and a high idealism is made manifest even to a degree that sometimes seems like inspiration.

Perhaps the most striking illustration of this peculiar quality is found in the pictures of Christ, the great teacher; whether we consider the Italian, the French or the German schools of the old masters in painting, it is a constant theme of wonder how nearly alike are the conceptions of Christ's personal appearance: There was no model for their imitation, they could not copy one from the other, and yet wherever in any of these Sacred pictures the Saviour appears even if surrounded by a multitude with costumes national and alike, there needs no nimbus to designate him from all others. In this

fact certainly thought becomes creative, and Idealism becomes manifest and practical.

It is impossible to know how much, especially in religious faith and knowledge, the present age is indebted to pictures; it may be said that they not only illustrate but they teach, they educate. A modern series of pictures furnishes an exceptional instance of this power. Possessing objective truth, the series is also highly ideal and imaginative. I refer to the series of paintings by the noted artist Tissot portraying the principal incidents in the life of the historical Christ in Palestine. In all the higher forms of religions, with all their diversity of details in faiths and worships, there is a wonderful uniformity in the underlying, primal, Theocratic Idea; and when is set forth the belief in the sovereignty of the one eternal omnipotent God, we find a remarkable uniformity in the symbolisms and metaphors employed, and often also of the language used by the various writers. To illustrate I quote from three separate sources wherein is portrayed in the similitude of the raging storm, with its battling elements of winds and lightning, the going forth of His majestic power:

“Varunda the great God sends forth Indra the god of the thunderbolt in his golden armor, who mounted upon his chariot drawn by fleet dappled steeds, the racing clouds of the storm, together with his inseparable champion Vayu, the wind, that ever moves in the heights of the atmosphere. With them also ride to the battle all the strong troops of the storm. Not long can the mountain fortress hold out against their onslaught for after repeated blows from Indra’s fiery mace the rocks and the trees are torn asunder.”—*Rig Veda*.

“Ahura Masda sends forth Mithra, the lord of the wide pastures, who drives forward in a beautiful chariot wrought by the maker, inlaid with stars made of heavenly substance. Four white stallions draw that chariot; the hoofs of their fore feet are shod with gold, the hoofs of their hind feet are shod with silver; all are yoked to the same pole, whose crossbeams are fastened with hooks of metal beautifully wrought.



"Who can stand before Mithra whom Ahura Masda sends forth ? A warrior with long spear and quick arrows to maintain dominion over all the world."—*Zend Avesta*.

"Then the earth shook and trembled, the foundations of the hills moved and were shaken because he was wroth; there went up a smoke out of his nostrils, and fire out of his mouth devoured. He bowed the heavens also and came down, and darkness was under his feet, and he rode upon a cherub and did fly; yea he did fly as upon wings of the wind. He made darkness his secret place, his pavilion; round about him were dark waters and thick clouds of the skies. The Lord also thundered in the heavens, and the Highest gave his voice hailstones and coals of fire; yea he sent out his arrows and scattered them, and he shot out lightnings and discomfited them."—*Bible*.

Thus in the various sacred writings we find ideals highly wrought, sometimes descriptive, and sometimes prophetic; but always interesting and beautiful because they proceed from the inspired heart and mind. In all the prophetic writings of the Hebrew Scriptures, as well as also in the later writings of St. John the Seer, called "The Revelation" much of the language used is so highly metaphorical and picturesque that it must be carefully studied in order to find truth, and add to our faith the knowledge so important and desirable.

The idealism that is real and practical and therefore of permanent value in the human life must have the motive, the moving power of a lofty purpose; an end to be accomplished. The truly "Emersonian" expression, "Hitch your wagon to a star," while so grotesque and literally impractical, nevertheless conveys a meaning exceedingly valuable and easily understood. In all human undertakings, and human endeavors, let the aims for accomplishment be pure and high.

Such is the purport of the teachings by all the wise ones of earth; while the standard set by Him who was the wisest and best of all teachers of men, "Be ye also perfect even as your Father in Heaven is perfect," although seemingly so difficult for man, is, after all, the true Ideal.

ALLEN R. DARROW.

# DEPARTMENT OF PHILOSOPHY.

DEVOTED TO

Art, Literature and Metaphysics.

EDITED BY C. H. A. BJERREGAARD.

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## SUMMER.

Summer's sounds are heard everywhere—by the hearing ear. The vision of “the flush of life” is apparent—to the eye that can see! Nature's song, the strength of the hills, the hymn of the sea and gladness everywhere call to worship. Nature's calendar is richer and larger than at other seasons: she offers music of wind and storms, bird-notes, flower-whispers, love ditties, rainbow-colors, the quiet of inland lakes and the views from high mountains.

Let us quit the town! Let us go to hear “the great discourse!” Oh, for a baptism in morning dew, and for a meal among the bounties of hill and dale!

Come and visit the wood nymphs. Go and listen to the converse of the wave and the pebble on the beach. Pan is on the mountains and the Pandean pipes are heard in the valleys.

Where shall we meet?

Let us go first to the woods. They are most human, but they do not betray us. They cannot gossip, at least not in human fashion. Somewhere in the woods grows “the tree of life” for us. For one it may be the ivy of Jonas or the juniper of Elias or the palm of Ismaël; for another it may be the umbrageous shadow of a leaf-tree; but for all the *arbor vitæ* grows where we come recognizing the

family likeness of all nature. Where that testimony to the Most High is made, the coolness of the woods takes away the fever-heat of our blood, the passionate desires of city life, and we experience the beauty of life, love and light.

Listen to the innumerable voices and silences of the forests. They all beg of us that we be still, that we enter into that charm which lies at the core of all existence. When stillness has been learned, the book of the solitude opens itself, and the gay sunbeams point out the letters that spell the love of the Ancient One. The leaves of that book are a palimpsest revealing deeds of ours which call forth sad memories perhaps, or awaken recollections of glorious pasts, which clamor for rebirth. In either case the charm of the woodlands has played its tune upon our soul, and we rise full of refining influences.

Stanley's remarks about the African forest apply equally to all woods: "All characters of humanity are represented here except the martyr and the suicide. Sacrifice is not within tree-nature, and it may be that they heard only two divine precepts: 'Obedience is better than sacrifice' and 'Live and multiply.'" Surely there is a power and a presence in the woods, and that is why the student with preference seeks the forest solitude in order to study the deepest problems of existence. The woods wait upon our moods; they hide the repulsive; they appeal to mind and heart; they adapt themselves to us; they console us; they reveal many mysteries and neglected treasures; they keep our secrets yet speak most eloquently to us.

From the woods let us ascend to the mountain tops. A mountain is Brahma's special favorite. Once in the olden days a lofty and barren mountain complained: "Why thus barren? Why these scarred and naked sides?" To this Brahma replied: "The very light shall clothe thee, and the shadow of the passing cloud shall be as a royal mantle. More verdure would be less light. Thou shalt share in the azure of heaven, and the youngest and whitest cloud of summer's sky shall nestle in thy bosom. Thou belongest half to us." And that is why the mountain belongs to the race of prophets.

A mountain is an ever-open Basilica and the earth keeps silence before it. But there is not only sanctity in the mountain air, there is also sweetness, and we feel ourselves near the gates of the House Beautiful. As we ascend the altar-stairs of Nature's temple, we pass out of cloudland and into the pure air of Thought. It was a right and correct impulse which dictated, that the Jew should go up to Jerusalem at least once a year. The Glory of the House of Israel, though symbolical, can, however, in no wise usurp the place of Nature's holy mountain, which is everywhere—even in the human heart—when we pass the gates of Nature and commune with the great Being.

A sunset cannot be seen in a valley. It attains its real significance from a mountain top. We must ascend beyond the smell of the fleshpots and make a pilgrimage over barren places before we realize how impure is the air of the valley and how variable is the "show." Is it not therefore a good thing to take a yearly vacation and climb the mountain?

Some one will say to us:

"Oh, tell me no more of the mountains and field,  
For Ocean is sent a new witness to me;  
And the landscape, with all its enchantment must yield,  
To the nobler expanse of the wide-waving sea."

Very well! We will not dispute it. The Ocean has been a witness to many of the bounties of creation. Sophocles thought the ocean was the most beautiful object in Nature, and Thales and Procles thought it the most prolific. Alexander sacrificed to the ocean, and Pompey worshipped Neptune. We are quite ready with the oldest and sublimest of all prophets to sing "a new canticle" to the ocean:

"Thou glorious mirror! where the Almighty's form  
Glasses itself in tempests."

The Norse people discovered that the ocean symbolizes both rest and motion. Ægir near the shore was mild and called Niord, but

outside he was wild and turbulent. Nowhere else are we so impressed with "eternity, immensity and power" as in the presence of the ocean. These three "thoughts the waters teach" are so suggestive of "God, immortality and freedom." The very unstableness of the waters is so certain that instability itself becomes a rule and law and certainty. It is this character which leaves something not quite grasped and understood, no matter how long we dwell by the shore. It is as Jefferies remarked, we have a "sense that something may drift up from the unknown." At the ocean more than anywhere else we are disposed to ascribe to Nature laws which are not her laws, but our laws. Hence we moderns understand so little of the Ocean. The Greeks were wise; they raised no altars to Ocean. They divined something of the Unknown God in it, enough to make them abstain from idolatry. Tyndall suspected something of a mystery in the waves, and said that more electricity lies enclosed in a single drop of water than is exhibited in an ordinary thunder storm. The Psalmist declared in ecstasy: "O Lord, God of Hosts! Thy way is in the sea, and Thy paths in many waters; and Thy footsteps shall not be known!"

The poetry of "the Most High" does not only reverberate in the woody temples, on high mountains or in the howling of waves, or on the melancholy beach; the elevated mission of natural teachings also comes from the animated life that abounds in these places and it is burned into us by the sun's fiery flames at high noon as well as gently insinuated by the moon's pale light. Earth's ministry is to teach metaphysics and enforce the lesson that love and law rule everywhere. Everywhere where we may go in our summer vacation there is a blessing awaiting us, unseen sides of things to be discovered. But none of these angels can be seen or brought into our existence if we take "the old Adam" along with us. As Nature is transmutation so must we be transfigured in the light of our Ideals, before we can profit by a vacation outdoors.

C. H. A. B.

## THE DOUBLE PERSONALITY OF GUY DE MAUPASSANT.

Literature inevitably becomes a criticism of life, and one of its great services is the revelation it makes of sin in its purgatorial effects. Hawthorne did much of that kind of work. George Eliot's best novels prove the usefulness of suffering. D'Annunzio has lately introduced sorrow and suffering into his writings in order to bring his hero to a higher platform. Guy de Maupassant demonstrated by his own life that literature is a revelation of the personality of the writer, and his stories are a direct outgrowth of his self-contradictory existence. His life is an illustration upon the moral uses of dark things. If he himself did not directly profit by his sufferings, we may do so by a study of him and his purgation.

The case of this French author offers several features of great interest to the psychologist. His descriptions of mental states—unmistakably his own—are most clear and direct illustrations of the falling apart of the various personalities that go to make up the apparent personality. We learn how "the animal soul" holds control, how "the human soul" suffers agony in its loneliness, and, how nevertheless a "directing will" keeps enough hold upon this composite body to cause the many and various sensations to be recorded in the most lucid and brilliant style. All these phenomena take place in a man, apparently insane, who finally dies (July 6, 1893) in an insane asylum, after having attempted suicide.

Guy de Maupassant, born August 5, 1850, in a castle in Normandy, was as large and robust of body as a peasant, but from his mother he inherited a high strung nervous disposition. He suffered intensely from headaches, the *migraine*. Only by spirits of ether did he gain relief from time to time. Under its influence he thought himself in ecstasy and writes in *Sur l'Eau* of its exhilarating effects—that he did not sleep, but was wide awake, perceived and understood everything; that he could think more clearly than ever and more deeply; that his intoxication multiplied his faculties and gave him the sense that all his imaginings were true and real.

Maupassant is a terrible illustration of the fact that "the animal soul" can be so completely master that no other energy seems to be able to hold more than a temporary régime, and a very short one at that. The literary school to which he belonged was Naturalism, and

it is generally conceded that he far surpassed any other member, and was less restrained than even Flaubert and Zola in sensual conceptions and passional expressions. Most of his country scenes are brutal, bestial and offensive to the uttermost, though presented in masterly form. They reveal his ability to descend to strata of life which are devoid of the human, and show a family-likeness of his soul with them. All these scenes are steeped in a sense for which even the word erotic is too noble. He wallows in such grossness and carnality that we cannot comprehend how a human being can imagine such forms. We are compelled to classify him as a mind in a group by itself and to place him very far down on the scale. It is consummate lust which has attained intelligence, but is entirely destitute of moral sense. It is an antediluvian monster in possession of all the worst features of modern civilization. In the midst of his coarse talk and brutal pictures he will sometimes abruptly turn out another side of his character and show himself in aerial flights equal to those of Shelley or Wordsworth. In pure naturalness he will say: "I love the sky as the bird does, and the woods like a wolf and the rocks even as a mountain goat. I like to roll around in the meadow grass and run around in it like a horse and to swim like a fish in the water. I feel in me something of all forms of life and in my trembling flesh vibrates the elemental; all instincts and impulses in confusion eddy through my veins; I love everything that lives and grows with a love both animal and exalted, both contemptible and holy. My reason is indifferent to these things, but my sense and my heart are roused and full of them." If we did not suspect these words to have the same terrible origin as those scenes before described, we would call him a nature-poet of much original depth, and we would use them as keys to open doors to deeper feelings for nature; as they stand, they must be read as pathological conditions. Psychically, however, they show how near the exalted and the debased lie to each other.

However, exalted and natural as some of these latest expressions seem to be, they are not the true opposites to the former. The true opposite is "the human soul." Maupassant does not seem to have had a seasoned understanding of the difference. Unconsciously we hear him complain of loneliness, desolation and solitude, and these terms and the sufferings they express are but the cry of "the human." In one place he writes: "I have only penetrated into one of the secrets of mankind, and it is this: the fearful sufferings of our existence come

from our loneliness." In *Lui* he writes: "I marry, not to be alone. I will no more be alone at night. I will feel a being near by to whom I can talk, no matter what. I have a fear to be alone. If a man came in, I would kill without hesitation. I have no fear of ghosts, I do not believe in the supernatural. I am not afraid of the dead, I believe in total annihilation after death. I have a fear of myself! I fear my fear! I fear the walls, the chairs, all objects around me. It is as if they had animal life. I fear my own mind! I have destroyed it and now it stands ghostlike before me. I cannot become master of this fear!" Some of my readers will have had the experience of being among cows or horses in a stable when a sudden panic takes possession of them. They will remember how these creatures howled and tore at their fastenings to get loose; how pandemonium filled the air and how these poor creatures foaming and fretting finally would fall to the ground insensible from fear. Maupassant's sufferings were of that order. Excessive animal and elemental consciousness multiplied his sensations and sufferings, but no self-consciousness explained to him his psychic condition nor gave to him the power to rise above himself and be the master.

The same fear and desolation of the lost human soul is expressed by Norbert de Varenne in *Bel-Ami*: "You will feel the fearful agony of despair. Deserted and lost you will abandon yourself to the Unknown. You will call in every direction for help, but nobody will answer you. You will stretch out your arms imploring help, love, consolation and salvation, but nobody will come. Why do we suffer so? Because our fancy, our vain thinking has brought us into an irredeemable conflict between the flesh and the spirit." Solitude is the key to Maupassant and to that terrible suffering which follows upon the dissolution of a personality which has already come under the influence of "the spirit" and begun to live the higher life, however weakly and of small power. Solitude here does not mean voluntary retirement from "the many" to live in the fullness and reality of "the one;" it means desertion by "the one," want, loss, and desolation; a despair that only an intelligent being can suffer, and it is a despair and an agony which is endless, because its origin lies in the will and intelligence themselves. Having lost the vision of the Highest, having wasted his strength in sensual pleasures and orgies and being immersed in the stream of forces, which bear downwards, his will and his intelligence can exert themselves only upon the animal, the



elemental and the sub-human. They are capable of wonderful literary descriptions, and they paint the sub-conscious life in strong light; but from time to time they discover to him his solitude because their real aim and end and purpose is to show the way onward and upward. In such moments of solitude he discovers the self-contradiction of his existence and that is—hell.

Guy de Maupassant's novels ought to be read like Dante's visions and Swedenborg's descriptions. They are psychic delineations of the attitudes of our various personalities when they fall apart. Maupassant is a most interesting and very valuable delineator of all that consciousness which lies below the rational and moral one. His words read like "letters from hell" and are so terribly real because they are written in his own lifeblood. His is not a soul, that rises or hopes to rise, he is fully in the power of a force he himself has created, the *Horla*. He has capitulated to *Le Horla* and declared *après l'homme, le Horla*. The Norse Hela is not so dreadful as *Le Horla*.

C. H. A. B.

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#### NATURALISM, AN EPILOGUE TO MAUPASSANT.

The double personality of Guy de Maupassant is especially interesting because it offers so good an illustration of naturalism or that school which, particularly in literature and ethics, in our day exerts so debasing an influence. Naturalism is a school which all sound minds, loving truth and nothing but the truth, wish to avoid, and which they must learn not to confound with true and sincere nature-worship.

Guy de Maupassant's life and writings show most emphatically the causes and nature of naturalism and its terrible outcome in the loss of the Human and in insanity.

The naturalistic consciousness, as illustrated by his life and the characters of his novels, consists not of ideas and reflections, but only in impressions of the level land of life and these formulated into intense phrases. It is thus below the line of such realizations which raise our lives to superlative dignity and worth. There is nothing of the transcendental in it and it will not recognize any principle either in the sphere of knowledge or conduct unless it is based on experience. Its philosophy recognizes the Idea only as a blind force and as necessity. It is thus almost identical with what used to be called materialism.

The explanation of this phenomenon is not so difficult as it seems. It has its foundation in the fact that all things are conscious of their environment or possess a sense of other things and their nature; it roots also in an inherent desire of the human mind for simplicity of conduct and primitive vigor. These desires commonly seek realization in the natural and do not leave the natural till they die or become transmuted into spirit.

Consciousness of things and their nature is not to be confounded with that which ordinarily goes for consciousness or that sense which qualifies us as reasonable existences. The universal or "mere" consciousness which all things possess is only a quality of the mind's dynamic existence. It is blind to all reasons for its own laws and inner nature, and can consequently not raise itself above itself. For example: a tree can select its food and can place most of its flowers and fruits on the sunny side of the tree, but it can determine nothing as regards its own ultimate purposes nor can it turn itself into another organism, for instance, an animal. It is merely an expression of a common natural life, and is not an individual independence.

"The natural soul" is hidden in the universality that bore it and which gives it its life and existence. It depends entirely upon climate, season, etc., in short, upon all kinds of cosmic conditions and its existence is the more complete as it becomes or is attuned to the vibrations of universal motion. Really, this condition is no better than that of the child in the womb: it is not independent.

The fault with Naturalism is its limited and one-sided attitude to Nature or the Universal. It sees only expansion in longitude, but does not rise to higher latitudes with the rising sun. It is blind to the fact that in the woods some trees rise above the general mass, that there are leaders everywhere and that Nature teaches metaphysics in every act and movement. It turns to itself and not to the Uplift which draws everything into the Transcendental. It denies the Transcendental, everything which proves Ends and Purposes.

From this low disposition of Naturalism follows naturally its hopelessness and pessimism, its utter lack of inspirational power and its preferences for pictures of life lived in the slums and in moral degradation. Many of its followers die as suicides, or as insane as Maupassant.

Singularly enough the *coup de grace* was given to Naturalism by a man, Huxley, upon whom was heaped more abuse than upon any other

contemporary, on the assumption that he was the prophet of the movement. In his masterful and eloquent Romanes Lecture of 1893 he explained that the real key to evolution was not imitation or compliance with the Cosmic Process, but antagonism and opposition, and that the Ethical Process consisted in "pitting the microcosm against the macrocosm and to set man to subdue nature to his higher ends."

In conclusion it may be well to remind the reader that the above dualistic form of expression does not imply the teaching of a dualism. The language used is conditioned by necessity. Moreover when I speak of the Transcendental, the Idealistic, I use it to mean and to imply the Great, the Good, the True and the Beautiful, all of which terms stand for Being, that Reality which our illusions constantly limit to small and narrow conceptions. Naturalism is such an illusionary limitation and therefore so low and pessimistic.

C. H. A. B.

#### IBSEN'S "WHEN WE DEAD AWAKEN."

If the winter season had been before us, I would not review Ibsen's latest play, because the impressions made by it would correspond too well with the dreariness of the cold. But summer is before us and we are full of the rising life and fruitfulness; hence, by contrast, in the best condition to see how utterly an author can fail to realize the greatness of his own idea, and how incompetent he can be to give form and expression to a deep feeling.

"A Stranger Lady" is the main person in the play, though not the one who acts the most. Her name is Irene and presumably this name is chosen for symbolical reasons. Irene means "peace," that peace which comes after war. She symbolizes in this drama that peace which follows "when we dead awaken," but that peace is really only an illusion. Her appearance on the scene produces conditions as treacherous as those of quicksands. What problem is it that Ibsen tries to solve? Who are "we dead"? In the first place Ibsen presents Rubek, sculptor and brutal egotist, who is the cause of all the misery of the drama, as "dead." He died after finishing his "great masterpiece," "The Resurrection Day," for which Irene stood model, being cast adrift by him after a love affair with her; to him it was "only an episode" but the life of existence to her. His wife, Maia, is also "dead," and seems to have died after four years of wedded life in which she waited for him to take her "up into a high mountain and

show her all the glory of the world?" Rubek failed; to him this promise was "only a figure of speech," his object being to lure her "to play" with him. His relations to her being also "only an episode." Irene is also "dead" but being "dead," she is most interesting. She died when he deserted her, but she lived on even in the grave: *she* could not live without him to whom she had given her soul and her form, and in whose image he had created "their child," "The Resurrection Day." Rubek, Maia and Irene are "the dead" of the drama and it is with regard to them "this epilogue" is written. An inspector at the baths, a landed proprietor and a Sister of Mercy also figure, but they symbolize nothing essential in it; the inspector and the Sister are only convenient "lay figures"; the landed proprietor is a beastly character such as Ibsen commonly introduces. Ulfheim is his name and profession. Ulfheim is the Norse for "Wolf's-home," viz., the incarnation of a wolf. He preys upon unsuspecting women and is the enemy of society. Buffon's description of a wolf fits him to a nicety: "disagreeable in every respect, with mean air, savage look, frightful voice, insupportable odor, perverse nature, ferocious manners, he is odious; noxious while living, useless after death."

But, has Ibsen really understood the problem involved in the sentence "when we dead awaken"? I think not. His *dramatis personæ* move and have their being in love only, and in love, at that, which seems but little above sex-love. As in most of his other plays his men are beasts of desire and his women "play-toys." They know nothing, it seems, of truth and law, and life is to them merely an emotion. To die means to Ibsen to lose sensual love, and to awaken means to discover, as does Rubek, that to be married four or five years is "a trifle long," and, yawning, to tell the wife so. Irene's attitude gives a slightly different interpretation to "to die" and "to awaken" but does not introduce any principle from a higher world. Ibsen's clumsy expedient of making Irene and Rubek disappear in masses of snow while they ascend the mountain is almost to burlesque his own idea and intention.

We are dead when we are tied hand and foot, mind and life in our own illusions, in the conventional, or when we, without freedom and independence, are mere objects of the play of cosmic forces. We awaken when we realize our bondage and take steps to free ourselves to live a self-centered life. The power to awaken must come as it

were from "outside," must be a principle from "above," or *la grande passion*. Rubek cannot represent such a principle to Irene nor can she be it to him with one husband "in a churchyard somewhere or other" and another "far away in the Ural Mountains—among all his gold mines," and the recollections of a model: "I have stood on the turn-table—naked—and made a show of myself to many hundreds of men—after you." Maia's "awakening" is still more mysterious. When she sees Rubek and Irene go off, she is legally, as she sings, free; but how their violence can be an inspiration to a new life for her, is incomprehensible, and how Ulfheim, with whom she spent a night on the mountain, can represent a liberator can be explained only on the principle that he is an enchanted prince; but Ibsen does not tell us so.

"When we dead awaken" is a naturalistic play, though differing somewhat from the ordinary ones, by having some symbolism in it and a few metaphysical points. These latter are perhaps unintentional. Naturalistic as it is, the play touches only indirectly the great problems of the science of life; it is simply descriptive of how four "lovers" change partners. It avoids pointing to any ultimate purpose in existence and describes only features of life well known in divorce-courts. Its psychology is trifling and superficial. It presents such everlasting changes in "the animal soul" as are analogous to the ever-varying shapes of clouds and the instability of water.

What of the vibrations that go through this drama? I liken them in their weakness to the eddies on a bay near a great city. They have neither force nor purity but plenty of flotsam; they do not break on the shore echoing the mysteries of the deep; they only wet the pebbles that lie about for no special purpose. Ibsen's work is not a drama or a soul-reproduction of the breathing universe, the palpitating heart of the greater Man or Nature. At best "When We Dead Awaken" is a repetition of the ideas of John Gabriel Borkman. Its morals, that is to say the morals unintentionally taught, are as immoral as they well may be. The lovers ignore the fact that they voluntarily bound themselves to perform certain duties before "the awakening" came. Such bonds cannot be broken with impunity. An act of will is Karmic and of profound significance. Ibsen's lovers leave behind them all previously assumed duties. Perhaps he intended to parody that great prophet's words, which were, "Let the dead bury their dead."

C. H. A. B.

## NIETZSCHE AND INDIVIDUALISM.

Friedrich Nietzsche's fame is constantly growing, though these ten years he has written nothing, and has lived in an insane asylum. The reason for this is that he is an embodiment of a fundamental principle and that he represents much of the essential nature of the modern spirit. The first is his teaching of Individualism in opposition to Collectivism and the second is his "gentleman-morality" in contrast with what he calls "slave-morality;" the latter is really a necessary result of the former.

As an individualist Nietzsche is in company with Fichte and most romanticists, and behind them all lies idealism. An idealist is necessarily an individualist and of aristocratic notions; his aristocracy is, however, not the same as oppression and tyranny; it means higher type and profounder recognition of duty. Nietzsche condemns democracy, by which he understands the "vulgar equal-making" of to-day, that kind of universality which is attained by leveling downward but not upward. He says that that kind of democracy has always been the downward steps of a degenerating power. Against democracy he places individual will, instinct and command; he is even not afraid to say, "We may be anti-liberal even to hardness and cruelty." He admires "the lordly nature." He is "lord" who has power to realize his will. He is a "slave" who is weak. He looks upon Napoleon as a "lord" and "the criminal is the type of the strong man under unfavorable conditions." Notions of this kind place him in strong antagonism to Christianity. He hates Christianity and calls its morals "slave-morals."

The true man is the individualist and Nietzsche calls him the "Over-man." Nietzsche is in his own eyes the hero of the ideal man and his leader. He has dreamed himself into a world beyond "good and evil," has risen to the state of the "Over-man," acts "lordly morals" and is an embodiment of "the spirit of Zarathustra." There is, however, no system in Nietzsche's writings; they look like mosaics of his mind. His teachings find their expression and solution in the personality of the philosopher and man. He is so strong a man in our day that the culture-history of modern times cannot be written without constant reference to his influence, and this is especially true as regards the Continent. The ultra-conservative and government journal, the *Kreuzzeitung*, has gone to the extreme of placing his writings on the *Index* of forbidden reading. This shows how truly he is the most

representative leader of that movement of contemporary thought which Huxley called the New Reformation.

Alexander Vinet represented Individualism inside the Church lines, and the work he did was as well defined and powerfully prosecuted as that of Nietzsche. He antagonized with great force the leveling social pantheistic tendencies of church-life and maintained that the individual, not the collective mass of members, was the object of salvation and was the one that bore "the image." Society or the so-called "social unit" is only an "arrangement," a conglomeration, like the ocean and the earth, of undeveloped monads and is not self-centred nor self-directive. Society or "the social unit" exists for the benefit of the individual and not *vice versa*. Soren Kjerkegaard was another man, inside the church, who also fought for the rights of the individual. His attacks were directed against Hegelian universalism, and ministers who get a living from the State in return for their offices in reducing citizens to obedience. All of these men refer to Socrates as their teacher and "the father of individualism."

In our day when so many false movements are set a-going and when effeminacy and weakness of character is so prevalent among those tired of the old order of things it is imperative that the doctrine of individualism and self-reliance should be taught and should again get prominence. It is a doctrine thoroughly Anglo-Saxon and congenial to Americans. It is the force that has made man what he is and it is the creator of "human worth" or that something which gives us the dominion of both heaven and earth. Under the form of character "it is," as said Charles Sumner, "everything"; it makes the "man-timber" out of which is built the kingdom of peace, truth and love; it is the secret of a great heart and the oil in the lamp of true being: it is the moral order of the universe.

"God give us men. A time like this demands  
 Strong minds, great hearts, true faith, and ready hands:  
 Men whom the lust of office does not kill;  
 Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy;  
 Men who possess opinions and a will;  
 Men who have honor—men who will not lie;  
 Men who can stand before a demagogue  
 And scorn his treacherous flatteries without winking;  
 Tall men, sun-crowned, who live above the fog  
 In public duty, and in private thinking."

C. H. A. B.

# THE HOME CIRCLE.

OPEN COLUMN.

EDITED BY ELIZABETH FRANCIS STEPHENSON AND EVA BEST.

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## NOTE TO OUR READERS.

In this Department we will give space to carefully written communications of merit, on any of the practical questions of everyday life, considered from the bearings of metaphysical and philosophical thought, which, we believe, may be demonstrated as both a lever and a balance for all the difficult problems of life.

Happenings, experiences and developments in the family and the community; results of thought, study and experiment; unusual occurrences when well authenticated; questions on vague points or on the matter of practical application of principles and ideas to daily experience, etc., will be inserted, at the discretion of the Editors, and in proportion to available space. Questions asked in one number may be answered by readers in future numbers, or may be the subject of editorial explanation, at our discretion. It is hoped that the earnest hearts and careful, thinking minds of the world will combine to make this Department both interesting and instructive, to the high degree to which the subject is capable of development.

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## IDEALISM.

How seldom the world looks at the actions of its fellow-creatures from an ideal standpoint. It is natural to criticize. We all do it, consciously or unconsciously, mentally or verbally. Like all natural tendencies it should not be suppressed so much as directed into the right channel. Criticism is but an unconscious striving for the ideal. Were we all humanitarians and idealists, only just and helpful criticisms would be sent forth in our great ocean of mentality.

I like to think that thoughtlessness, rather than selfishness or malice, is the cause of so many harsh criticisms. Most of us feel that if we do not trespass on our neighbors' rights, and prevent them from



trespassing on ours, we have done our duty to the world and ourselves. But when one can soar into the realm of idealism one finds there such an atmosphere of love and tenderness that one's soul cries out, "Verily, we are all one with the Infinite."

It is then that one has reached the mountain top and can calmly and pityingly look down upon those dwelling in glass houses far below. As the sun of penetration is focussed upon them their petty lives are laid bare. Many are content to dwell in their fragile houses: they are so busy watching their neighbors that they do not know of the existence of the beautiful mountain so near their doorstep. Others know of its existence and long to reach its dizzy heights, but have not the courage to bear the scrutiny of the multitude. Some court the public gaze, but do not know the right path, and aimlessly stumble around until discouraged, then fall back into obscurity.

Now and then we see a happy being suddenly throw off the restraints of conventionality and, mounting on the wings of enthusiasm, gain the realm of Idealism. It is only while in this state that we can influence or stir the world. Emerson says, "Nothing great was ever achieved without enthusiasm."

Idealism has no limitations. This world seems made up of the commonplace, but if we look closely we can see beauty in everything, like wood violets hidden in the tangled grass that from a distance looks like one bed of green. "Come forth into the light of things; let Nature be your teacher."

If we attributed to the actions of others only noble motives, soon their actions would respond in noble deeds.

"Live as on a mountain. Let men see, let them know a real man who lives as he was meant to live."

FRANCES DEWEY.

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Be content with doing with calmness the little which depends upon yourself, and let all else be to you as though it was not.—*Fénelon*.

## HEREDITY.

There is no thing we cannot overcome;  
Say not thy evil instinct is inherited,  
Or that some trait inborn makes thy whole life forlorn,  
And calls down punishment that is not merited.

Back of thy parents and grandparents lies  
The Great Eternal Will! That, too, is thine  
Inheritance: strong, beautiful, divine,  
Sure lever of success for one who tries.

Pry up thy fault with this great lever—Will!  
However deeply bedded in propensity,  
However firmly set, I tell thee, firmer yet  
Is that vast power that comes from Truth's immensity.

Thou art a part of this strange world, I say,  
Its forces lie within thee, stronger far  
Than all thy mortal sins and frailties are.  
Believe thyself divine and watch and pray.

There is no noble height thou canst not climb;  
All triumphs may be thine in Time's futurity,  
If, whatsoe'er thy fault, thou dost not faint or halt,  
But lean upon the staff of God's security.

Earth has no claim the soul cannot contest.  
Know thyself part of the Eternal Source;  
Naught can stand before thy spirit's force;  
The soul's Divine Inheritance is best.

—ELLA WHEELER WILCOX, *in New York Press.*

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"John, you went to church as usual to-day?"

"Yes, mother."

"What was the text?"

"Well—er, you see I didn't get there in time to hear the text."

"What was the gist of the sermon, then?"

"I can't tell. You see, mother, I came out just before he got to the gist."

## THE WISE MAN AND THE SEA URCHINS.

## (IV.)

Nothing ever delighted the Sea Urchins so much as a long walk with the Wise Man, and, knowing this, he took them the next day far inland to where some great old trees clustered together in a beautiful grove, within and beyond which arose steep rocks whose formation could be distinctly seen.

At the foot of the cliff a clear spring bubbled up into a clean, deep rock basin, and, overflowing this, ran noisily away over the round white pebbles and yellow sand to find an outlet somewhere beyond the shady grove.

"Here is our resting place, my Urchins, here by this cool, sweet spring. Look yonder, Brownie, and tell me what sort of a rock do you think that is?"

"It is full of little shells, the same kind that we see on the shore, sir, every day."

"How do you suppose they ever got up to such a high place as this?"

"Can they crawl like snails?" asked Blackie.

"Maybe the water was up here once," ventured Ruddy, turning a lively pink as his suggestion met with a good-natured shout of amusement.

"He laughs best who laughs last," the Wise Man said, smiling. "Ruddy's right. Time was when all this part of the continent was an ocean-bed, and these very little shells helped to build the solid ground upon which we stand. Did you children ever stop to wonder what the great ocean was for?"

"For?" repeated Blackie, "why, it's for ships to sail on, and people to bathe in, and winds to blow over, and—oh, a lot of things!"

"Once upon a time there were no ships to sail—no people to bathe; *then* what was it for?"

"No people, sir? Was the earth ever without inhabitants?"

"Yes, Snowdrop, without any inhabitants."

"Maybe it was just for fishes to swim in then?"

"But when there were no fishes, Goldie?"

"Was there a time when there was n't anything nor anybody? —when there was just land and water?"

"Suppose I were to tell you that there was a time when there wasn't even any land or water?"

"Is it a joke, sir?" asked Blooy.

"It is the most serious matter in the world, Blooy."

"But you said that things *always* were."

"And so they were; but not in the form we know them to-day. That which goes to make the land and water always existed in that primordial essence we know about. But that which made the land was no more the solid land we know than the dancing dust-motes are a solid mass, or the fine particles of moisture floating about in the air are the heavy ocean waves."

"Then how did it get to be the land and water? Did the earth know how to go to work and get itself into shape? Is the earth alive?"

"I like to think so. It surely isn't a dead world; for its heart is filled with the fire of life, and nothing upon it is absolutely quiet for the space of a second. Indeed, I think of it as a lively, likely, sturdy youngster just out of babyhood; an infant, as it were, of great promise."

"But, sir, isn't it awfully old?"

"Compared to what, Ruddy?"

"Us."

"And compared to that cloud of darting midgets yonder, whose existences are ended in one brief Summer day, our own lives might well seem to endure for unending ages of time. Compared to the year of the planet Mercury, whose four swift seasons crowd themselves into three months of our earth-time, how long seems the year of Neptune, which contains nearly four thousand of our months!

Can you grasp the fact of a winter season lasting for nearly a thousand months? Unless we compare those things which come under our observation we shall never be able to grasp the true value of anything. So, you see, although I may tell you the earth is millions of years old, it is, taking older planets into consideration, comparatively speaking, a baby."

"And will it ever grow old?"

"As surely as we ourselves grow old."

"And then will it die?"

"And then it will die."

"Oh!"

"Does that distress you, children? What if nothing ever changed—for death, we have learned, is simply a change of form—would you like that, my Urchins?"

"No-o; it would be very tiresome."

"And there'd be no use in anything ever having started to be, would there, unless it could go on improving itself?"

"Tell us about the end of it all. Does *everything* have to come to an end?"

"All material things, yes, my boy, that is the law. Nothing except the essence of things abides. See, when I throw this stone in the air, how it goes and goes swiftly up and up for a while, then gradually inclines to the earth, to fall at last into a state of rest. What was it that sent the stone spinning so high and so far?"

"Your hand, sir," said Violet.

"But what was there in my hand to enable me to throw the stone?"

"Strength, I should say."

"Strength of what, Violet?"

"Of muscle?"

"Of muscle. But what have I back of the muscle that enables me to use it? What sent the stone through the air?"

"Would force be the correct answer, sir?"

"It was force—energy in motion. And the power was mine to

throw the stone where I chose. Who remembers a copy-book saying in which the word 'power' occurs?"

"Do you mean 'Knowledge is power'?"

"Yes, Violet. And so back of power was knowledge. Now knowledge is the state of knowing, and to be able to know there must be a brain upon which mind may act. Now, back of mind lies—what?"

"Your *self*," declared Brownie.

"Truly my *self*; and that is true of any self which uses a brain. But suppose we go further—go beyond self, any self—what then?"

The children had gathered eagerly about their friend, losing no syllable of his speech. The bright young eyes clouded in perplexity, and little puckers began to show between the knitted brows.

"Can *you* tell us that, sir?" softly breathed Violet.

"I can try. Once upon a time a tiny black ant was badly hurt by the fall of a small stick near the ant hill where it had been working. It lay there in pain, and possibly (had I had the ears to hear so fine a thing) moaning in its agony. Soon after a soldier ant approached the sufferer, and, after seeming to have examined the wounded insect, ran off at great speed to summon enough of the members of the community to help the crippled brother to shelter and safety.

"A lot of sympathetic little fellows hastened to answer the summoner's call; but, alas, when they reached the spot their brother was dead. The soldier ants (as they are called to distinguish them from the workers) then hurried away and brought a big worker ant, who picked up the dead body, and carried it off to some place of hiding. After this sad duty was done, all went about their usual business. Of what might we call this an exhibition?"

"Of intelligence."

"I should call it so. Back of all these little ants' 'selves' with their human-like brains and evidently reasoning minds, intelligence there certainly must have been. Now, by means of this same intelligence is the thought of the living being made manifest. To

the intelligence of the ant-self—to the intelligence of my self thought comes, and it differs only in degree. To me it seems that the ant brain, because of its smallness, is, when compared with my own, a far more marvelous thing.”

“Then is that the end—the *thought*?”

“Rather is it the beginning! Thought commands the force that moves the world, and creates all created things.”

“And back of thought?”

“Comes the divine principle, Love—the core, the heart, the soul, the spirit, the essence of all that is deathless, eternal, everlasting—the Essence of Life.”

“It will never end?”

“Never; for Love is God Himself.”

A hush fell upon the little group. A score of birds sang in the great trees of the grove, and the water of the spring added its liquid murmur to the joyous harmony.

From afar off where the tilled fields sunned themselves under the cloudless skies came the sound of the farmer’s whistle, the lowing of cattle, and, after a time, the blowing of a mellow dinner-horn.

“Children,” said the Wise Man, breaking the silence as he arose from his seat upon a moss-covered boulder, “that call is for us. I have arranged this little surprise for you; and now let us go and enjoy it.”

Dinner at the farm-house! Oh, the flaky biscuit, the sweet butter, the amber honey, the smoking vegetables, the cold salad, the rich milk and fresh, delicious fruits!

And after the feast was over the long, lovely walk oceanward again, with the briny breezes blowing elf-locks back from fair young brows, and the whole journey bristling with interrogation-points!

“Let us go back to that stone that came to rest after its somersaulting through the air. Force commanded by intelligence under the direction of thought sent it upon its journey. Just so much energy stored up within it by the hurling hand and its own weight and motion—or what we may call *inertia*—caused it to move

on for a certain length of time. So worlds are hurled into space and when the force stored within them expends itself they must sink into a state of rest. So beings are started upon their little earthly journeys, and when the vital forces give out they die. So my wound-up watch runs down; so all things make an end and go into a welcome state of rest."

"A *welcome* state, sir?"

"My little Snowdrop, did you never tire yourself completely out; did you never play, and romp, and move about so that your limbs sank wearily, and failed to support you? And the eyelids drooped, and the pillow under these pretty curls seemed soft as a summer cloud, and the used-up little frame, stretching itself gladly upon the couch, allowed the soul to escape to a heaven of sweet dreams? Once upon a time I wrote these little verses—will you hear them?"

"Throughout the day of labor,  
The striving and the pain,  
The duties done or just begun,  
The sunshine or the rain,  
There is a ghost that haunts me—  
A pillow soft and white,  
Its linen spread upon my bed  
All ready for the night.

"I know when day is ended  
And tasks and duties done  
And night comes down upon the town  
At setting of the sun,  
That, weary with the working,  
I then may gladly creep  
To where is spread my downy bed,  
And lay me down to sleep.

"And so through all my lifetime,  
My little earthly day,  
It is not fear that's ever near  
But happiness alway.  
And as I climb life's mountain,



So rugged and so steep,  
No tasks I shirk, but sing and work  
Since I so soon may sleep!"

"Is that what death—what the end of life will seem to me?"

"Just that, dear child, unless you let fear tell you hideous falsehoods. And then when the glad morning comes——"

"There'll be a morning, then?"

"A morning, Snowdrop. As surely as the daylight follows darkness! And each one's dawn will show a rosier light, a more golden glow, and each restful slumber far, far sweeter than the last!"

"Oh, why do people fear to die if this be so?"

"Because they do not know that Death is the blessedest friend of Man."

The sea-waves, now that they were approaching the shore, sang loudly enough for them to hear their musical pounding upon the sands. This brought to Blackie's recollecting mind the fact that the question as to the ocean's use had not been answered. He therefore asked for an explanation.

"The ocean has a monstrous work to do, my boy. It is the builder and the destroyer of continents. As persistently as it manufactures rock it tears it to pieces. It is the great reservoir of all vapors supplying the principal elements of life. Over it blow the warm winds from the tropics, and as the sun's heat draws the moisture up into the air the winds become laden with it, and, reaching land, are chilled by the colder breezes. This chill forms the cloud, which is made up of tiny atoms of moisture, or what we can best describe as 'water dust,' the particles of which, coming closer and closer together, at last condense into falling drops of rain."

"Will you tell us about the time when there was no ocean?" asked Blooy. "Was it just dusty land then?"

"No, Blooy, there was never a time when 'land dust' existed without 'water dust.' Yes, I'll tell you about it, gladly. When shall it be?"

"To-morrow!" cried the Urchins.

"Before anybody was alive?"

"That I'm going to let *you* say, Goldie, after I've told you. Man has been going—no, I shall say *coming*—to school here for ages and ages and ages, and perhaps when there was not as yet any human form ready for him he might have learned a lesson or two in the form of a mineral; then, perhaps, a plant, and so on up the ladder of finer forms, until this wonderful tenement in which he lives to-day was prepared for him by his own realization of Divine Love."

EVA BEST.

(*To be continued.*)

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### TWILIGHT.

The rich splendors of a summer day are fading. Gently, away in the blue heavens, she has folded her bright banners of light and fastened them safe with glittering stars.

Long, mysterious shadows pierce the hearts of the hills and creep softly over the meadows.

The sun flashed like a great, burnished shield, as it passed downward through the gateway of the West. Tremblingly, the last tender lights fade. Through the dewy atmosphere we feel the fragrant breath of the flowers—and abroad, through the wide, wide highways of the world the twilight wanders with velvet feet.

ADELAIDE GREENE CLIFFORD.

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It is not necessary for each member of the human family to repeat in detail the experiments of all his predecessors; for their results descend to him by the system of combination in which he lives, and he acquires them by education. With them he may stand at the top of the ladder of human culture, and build a new round to it so that his children after him may climb higher and do the like.

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For there are mystically in our faces certain characters which carry in them the motto of our souls.—*Sir Thomas Browne, Religio Medici.*

## FATHER TIME.

'Twas in the long-lost careless days,  
When childhood's spring was in its prime,  
I, wandering through life's pleasant ways  
First came upon you, Father Time.  
You took in unresisting grasp  
The hand held out in friendship's name;  
I did not try to loose your clasp,  
But smiled upon you when you came.

Oh, then your gifts were fresh and new,  
The hours you brought were bright and long,  
And have seemed steadfast, warm, and true,  
While life itself was one glad song!  
The happy singers, you and I,  
Together singing songs of mirth,  
And sweet love-ballads, by and by,  
Which soared above the common earth!

You led me o'er enchanted ground  
Where kingly Cupid reigned supreme;  
So sweet were thoughts that wrapped me round  
I longed to linger there and dream.  
But still with unrelenting grasp  
You led me through the magic land,  
Nor loosened once your steady clasp  
Upon my oft rebellious hand.

You brought my pretty babes to me  
And placed them in my happy arms;  
The world all sunshine seemed to be,

And gladness drowned my weak alarms.  
I blessed you then, old Father Time,  
You led me through such lovely lands—  
Life's joy-bells rang a golden chime  
Swung to and fro by angel hands.

Whence came the first faint minor thrill  
That jarred upon my joyous moods?  
Our sunlit heavens began to fill  
With shadows wherein sorrow broods.  
My anxious eyes grew full of tears—  
I blamed you for their overflow;  
I felt my heart grow faint with fears,  
And saddened with prophetic woe.

And more than once if after years,  
Through shadowed valleys dark with woe,  
Through floods of silent, bitter tears  
You bade my little children go.  
They would not stay for all my cries;  
I could not follow without crime;  
Shut were the gates of Paradise—  
And then—I cursed you,  
Father Time!

So long ago—so long ago—  
And now my fierce and fiery heart  
Hath changed its hate to love; and so  
I wait to watch the storm-clouds part.  
I wait to see the heavenly light  
Across my life's drear threshold climb;  
But shall Death, in his kindly might,  
Part us forever, Father Time?

MRS. SIXTY.

## SUNSHINE LAND.

They came in sight of a lovely shore,  
 Yellow as gold in the morning light;  
 The sun's own color at noon it wore,  
 And had faded not at the fall of night;  
 Clear weather or cloudy—'twas all as one,  
 The happy hills seemed bathed with the sun;  
 Its secret the sailors could not understand,  
 But they called the country Sunshine Land.

What was the secret? A simple thing—  
 It will make you smile when once you know.  
 Touched by the tender fingers of spring  
 A million blossoms were all aglow;  
 So many, so many, so small and bright,  
 They covered the hills with a mantle of light;  
 And the wild bee hummed, and the glad breeze fanned  
 Through the honeyed fields of Sunshine Land.

If over the sea we two were bound,  
 What port, dear child, would we choose for ours?  
 We would sail and sail till at last we found  
 This fairy gold of a million flowers.  
 Yet, darling, we'd find, if at home we stayed,  
 Of many and small joys our pleasures are made;  
 More near than we think—very close at hand—  
 Lie the golden fields of Sunshine Land.

—EDITH THOMAS, *in New York Weekly*.

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Man is a soul using the body as an instrument.—*Proclus*.

If any have been so happy as personally to understand Christian annihilation, ecstasy, exhalation, transformation, \* \* \* and ingress into the divine shadow, according to mystical theology, they have already had a handsome anticipation of heaven; the world is, in a manner, over, and the earth is ashes unto them.—*Sir Thomas Browne, in Christian Morals*.

# THE WORLD OF THOUGHT.

WITH EDITORIAL COMMENT.

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## MENTAL ATTENTION.

In any of the mental processes that go to make up a day's work, the value of attention is much greater than is usually recognized. One who gives close attention to every detail of his subject, at its first presentation and while it is being placed before him, will have a clear understanding of the subject and will retain it well for use at the proper time; while he who gives only partial attention, thinking of something else meanwhile, or perhaps indulging the opinion that the matter is so simple as to require little thought from him, will find that when he wants the information for a definite purpose the actual knowledge has escaped him.

The reason for this is that the memory is the register of the operations of intelligence; and whatever is clearly understood is at that time recorded, automatically, as it would seem, by the mental operations of the mind which understands the problem or subject. This takes place through the imaging processes of thought, by a subconscious operation, and is absolutely exact in all its operations. Each detail of the subject that the mind intelligently understands is instantly pictured and that picture goes on file, as it were, in the subconscious realm of mentality, where it remains until called for by intention or called into action unintentionally by means of a kindred activity occurring in life's experience.

Attention means giving the forces of mentality to the examination of a subject, exclusively, at a given time; then the picturing operations of the mind are certain to register a copy of the idea. This is all that is necessary for the most perfect results of memory.

L. E. W.

## ATTITUDE OF THE RELIGIOUS WORLD.

At the recent Ecumenical Missionary Conference at Carnegie Hall, the late Rev. Dr. Behrends of Brooklyn declared that he would gladly sign any creed that permitted him to sign all creeds, and that what was most needed is "the power to put all creeds in a pile and set fire to them and burn up the dross." These sentiments were received by the members with general applauding. It is becoming a conviction universally that formulas of doctrine, instead of banding men together of one mind, are so many sources of conflict and division, separating those who are seriously inclined, into rival camps. It has also become a matter of notoriety that members of the several religious communities are indifferent to technical questions of belief, and do not hesitate, when interrogated, to disavow them. Such doctrines as the godhood of Jesus Christ, the vicarious atonement, election and reprobation of individuals without reference to personal character, endless torment, a corporeal resurrection, the special sacredness of Sunday or any other day, are falling into desuetude, and hardly serve as formerly to provoke contention between professors of religion.

It is now sixty-five years, or thereabout, since Luther Myrick of Cazenovia, New York, began a movement for the abrogation of technical creeds, and the union of all sincere worshipers on the basis of a common brotherhood. Mr. Myrick had been a Presbyterian clergyman, and was a zealous reformer, especially in the temperance and anti-slavery fields. He was a member of the Oneida Presbytery, and upon being brought to trial for his views attempted to defend them from the Bible. He was speedily silenced by the declaration that the Presbyterian Confession was the accepted interpretation of the Scriptures, by which he would be judged. He was condemned accordingly. He afterward made his home in Cazenovia, where he published a weekly journal to promulgate the scheme of a union of all Christians as one Church. Some years after his death, Gerritt Smith, Beriah Green, William Goodell, Edward C. Pritchett, Washington Stickney, and others held a convention to put the plan in operation, and several congregations were formed in Western New York upon that basis. But the exciting times in the political world, and the death of the principal leaders, seem to have arrested the movement.

It was, however, only smouldering in the ashes. New leaders of religious thought came to the front, many no less significant than Henry Ward Beecher, Lyman Abbott, David Swing, and others, their peers. They refer with confidence to the fact that the Gospels nowhere propose a formula of doctrine or the grounds for one, but relate to matters of life. They can even find merit where formerly only error was descried. Unitarians are kindly regarded, and not many weeks since a Congregational minister declared from his pulpit that Universalists preached the Gospel.

The Broad Church of England and its American congeners belong in the same category, and the same feeling is gaining ground over Protestant Europe. Even the Roman body is not quite impervious. The controversy with Dr. St. George Mivart has revealed that a large number of sincere Catholics are in sympathy with the liberal movement of the age. The volcano refuses to be capped. The hierarchy may seek to hold men's thoughts to the vassaldom of the Dark Ages, but it does not stay held.

It must not be overlooked, however, that there is alarm felt in many quarters, lest the liberal tendency may operate to honeycomb and disintegrate the religious bodies. This was manifest after the Congress of Religions at Chicago. The fact was there brought to view which had been before conceded, that the peoples who had been represented as in "heathen blindness" and "bowing down to wood and stone," were worshipers of a One Supreme Being, and in other respects worthy of respect and fraternal regard. It was apparent that they must be treated accordingly, as men who are manly, deal with one another. Many of the differences were in name, rather than in fact, and in respect to social morality and probity, the record of Christendom has exhibited no marked superiority.

But a characteristic of the religious world, as of the natural, is polarity. When an advance is made in one direction, there is also a receding to the opposite pole. We have seen it in the driving of Doctors Briggs and McGiffert from the Presbyterian Church, in the virulent attacks on Bishop Potter, in the excommunication of Dr. Mivart. In France religious bigotry is assuming even a more violent form. The case of Dreyfus exhibited a bitterness toward the Jews, and a disregard of common justice, reeking with the sulphurous smoke of the Middle Ages, when all plagues and visitations were followed by diabolic cruelty.



Now all Protestantism is included in the propaganda. All through France, the accusation is diligently circulated that Protestants are treacherous to the country and in alliance with the foreign powers. No falsehood is too absurd to promulgate. One writer invokes old-time martyrdom, such as characterized the 15th and 16th centuries—even to auto-da-fés and St. Bartholomew massacres. He says:

"The Catholics are too scrupulous. Nobody can make an omelet without the breaking of eggs. No revolution can be obtained without advancing over dead bodies. Do you think it would be a crime to condemn and put to death such men as Zadok Kahn, Reinach, Scheurer-Kestner, Picquart, Zola, Brisson, Yves Guyot, Jaurès, Clemenceau, Monord, and Ranc, because they have organized the Dreyfus conspiracy? I confess openly that I would have no hesitancy to vote for the death of this Reinach, etc., and such pastors as Monod," etc.

It may be said to this writer as a Jewish contemporary says of the missionary movements generally: "He that preacheth peace cannot hope to thrive by the sword." Religion is valuable as it diffuses brotherhood among men, and this is never promulgated or promoted by rifles and cannon-ball. The laity, however, are outgrowing their swaddling clothes, and though religious bodies exist in continued rivalry, there is still prospect of a dawn to usher in the sun and with it a brighter day.

A. W.

#### THE SCHOOL OF PHILOSOPHY.

The next meeting of the School will be held at Metaphysical Hall, Monday, September 24th, at 8.30 P. M., for the election of Officers and appointment of Committees, together with the planning of the general work for the ensuing year. Social and literary meeting at 9 P. M. Eighteen regular meetings have been held during the season just closed, at the most of which papers were read and discussed with both interest and profit.

During the next year some definite experimental work is expected to be carried on by committees and members, and interesting developments are looked for.

The Library and reading-rooms will be open through the summer. Partial Catalogues can be supplied to Members and Associates.

LEANDER EDMUND WHIPPLE,

Corresponding Secretary.

## VEGETABLE MAGNETISM.

There is a plant in India which is said to possess an astonishing magnetic power. The hand touching it receives immediately a strong magnetic shock, while at a distance of twenty feet the magnetic needle exhibits sensibility to its influence.—*A. W.*

## TRUE EDUCATION.

The aim of education should be rather to teach us how to think than what to think, rather to improve our minds so as to enable us to think for ourselves, than to load the memory with the thoughts of other men.—*Beattie.*

## WISDOM AND PHILOSOPHY.

Wisdom is the knowledge of things divine and human; and the philosopher (wisdom-lover) derives his designation from it. Philosophy is a longing after wisdom, the endeavor of the mind to perceive the things that really have being.—*Alkinous.*

## MEDITATION.

Out of the depths of suffering the heart cries for wisdom. Truth is the desideratum of existence. Error is a stalking shadow that blights and begooms. By hope faith aspires to knowledge; knowledge, by demonstration, awakes to reality; reality blossoms into wisdom. Truth is that unchangeable law of the universe which establishes the coincidence between the idea and the reality—the hypothesis and the demonstration. Naught that thou thinkest, O Man, is true till that thought is evidenced in expression and registered in Nature. Only when the Universe responds to thy soul, does the soul discern the truth. If thou thinkest goodness, purity, love, thou must embody these thoughts in thy being ere thou canst know their virtue. To think is not always to know. Thought may be the Ormuzd or Ahri-man of being—the god of darkness or the god of light. *Think* thy thoughts into form—*will* the idea into expression. Think love by loving, goodness by being good, honor by the exercise of virtue, and integrity by freedom from dishonesty. Then hath thy thought verity and realization. By thinking adapt the individual life to the life universal; this is the secret of happiness, the joy of existence. Thus come Wisdom, Peace and Plenty. Amen.—*Rev. Henry Frank.*

## THE CHINESE AND RATS.

The story that the Chinese make rats an article of food is authoritatively denied. The animal that has been supposed to be the rat is graminivorous, and lives in the field, subsisting on rice, and as cleanly and choice as a hare or rabbit. But only starvation would induce any dieting upon the rodent.—*A. W.*

## GIFTS.

The richest gifts that we can bestow are the least marketable. We hate the kindness which we understand. A noble person confers no such gift as his whole confidence: none so exalts the giver and the receiver; it produces the truest gratitude. Perhaps it is only essential to friendship that some vital trust should have been reposed by the one in the other. What if God were to confide in us for a moment? Should we not then be gods?—*H. D. Thoreau.*

## INTELLIGENT CONFIDENCE.

The grandest intelligence goes forth into the world of thought and observation; believing in no devil, afraid of nothing because it is new, and of nothing because it is old; no party to the bigotry of so-called conservatism, and as little a party to the late-begotten bigotry of progress; breathing the sweet, open, ancient air none the less freely because it has been the breath of all our kind; feeding fearlessly upon the fruit of all time, and with no indigestion; questioning all things, but questioning as with the heart in the eyes, and in the spirit of credence. The skeptic spirit coops itself as in a box, and will believe only in that which it can finger through a hole; but the great mind has a great horizon, and thoughts that launch themselves like eagles from the eyrie, and a fear above every other to credit insufficiently the opulence and expression of God's thinking.—*D. A. Wasson.*

Here, look at Medicine. Big wigs, gold-headed canes, Latin prescriptions, shops full of abominations, recipes a yard long, "curing" patients by drugging as sailors bring about a wind by whistling, selling lies at a guinea apiece—a routine, in short, of giving unfortunate sick people a mess of things either too odious to swallow or too acrid to hold, or, if that were possible, both at once.—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

## THE TONGUE.

"The boneless tongue, so small and weak,  
 Can crush and kill," declares the Greek.  
 "The tongue destroys a greater horde,"  
 Declares the Turk, "than does the sword."  
 The Persian proverb wisely saith,  
 "A lengthy tongue—an early death."  
 Or sometimes takes this form instead:  
 "Don't let your tongue cut off your head."  
 "The tongue can speak a word whose speed,"  
 Says the Chinese, "outstrips the steed."  
 While Arab sages this impart:  
 "The tongue's great store-house is the heart."  
 From Hebrew wit this maxim sprung:  
 "Though feet should slip, ne'er let the tongue."  
 The sacred writer crowns the whole:  
 "Who keeps his tongue doth keep his soul."

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The more a man is united within himself, and becometh inwardly simple (and pure) so much the more and higher things doth he understand without labour; for that he receiveth intellectual light from above.—*Thomas à Kempis*.

God appears in the best thought, in the truest speech, in the sincerest action. Through his Pure Spirit he giveth health, prosperity, devotion and eternity to the universe. He is the Father of all Truth.—*Zoroaster*.

Let us repose in this tenet, that God is the intelligible world, or the place of spirits, like as the material world is the place of bodies; that it is from his power they receive all their modifications; that it is in his wisdom they find all their ideas; that it is by his love they feel all their well-regulated emotions. And since his power, his wisdom and his love are but himself, let us believe with St. Paul that he is not far from each of us, and that in him we live, and move, and have our being.—*Malebranche*.

## BOOK REVIEWS.

**VOICES OF FREEDOM.** By Horatio W. Dresser. Cloth, 196 pp., \$1.25. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York and London.

The interest suggested by the title of this book of Mr. Dresser's is amply sustained by a perusal of its pages and will be welcomed by every admirer of this popular "New Thought" writer. All the helps towards freedom held out to the mind of man which is ever struggling in the bonds of sense, should be accepted with gladness, and the teachers of these vital Truths be counted as saviors by humanity. Guides are needed to direct the thought aright, that the Soul may exercise eternal freedom in its progress. For one is "equally enslaved or free, according to the attitude of the Spirit within, and no prison can hold an enlightened Soul; no desert isle can grant freedom to him who is in bondage to self." Thoughts of this kind are the key to all real life, and we must ever be grateful for such beacons to light the way.

**REINCARNATION IN THE NEW TESTAMENT.** By James M. Pryse. Cloth, 92 pp., 50 cents. Elliott B. Page & Co., New York.

This little volume is "A literal translation from the Greek, of the many passages in the New Testament referring directly or indirectly to Reincarnation, with a running commentary and numerous annotations." To those interested in this subject it is exceedingly suggestive reading. The truth *concealed* in the Bible, makes that wonderful book a most fascinating study to the earnest student, and the interpretations of the above passages are given by the author in a most thorough and scholarly manner. Whether he proves his case the reader must judge for himself.

We heartily recommend the book as very interesting and instructive reading.

**A VISIT TO A GÑANI.** By Edward Carpenter. Cloth, 134 pp., \$1.00. Alice B. Stockham & Co., Chicago.

We cannot do better than to quote a paragraph from the Publisher's Introduction: "Edward Carpenter, in *A Visit to a Gñani*, has given in a few pages, a clear, concise, and comprehensive view of Oriental thought and teaching. One reads in the small work, what many have searched for through cumbrous volumes, and often failed to find. It is coming more and more to be understood that the East has valuable knowledge for those earnest in the study of Life, and it may prove that a coalition of Eastern and Western thought will aid in a solution of difficult problems."

The author certainly gives us an attractive account of some of these Indian teachers, with whose teachings the student of occultism in the West is more or less familiar, and his book will doubtless aid many to obtain a clearer understanding of the Eastern philosophy.

## LIST OF ADVANCE THOUGHT PUBLICATIONS.

We receive subscriptions for all the periodicals in this list, and will give club rates upon request for any combination of these with THE IDEAL REVIEW.

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 ADEPT. Monthly. 50c. a year. Minneapolis, Minn.  
 AMERICAN ANTHROPOLOGIST. Monthly. \$3.00 a year. Washington, D. C.  
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## CONTENTS:

	PAGE
THE ROMANOFFS AS REFORMERS . . . . .	CHARLES JOHNSTON 75
PSYCHIATRY AND PSYCHAL FORCE . . . . .	ALEXANDER WILDER, M. D. 82
FORGIVENESS . . . . .	AARON M. CRANE 88
THE MAKING AND DECAYING OF THE CREED (III)	THE REV. HENRY FRANK 99
THE OCCULT, PSYCHOLOGICALLY CONSIDERED	C. H. A. BJERREGAARD 115
ART AND CAMERA NOTES . . . . .	C. H. A. B. 119
NATURE'S CALENDAR—THE NEW HUMANISM . . . . .	(Editorial) 122-3
NATURISM AND De BOUHÉLIER . . . . .	(Editorial) 125
THE CULTURE OF THE SELF BY THE SELF . . . . .	ROSA G. ABBOTT 129
SONG OF REJOICING (Poem) . . . . .	EVA BEST 132
A PLEA FOR THE WORD GOD . . . . .	BARNETTA BROWN 133
AN OLD STORY (Poem) . . . . .	EVA BEST 135
THE WISE MAN AND THE SEA URCHINS (V) . . . . .	EVA BEST 137
TOLSTOI ANOTHER MIVART—MOSQUITOES AND MALARIA—LEIBNITZ ON MATTER— SOME MISREPRESENTATIONS CORRECTED—(Editorial)—SELECTIONS—PUB- ICATIONS . . . . .	145-150

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THE ROMANOFFS AS REFORMERS.

BY CHARLES JOHNSTON—*Bengal Civil Service, Retired.*

“I am willing to lay down my life for Russia.”

—*Peter the Great.*

The Hapsburgs hacked their way to the Austrian throne. The Hohenzollerns, struggling through nine red centuries, won successive rank as Counts, Electors, Kings, and Emperors. The Hanoverians were summoned to reign in England, because they were distinguished by purely negative virtues, and it was hoped that they would do no harm. The Romanoffs were called to rule, by the voice of a whole people, in an epoch of dire distress and misery; and by the same right they govern to-day the greatest of Western nations.

Much has been written, in a spirit of the bitterest criticism, concerning the despotism of the Russian Tsars, and, unless we gain a clear insight on this point, at the very outset, we shall constantly fail to understand the simplest problems of Russian life, and misinterpret the whole course of Russia's development.

In all that is said against Russia, it is taken for granted that the Russian people are, in spirit and aspiration, exactly like the Teutons, who fill so large a part of the horizon in Western Europe and North

America. In reality, Teutons and Slavs are as different in all their ideals of life as Mohammedans and Buddhists, or as the Old Testament and the New.

For the Teutonic nations, the ideal, the key-note of life, is individualism, a commonwealth built on personal rights, on the largest assertion of self, by each man in the state. The Teutonic nations are a web of forces all tensely straining the one against the other, and thus maintaining a more or less stable equilibrium of political life. As against this individual liberty, there is the keenest individual liability, a call for the weak and less endowed to fight on equal terms against the strong and the privileged, with the penalty of absorption and extinction in case of failure. Privilege and responsibility are counterpoised, so that the brow of care is far more universal in the lands of freest individualism.

The Slavs, on the other hand, are born Socialists, in the best and mellowest sense of the word. Indeed, all Socialistic theories are more or less successful attempts to assimilate modern nations to the traditional village communities of the Slavs, where all property was owned by the whole village, considered as a single family; and where if there was no such thing as individual wealth, there was no such thing as individual debt. Among the Slavs, the unit is the whole people and never the individual. Nowhere among the Slavs is there any keen consciousness of individual life, or any of that restive worship of one's own personality, which distinguishes the Teutonic race. It is, of course, true that the unity of the Slavonic state may not always be in harmony, and the parts may be divided against one another. But this is true also of the Teutonic unit, the individual, where the ambitions of the will so often destroy the health and stability of the nerves. In either case, a revolution is the result. But in neither case does this destroy the unity of the state, or of the individual.

Some of the greatest religions of the world have addressed themselves to this very task, the absorption of the individual in the larger life of the nation or race, through the destruction of that very

militant egotism which is characteristic of the Teuton individualist. All Christendom is pledged to a teacher who declared that a man can save his life only by losing it. Therefore the whole truth cannot be on the side of the self-asserting Teuton. But, on the other hand, no nation has found it possible to realize this teaching, without injuring its life and development. Therefore the whole truth cannot be with the self-forgetting Slav. The ideal is the assertion of a common self; and Teutons and Slavs stand at opposite sides of this ideal. Therefore, while the utmost individualism may be best for the Western nation, it is as certain that national unity, embodied in an individual ruler, is best for the Slav. The Polish nation tumbled to ruins by neglecting this truth; the Russians have built up the greatest continuous empire the world has ever seen, by adhering to it; and this splendid development has been embodied, from the very beginning, in the life of the Romanoffs.

The Romanoffs were called to rule over Russia almost at the same time that the Stuarts ascended the English throne. But, while England was enjoying a period of unequaled peace and security, Russia was still prostrate after years of blood and fire, harrowed by the tyranny of a maniac, and crushed under the tread of Tartar, Turkish and Polish armies. At that time, the territory of Russia was greater than that of the United States to-day, but with only a fifth of the population. In vast prairies, clearings in boundless primeval forests, and on the shores of frozen seas, were clusters of huts, villages which were hardly better than an assemblage of hovels, and towns which were only larger villages. Hardship and privation were the daily lot of the people, and they were exposed to the tyranny of a largely Teutonic nobility, who hesitated at no act of extortion or violence. All men lived in daily dread of invasion by merciless hordes of savages, or by armies whose civilization only made them more effectual in the work of plunder and rapine. Out of this chaos, Russia has been steadily rising, though growing so rapidly as often to outstrip her vital powers; and that the whole national life of this swiftly increasing multitude has been directed, on the whole, in

wholesome and safe channels, is due, more than all, to the succession of strong and powerful rulers of the house of Romanoff.

It is only when we come to actual counting, that we see what a remarkable work the Romanoffs have done; that we realize that they have, not once, but many times, stood for the foremost ideal, not of Russia only, but of the whole modern world. Thus it is in consonance with all modern history, that the living head of the house of Romanoff should attempt to take the lead in a world-wide movement against the grinding oppression of modern armaments.

The Stuarts, called to the English throne in a time of profound peace and national glory, lost no opportunity of going wrong; of thwarting the current of modern freedom; of asserting monarchical privilege against personal right. Sympathetic, perhaps, in person, on the throne they were bigots and tyrants. The Romanoffs, facing the same problems, went wisely and right, as far as was possible without a miraculous transcending of the ideals of their time. The first Romanoff, Tsar Mikhail Feodorovitch, chosen to rule when only seventeen, was a monarch of peace, conciliation, and justice. He reigned for thirty-three years in a turbulent epoch, hemmed in by enemies, yet never plunged his country into war. He found Russia poverty-stricken and starving; he left it rich and renowned for good government. Few wiser princes have ever reigned, over any land. He first governed for the people.

Young as he was when he came to the throne as founder of a new dynasty, he was succeeded by his son Alexei when that prince was still younger, being only sixteen at his accession. The reign of Alexei finds its greatest interest in a contrast with the second of the Stuarts. Almost at the same time when Charles I. was fighting in the death-struggle against the liberties of the people of England, Alexei was called to face a popular revolt, supported by the Russian army, to protest against the tyranny of his ministers. But, where Charles, "the Martyr," fought bitterly against popular right, Alexei conciliated, lightened unjust duties, abolished monopolies, and enlarged the privileges of the people. Therefore Russia also passed through

a revolution, but it was a successful one, and in nowise disturbed the unity of national life.

But the house of Romanoff first attained world-wide significance, in the person of Peter the Great, the son of Alexei. He was the first great democrat, the first and most splendid embodiment of modern man. His reign represents, for Russia, the birth of the modern spirit, from the long travail of the middle ages. He was the first great captain of industry, the first to recognize fully and strenuously apply to life the twin principles of discipline and mechanism, which have transformed the middle ages into the world of to-day. If we were to regard him only as a great manufacturer, he would take a foremost position among the men of our age; but, besides this, he was a great warrior, a great lawgiver, a great administrator, and a great student of all that was best in the science and philosophy of his time. But perhaps Peter the Great stands out best as an ideal of manliness. No figure in our epoch can compare with him for inherent power, unless it be the first Napoleon; but, while Napoleon destroyed, Peter the Great built up; while Napoleon won victory after victory, and yet left his nation defeated, Peter was vanquished time after time, and yet left his country victorious. Peter established the foundations of national life so strongly that Russian history has been, since his time, an unbroken progress; while Napoleon's land has passed through one revolution after another, sinking back in national insignificance after every change. With equal genius, the Russian built, while the Frenchman only destroyed.

No trait is so worthy of admiration, in the life of Peter the Great. A century before Burns, he asserted, in the large life of a mighty monarch, the principle that manhood is the true gold, and rank but the conventional decoration. His history is an epic on the dignity of labor. There is hardly a finer or more humorous picture in all history than that of Peter at Zaandam, not only working himself, but making his nobles work, in the dress of the dockyards, as common ship's-carpenters; and with his huge figure and splendid physique to set the example of unremitting toil, it may safely be supposed that they

were not allowed to indulge in any shirking. Had they wanted to, Peter was thoroughly capable, both morally and physically, of laying one of his princes or dukes across the imperial knee, and administering such personal chastisement as would have brought a healthier state of mind. Peter, who was then absolute lord of the most extensive empire in the world, lived in a hut with two rooms and a loft, and worked daily in the dockyards, with an energy and skill that no craftsman there could surpass.

"I am living," he said, "in obedience to the commands of God, which were spoken to Father Adam: 'In the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat bread.'" Once again he carried with him his band of noble fellow-craftsmen, and set them all to work in an iron-foundry, he himself doing the work of three; he finally demanded payment, at the same rate as the other workmen. When he had received his wages, he looked down at his worn shoes:

"My wages will serve to buy me a new pair," he said, "of which I stand in great need. I have earned them well, by the sweat of my brow, with hammer and anvil."

Like all the other workmen, Peter rose early, lit his own fire, and cooked his own meals. He was a man of extraordinary stature, and splendidly proportioned, as have been many of the Romanoffs since; so much so, that it is doubtful whether any family in Russia has been able to count a larger proportion of tall and strong men, than the family of the emperors. The three Alexanders and Nicholas the first were all remarkable for great stature, and the late Tsar was one of the strongest men in Europe. One of his Zaandam friends has described Peter himself as being "very tall and robust, quick and nimble of foot, dexterous and rapid in all his actions. His face is plump and round, fierce in its look, with brown eyebrows, and short, curly hair of a brownish color. He is quick in his gait, swinging his arms, and holding a cane in one hand."

At Amsterdam, Peter attended a course of anatomical lectures, and acquired sufficient skill in surgery to perform several operations himself. He studied natural philosophy at the same time, also

acquiring practical skill in making ropes, paper, oil and wire, and indeed anything which Zaandam had to show, in the useful or ornamental arts. In the Hermitage at St. Petersburg, they still show a series of watches made by him, as well as models of the ships he built or helped to build. In all this, there was nothing of the royal amateur about him, but, on the contrary, he was far more efficient in all the arts he took up than the majority of workmen who practiced only one; such was his tremendous energy, and the marvelous grasp and power of his mind.

All these varied energies are of value as a test of his character, in two quite distinct ways. They show, first, that never man was so thorough a democrat, so perfectly, even unconsciously, convinced of the dignity of manual labor. In this, he is the first of modern men. But this sense of actual and real values, as opposed to traditions; this insight into the power of discipline and science, as transformers of the old medieval world, helped to make him one of the creators of modern Europe, of modern life. For his interest in these things was no mere fancy and curiosity. It was because he came from Russia, a country more than all others subject to the spirit of medievalism, where birth and privilege everywhere ruled energy and work; where all influence was in the hands of the old warrior nobles, instead of the producers, the men who work, and create wealth. It was because Peter saw this, and used his splendid energy and power to correct it, that his personality was of the utmost value. He was the first man to exemplify, in his own person, the transition from a feudal to an industrial age. It is two hundred years now, since Peter returned to Moscow with his army of mechanics; and men of affairs—three captains of men-of-war, twenty-five captains of merchant ships, forty lieutenants, thirty pilots, thirty surgeons, two hundred and fifty gunners, and three hundred artificers. And a like colony was brought from Italy, to give Russia their skill in decorative art. So that, as a captain of industry, Peter the Great would be a remarkable man in any age. For his own time, he was easily supreme.

*(To be continued.)*



## PSYCHIATRY AND PSYCHAL FORCE.

BY DOCTOR ALEXANDER WILDER.

A physician of my acquaintance named as an imperative condition of success in professional treatment, *Confidence in the Curative Action of Medicine*. This is correct enough for dogma, and at the same time it suggests a wider range for our thinking. The moral effect upon a patient, when the medical adviser imperiously commands the swallowing of a drug or compound, having little confidence in it, nevertheless, is easy to apprehend. Even though such medicine be of itself specific, the unfaith of the prescriber will be very likely to prevent its action, and even to render it inert. Indeed, he has done an immoral act, and must be conscious of being a hypocrite, not deserving of trust; and hence, it is natural that he is prone to speak slightly of those who are more sincere and successful.

There is a theory extant that medicines will at all times under similar conditions, have a like action upon the human economy; and from this the conclusion is deduced that if they are curative once, they will be so again in the same way and always. This is plausible and hard to dispute because of its apparent mathematical exactness. An Homœopathic practitioner whom I formerly knew, used to give the explanation for his prescribing of a particular medicine: "Because it is the right remedy." It is not easy to breathe a full breath when one is so dogmatically circumscribed. We do not feel satisfied. There seems to be something omitted; we instinctively require some further understanding of the matter. We do not patiently tolerate that materialistic something in the assumption which seems to compress thinking and to forbid questioning. I would fain push further and search for reasons that show why such virtues exist in these particular articles. I am willing to acknowledge the unknown, but I am slow to cognize the unknowable in matters which I conceive to come within the purview of possible knowing.

Van<sup>t</sup>Helmont, who was in many essential particulars, a Father in

Modern Medicine, evidenced a profounder conception of the matter. In certain respects many would consider him visionary, but this is more easy to say than to show. He taught explicitly that material nature derived her forms and energies from above, and that heaven, the superior region, received in turn an invisible potency from below: both of which outflows are in every person. Somewhat of this sentiment pervaded his writings upon the Art of Healing. He believed it to be in the power of individuals, through the suggestion and force of the imagination to transmit energies and qualities to others and even to inanimate objects. Many herbs, he declared, will acquire an extraordinary power through the imagination of those who gather them. We have in later years observed the introducing of new remedies with glowing certificates of their demonstrated virtues, and their speedy discarding as useless. Again, medicines which have been commended as serviceable in one direction, have been found really so for some different purpose. This hypothesis of Van Helmont seems to afford light upon the matter. It may explain why certain medicines and treatment are successful in the case of one practitioner and ineffective with others. Van Helmont further informs us that his presence was frequently sufficient to cure the sick; and also, that he not only operated upon others by his will, but actually imparted through it a peculiar virtue to medicines.

It is the province of the philosophic investigator to examine these matters. We are wise in disregarding whatever is absurdly fanciful, as well as what is grossly materialistic. But no discovery or phenomenon which can afford any light can be honestly ignored or despised. We want a suitable foundation, and with it, as far as practicable, a scientific reason. Our physical senses may give their testimony and the logical faculty do its proper work. Nevertheless, both are limited in their scope. "Beyond the veil of the seen," says Professor George Barker, "science may not penetrate."\* Yet the knowl-

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\*Address delivered before the American Association for the Advancement of Science, at its annual meeting in Boston, August 25, 1880, on retiring from the office of President.

edge which is of the senses alone is superficial only, illusionary and often deceptive and misleading. Professor Barker remarks accordingly, that whether a living organism is plant or animal, the whole of its energy must come from without itself, being either absorbed directly or stirred up in the food. It is respecting this energy that we will now consider. Of it the properties of an organism consist; and the hypothesis of Van Helmont is in no way incompatible with the action as explained. Thus, the knowing of disease well and prescribing for it aright, will show familiarity with physiological science; but in order to be a good and competent physiologist it is imperatively necessary to make a careful study of mind, its functions and operations. There is something which makes certain foods repugnant, and the administration of a medicine or other remedial expedient, more or less unwholesome. It is by no means a problem of mathematic preciseness. Two patients that are apparently disordered alike are sometimes not benefited alike by similar measures. Methods and agents which are successful in the hands of one person are liable to be unavailing with another.

In order to understand such discrepancies it is necessary to examine further into the facts, which are not open at first to our apprehension. The mechanism of the human body will not disclose the laws which control it; nor will our chemical and empiric knowledge of drugs suffice to explain their influence upon functional activity. No intelligent person for a moment supposes that the gases and earthy material which the manipulations of chemistry evolve from a medicinal substance are the containers of its virtues; for in fact, the constituents of foods and those of poisons are often not greatly different. The properties pertain to the something-beyond, which is not to be measured by weight or dimension. This fundamental fact underlies them all.

In an analogous manner, the will, the moods, the emotive conditions of an individual, transform the very elements of the body and change the properties and operations of food and medicine. Faith or the want of it is known to be all-potent. "As a man thinketh, so

is he." Psychologic knowledge is the complement of the Healing Art.

In affirming this, I do not mean a disjoining of the mental and psychic from the material nature. This mundane life of ours is a condition in which they interblend as one whole, and this so perfectly that many plausible arguments can be advanced to prove that the corporeal existence includes all. I cannot go thus far; I have evidence which assures me otherwise. Yet it is not amiss to consider everything, so far as it is in our power, from the scientific point of view. There are so many facilities for this, at the present period, that we may keep within the scientific pale with comparative ease. Only, we should not consent to be impounded there.

There is a theory of psychiatry now in vogue which not only contemplates all neuroses and mental aberrations as comprised in its department, but also as constituting the whole of it. Many writers, indeed, seem to have no other conception of the meaning of the term, Psychological Science. This is one of the unfortunate outcomes of the materialism which to a great degree has obscured the intellectual sky.

We may not doubt by any means, however, that insanities, as well as other disorders of the nervous systems, are to be regarded as phenomena intimately associated with pathologic conditions of the body. Indeed, I would, I think, go further than our principal accepted authorities, in making but minor account of lesions of brain and disorganization of nerve-centres in that department of the organism, while I attach greater importance to certain other deteriorations. Changes may occur which will be sufficient to cause the most acute disorder, or even to destroy life, and yet be so subtle as not to be demonstrable to the senses. At a certain lunatic asylum in England a considerable percentage of the inmates, who were to all appearance insane while living, nevertheless disclosed upon necropsy no sign or evidence of altered brain-structure. I do not consider any hypothesis of a person's sanity as tenable which is based upon the fact of no discoverable affection of the cerebral substance. And I

feel very certain that insanity is not primarily or essentially a disease of the brain. Bodily debility is at the bottom of mental disorder, and none of the aberrations entitled insane are exceptions to this fact. The disturbance of the emotive nature is inseparable from an abnormal condition of the ganglionic nervous centres. The morbid influence upon the brain is a sequence to this, and the skillful psychiatrist will act upon that suggestion.

We come nearer to a right understanding of the subject when we cognize intelligently the existence of the Psychic Force. This hypothesis has been conceded with reluctance, and not without endeavors to circumscribe it within the limitations of materialism. It bears, however, the authority of Sir William Crookes, of the Royal Society, distinguished alike for scientific acumen and the courage to declare his convictions when they transcend the limits of accepted learning. He explains the force as a form of energy hitherto recognized, and declares that its existence is not a matter of opinion with him, but of absolute knowledge. He leaves no reasonable opportunity to slur the subject over as fanciful, or without proper support. It is impossible to place him under the ban of irregular, as is done by medical men when knowledge is exhibited outside of their prescribed limits. Nor may any one apply to his views the stale epithet of "unscientific" because they had not been already accepted. But the endeavor has been made to qualify them by representing the psychic force as not being derived from any ulterior spiritual source, but as inherent in the nerves and muscles of the body. It is a curious fact, however, that this explanation corresponds very accurately with that of the *nervengeist* or nerve-spirit, as described by the *Scherin von Prevorst*. Without commenting further upon the matter, however, it is enough to remark that the great pains to shuffle off all consideration of this feature of the subject, ridiculing and hissing down every evidence that is submitted, and seeking to exclude it from the scientific circle, indicates fear and moral cowardice, rather than a manly love for genuine knowledge. But there are breaches in the wall, and the light will shine through, bedimming the lustre of all

the candles. The force which is inherent in muscles and nerves is a part of the essential selfhood of the individual, and this fact inevitably carries our study of physiology over into the realm of psychology.

Human science, and medical learning in particular, will not be complete, or even practical in character, except with this culmination. Nor is this hypothesis in any legitimate sense a novelty or new departure. Ancient teachers of the Healing Art recognized it as the essential principle to which their methods were subordinate. It is no more visionary to accept this doctrine than to recognize the fact that the human body holds together while pervaded with life, and dissolves only when that agency is withdrawn.

The late Professor John W. Draper distinctly affirmed that there is a psycho-physiological science. "There animates the machine a self-conscious and immortal principle—the Soul," he declared. "In the most enlarged acceptation, it would fall under the province of Physiology to treat of this immortal principle." I agree with him that the medical curriculum, rightly and intelligently arranged with the paramount view of fitting the student for his vocation, must embrace this department of knowledge. The practitioner must know his art both experimentally and intuitively, or he is liable to failure in his endeavors. That art depends upon the science that exists with it, and yet more upon the philosophy that includes all knowledge and sets it in order.

It is the proletarian of leechcraft that ignores this and is wedded to the drugging and routine of the medical trade. The liberal physician perfects his knowledge of disease and the means for its remedy by researches into the depths and explorations into the zenith of anthropologic learning. He does not hesitate to discern the spirits as well as the ashes. Life is more than a tale told by an idiot, full of sound and fury signifying nothing. It is a drama rehearsed in a temple with all the denizens of the universe for audience. It everywhere carries into action the sublime discontent which impels the soul. If psychologic study evolves religion as well as philosophy, what matters it? Every principle of life always tends to what is

above itself. The theories, the trend of which is to dethrone and imbrute man are so many attempts to despoil him of his heritage. The animals of a higher order always employ those parts of their nervous structure which are superadded to those of the lower races, subordinating the inferior to the nobler. So, likewise, may the expert in psychologic lore transcend the methods and procedures which are most esteemed by those who have not become matriculants into the school of profounder knowledge. Indeed, it will be perceived by the intelligent, that this is science and technic, and not the romance of medical learning.

ALEXANDER WILDER, M. D.

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### FORGIVENESS.

BY AARON M. CRANE.

“Forgive us our Debts as we Forgive our Debtors.”

Although for centuries children have been taught to repeat the words of the Lord's Prayer, men have yet to attain to its deeper meanings; and however completely mankind may comprehend it, they will never outgrow it. When the prayer is considered without addition or diminution and the plain meaning of the words is accepted as they stand, it presents many remarkable features which touch closely upon what is called the “practical side” of every-day human affairs. Viewed as a means for shaping the lives of men, this prayer is more far-reaching than the ten commandments. There is in existence no more radical document; nor, when considered in its relations to the existing conditions of society, is there one more revolutionary. If the principles the words express or suggest were accepted as true in the fullness of their meaning, there would follow radical changes of opinion that, acted upon, would revolutionize prevailing social conditions. When men shall themselves seriously attempt to do their part toward accomplishing the things they ask

for when they repeat the words of this petition, the world will be so changed that its present inhabitants would scarcely recognize it.

In this prayer the petition for forgiveness differs essentially from that of any other ever uttered; the defining and limiting effect of the form of language used is most remarkable.\* Jesus here instructs us to ask God, our Father, to forgive us as we have forgiven others. The "as" in this place is like the sign of equality in an algebraic equation. On one side of this sign is the forgiveness we ask for; on the other is the forgiveness we render to others. The one is *as* the other; that is, they are equal. The statement can be recast in the mathematical form without modification of its meaning. What we ask for ourselves is equal to what we give or have given to others. Like every equation, its terms may be reversed. What we give to others is the equal of what we ask for ourselves. Hence the forgiveness which we have rendered is the exact measure of the forgiveness which we ask God to grant us; and, according to the verbal terms of the petition, we do not ask for any more. It sets the boundary of our request for forgiveness here, in what we grant to others, and Jesus does not go beyond this limit anywhere in his teaching.

There is no more luminous or convincing definition of forgiveness than is afforded through a recognition of the equality of the two parts of this petition. He who asks for forgiveness† in the words of this prayer is asking another to send away, to put out of sight, or out of recognition, the feeling, thought, or attitude toward himself occa-

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\* It is a curious and important fact that the two most ancient and authoritative manuscripts of the New Testament originally read: "Forgive us our debts *as we have forgiven our debtors*." The Vatican manuscript remains unchanged. The Sinaitic appears to have been changed by some other hand than the one which first wrote the body of the manuscript so as to make it read: "Forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors." The latter manuscripts agree with this latter reading, and these earlier ones were not accessible to the translators of the King James Version. There may be a very broad difference in the meaning, but without a doubt the more ancient reading is the correct one. Indeed, the broader meaning is really included in the King James translation, though not so clearly expressed.

† See Appendix A.



sioned by his having done the wrong action which he ought not to have done, or by his having failed to do the right thing which he ought to have done. The petition for forgiveness is the request of the petitioner to be reinstated in that good will of another which he has lost by his own wrongful act. He asks to be placed in the same relation to the one whom he has offended that he would have occupied had he not done that thing for which he asks to be forgiven. Such reinstatement constitutes forgiveness, and the forgiveness is never complete nor satisfactory to the petitioner unless the reinstatement also is complete. This, then, is the definition of forgiveness; and this is the forgiveness which Jesus Christ would have us render to others.

Therefore, the rule included in the petition is that each must first give to others the same full forgiveness which he wishes to ask God to grant unto himself. As the petitioner desires forgiveness so must he also forgive. Each one knows how completely he would have our Father forgive him; and since, by the words of this petition, he asks no more than the forgiveness which he has already rendered to others, therefore he ought to give to all those who have offended him and to those who have in any way failed in their obligations to him the exact measure and kind of forgiveness which he wishes to receive from his Father and his God. If it is complete forgiveness that he wishes, then it is complete forgiveness that he must render before he asks it for himself.

The absoluteness of the requirements of this petition and the way they enter into every-day affairs, as well as the radical results which would follow compliance with them if they should be taken as rules for conduct, may be definitely illustrated by considering somewhat in detail their application to one single item which is most obviously included in the request and is prominent in the words, though, strangely enough, it has not been very generally noticed. The petitioner asks for the forgiveness of his *debts*—forgiveness for what he *owes* to God. Because “forgiveness of debts” has so often been overlooked as a part of the prayer, and because it is so directly

applicable to the most common human concerns, and because it is also in accord with certain radical and exacting peculiarities found in every petition in the prayer, as well as in all the other teaching of Jesus, it is chosen here to illustrate the thought which the words express.

An examination of the word "debts" is desirable as a preliminary to the consideration of this particular item, because there may be some question about what is meant by it.\* It is the thought that is important, not the words; but a discussion of the words is useful as a means by which to find what thought the one who used the words wished to express by them.

The signification of the Greek word which occurs in this place is the same as that of the English word debt in its most inclusive meaning. That the two words are as nearly equivalent as any two words in languages as diverse as Greek and English will be found by consulting any good lexicon or dictionary. A debt is whatever is due from one to another, whether it be friendship, love, good will, services, goods, money, or any other thing; and this is also the meaning of the Greek word for which the English word debt stands in this place. It follows, then, that in this petition we ask God to forgive us what is due from us to Him *as* (in the same manner that) we have forgiven, or do now forgive, others what they owe us. This language is very comprehensive and exacting, but according to the best authorities it expresses the meaning of the Greek correctly and is the only translation allowable by the language of the original manuscripts.

The word trespass is often used in this place. This is a survival of the translation in the Bishop's Bible, the use of which preceded the King James Version in the English Churches. The word *trespass* is not a proper nor a sufficient rendering of the Greek word, because its meaning is less inclusive. A trespass may be something stolen. All trespasses, in this application of the word, are debts; but not all debts are trespasses. A loan becomes a debt, but it is

\* See Appendix A.

not a trespass. The word trespass may mean any wrongful or improper act. There may be nothing wrongful or improper about a loan or a debt, and therefore the loan is not included in the signification of the word trespass; so that word, even with its widest range of meaning, is not sufficiently inclusive to represent properly the word in the original, which, as ordinarily used, meant to owe money, but which, in its larger and broader sense, meant any obligation—anything that one ought to do. The Greek word in the oldest and best manuscripts meant debts, as the English word is understood to-day, and he who uses the word trespasses in this place leaves out a part of the prayer—omits all those debts which are not trespasses.

This position relative to the use of the word trespasses is fully maintained and even emphasized by the form of the petition which is given in the gospel of Luke: "Forgive us our sins; for we also forgive every one that is indebted to us."\* The phraseology is different from that in Matthew, but the idea is the same. In Matthew the petition is, "Forgive us our debts"; in Luke, "Forgive us our sins." The debt is what is due, and in its figurative meaning includes sin, because in sin there is always something due; the sin is an error which involves immorality; but the Greek word, here translated "sin," includes in its meaning all errors, small as well as great, and those that do not involve any moral consideration as well as those that do; therefore the petition as it is given in Luke is really for the forgiveness of all errors. It is an error to fail in what one ought to do, or to do what one ought not; and both these forms of expression include the idea of obligation or indebtedness in its larger as well as its more restricted meaning; hence, in this particular, both forms of the petition are for the same thing at last. In Luke the reason why we ask for forgiveness, and the basis on which it may be granted, lie in the fact that "we also forgive every one that is indebted to us"—every one who owes us; and, as the words stand, if we have not done that, there is no reason why we ourselves should be forgiven our own sins. As has been shown already, in Matthew the forgiveness asked

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\* Luke xi., 2-4.

for rests upon exactly the same basis and is strictly limited by that which we have rendered. Substantially, therefore, these different terms have the same meaning; but the Greek word which is translated *sins* can by no possible verbal process be limited in its meaning to that indicated by the word trespasses. These differences of language used on these two occasions point to the fact that Jesus intended to express a broader thought than is included in the word trespasses, but one which, as will be seen hereafter, is fully expressed by the word debts. All these considerations unite in showing that the word "trespass" does not properly represent the meaning of the Greek original in either Matthew or Luke, and that it is not therefore an admissible translation.

Debts, then, is the correct word in this place; and, having settled that fact, we are now ready to enter upon the consideration of the meaning and application of this petition and to suggest something of its possible effect upon society if men were seriously to act upon the idea which they express when they pray this prayer, just as they do in regard to anything else which they ask of others besides their Father in heaven.

The plain meaning of the terms in which this request is made, as already indicated, are such that the man who does not forgive his fellow-men their financial or money indebtedness to him does not, by the use of this language, ask God to forgive him anything which he himself owes to God.

This is a tremendous limitation; but in this connection the fact should not be overlooked that the limitation is made, not by God, nor by Jesus Christ, but by the man himself through his own failure to forgive his fellow-men. The language of the petition is inflexible; yet every man is free to enlarge or contract the dimensions of his request as he pleases, by himself granting or refusing forgiveness to others. If he first forgives his fellow-men all their debts due to him, then he asks the same full forgiveness for himself; but if he does not do this, then to the same extent that he fails to do it, he limits his own asking for himself. If by refusal to forgive others he so con-

tracts the meaning of the prayer as related to himself that he casts out of it every vestige of a petition for his own forgiveness, this exclusion is not the action of God, but solely that of the petitioner himself. Then let him, as well as all others who are cognizant of the facts, beware how he charges God with that evil which he may by his own action bring upon himself.

Because the petition is for the forgiveness of debts, the language necessarily includes, as one of its many special applications, the whole subject of property-indebtedness. If one does not forgive\* his neighbor the debt of money due to himself, then, by the terms of the prayer, he places himself in such a position that he does not even ask for that forgiveness which he desires of God, because, as already shown, he is here limited in his asking to the forgiveness which he renders or has rendered to others. This rule of the petition makes forgiveness obligatory upon every one who recognizes that another has offended him or failed in any duty to him, and that whether or not it has been asked for by the offending one†; more than that, it fills the offended one with the desire to forgive the offender as he himself desires to be forgiven. Duty passes out of sight in the wish for forgiveness and to forgive.

Full compliance with these terms is the only preliminary which brings to the petitioner the forgiveness which he seeks. He who recognizes his own inability to pay what he owes to God, and that his own release from that indebtedness depends entirely upon his releasing others from their indebtedness to himself, and that his own release is no greater than what he renders unto others, and that he cannot even ask God for anything more than he has granted to

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\* The reader should continually bear in mind that one definition of the Greek word here translated "forgive," as well as of the English word "forgive" itself, as given by the lexicographers, is, "to remit, as a debt."

† It is worthy of note that Jesus Christ does not anywhere suggest that forgiveness should be withheld until it is asked for; but, on the contrary, that it should always be granted as soon as there is a recognition by any one that there is something in another to be forgiven.

his brother, is effectually prohibited by these circumstances from demanding, enforcing, or attempting to enforce the collection of financial obligations. He cannot even ask for payment, because if he has really forgiven the debt as freely and fully as he would have God forgive him, he no longer desires its payment. As he himself wishes to be reinstated by the Father in the same relation that he would have occupied had he not done the wrong act, so must he fully reinstate the borrower in that relation to himself which the borrower would have occupied had he not borrowed the money. That which is less than this is not the forgiveness which the petitioner would ask of God himself, nor is it the forgiveness which is indicated by the terms of the prayer. The "legal status" of the creditor is thus destroyed by his own act of full, free and willing forgiveness of the debt; and all distinctively "property-rights"\* also disappear with it.

There is only one logical or reasonable basis on which this, as a prohibition, can rest. If it is right for a man to require or exact the payment of a debt due to himself, then, because in demanding the payment of the debt he has done nothing wrong, that act cannot properly nor justly hinder him from doing any other thing which is in itself right; and least of all can it hinder him from asking for his own release from what he owes to God. But the terms of the petition, both in Matthew and Luke, do prevent him from even asking for that forgiveness except as he has already forgiven his fellow-men. It follows, then, that the failure to forgive cannot be right; and, if it is not right then, as a necessary deduction from the fact that the debt ought to be forgiven, it follows that it is not right to exact its payment, because payment cannot be exacted when the debt has been forgiven.

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\* By "property-right" is here meant the possession, ownership, custody, or use of a thing as belonging to the possessor to the exclusion of any one or every one else from such possession, ownership, custody, or use of the thing, except by the permission or consent of the owner—that claim of right by which we say of a thing "it is mine" or "it is thine."

This last conclusion, in its turn, can rest on only one logical basis. It must be right for a man to secure and hold that which is his own, and there can be no wrong in any proper attempt to recover it after it has passed into the possession of another; but he has no right to that which is not his own, nor has he any right to attempt to obtain it except by giving its full equivalent or by seeking it as a free gift. Since a man must have the right to regain possession of his own when he has parted with it, then that cannot really be his own which he has no right to demand, especially if demanding it brings to him such a deprivation as to take from him the ability or the right to ask God's forgiveness for himself. He has not the right to demand what is another's; therefore if a man has not the right to ask for the money which another owes him, it cannot be his. The only possible reason why Jesus Christ, in making this prayer for us, directed us to express our petition for forgiveness in such language must be found in the fact that there is no rightful ownership of property as that ownership is now understood and legally recognized. Thus, from this point of view also, "property-rights" wholly disappear.

While these deductions and conclusions are most sweeping and important, there are also some most noteworthy omissions from this petition for forgiveness. The conclusions which can be drawn from these omissions are important also. It is very peculiar that this petition contains nothing whatever about the debtor, but is wholly engaged with the creditor. In this particular it is in strong contrast with distinctively human laws, which generally have for their objective point the debtor, either being intended to compel him to pay the debt or else to relieve him from its payment. On the contrary, the man who possesses is the only one considered in this petition, and he is to surrender willingly and freely what is due to him. The creditor is the one to be changed, not the debtor. Neither does this petition contain anything which may be subject to variations of opinion. Nothing is made to depend upon the justice or injustice of the debt, as those things are ordinarily considered; nor is there anything about the right or wrong of the attendant circumstances; nor any

word about the ability or inability of the debtor to pay. All considerations of this kind are rigorously excluded. The position of the debtor is not changed by anything in this petition, but he is left with all his liability upon him, unless released by the voluntary action of the creditor.

Another remarkable peculiarity is that the initiative of this action must come from the one to whom the debt is due. The forgiveness is not to result from the opposition of the debtor, nor because of his requests, nor from any condition connected with him or the debt, for all these considerations are excluded; but it is to come solely from the free action of the creditor in response to his own desire alone. The action indicated by the language is not resistance by the one bound, though it contains nothing to prevent the debtor from asking release; but the law of forgiveness in its backward swing would prevent him from making demand for his release and from all forcible prosecution of his request. Forcible resistance of any kind by him is impossible under the principles involved in this prayer and would be a violation of the principle on which the petition rests.

No release can come to the debtor through the action of the principle involved in this petition, except such as may be freely granted by the creditor. So far as the debtor is concerned there is for him, over and above all other considerations, the fact that, either directly or indirectly, he has promised to pay the debt; and the promise once made ought to be fulfilled to the last item, unless he who promised is released by the one to whom the promise was made. In the teaching of the Master there is not anywhere a shadow of any other doctrine on this point. The promise should be performed. He does not repeal, but emphasizes, the old law: "Thou shalt perform unto the Lord thine oaths."\* He teaches nothing more explicitly than he does faithfulness, even in the unrighteous mammon. For the debtor not to pay, unless the debt is forgiven, is to break faith and to make himself a liar.

It may be objected that such an application of this petition to the

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\* Matt. v., 33, 34.



prosaic, materialistic, property affairs of every-day, human business and common life degrades it from its ethereal and purely spiritual meaning and removes it from the high domain which it may have been supposed to inhabit. But this is not correct. While the one is true, the other is true also. Men's inner lives and thoughts are evidenced by the things they do: and their actions are the results of their spiritual and intellectual convictions—the things they really and truly think and believe, not the things they only say they believe. No one has ever doubted that the spiritual, intellectual, or moral phase of this petition is fully the equivalent in that respect of what has here been suggested. That is its external manifestation. If this holds true in one domain, simple consistency requires that it must be true in the other. If it really means that we ought to forgive morally, it follows, even as sunlight follows sunrise, or as action follows thinking, that this moral forgiveness and consequent change of disposition toward another must find its expression in corresponding outward conduct toward that other in all the affairs of the world. If any one really believes in the moral and spiritual interpretation ordinarily given to this petition and complies with the requirements of such a belief, then he will, from choice, practice the external manifestations of the same moral qualities and forgive even his brother's financial indebtedness. Do we not all say, "*Our Father*"?

The foregoing proposition which is expressed in the statement that man has no property-right in or to the things in his possession, thus deduced from these words of Jesus Christ which he would have us put in our hearts and mouths, in the most solemn form of a petition to our Father in heaven for our own forgiveness, is exactly in harmony with his other utterances on this and kindred subjects, and is clearly and directly set forth in many of them. There is nothing in any of his teaching which in any way contradicts or modifies this; but it may be said to find a parallel in some of the declarations of the Old Testament.

AARON M. CRANE.

*(To be continued.)*

## THE MAKING AND DECAYING OF THE CREED.

BY THE REVEREND HENRY FRANK.

### (III.)

#### "THE ANATHEMAS OF CALVIN."

We have now reached a very important period of the history of creed development. The age of John Calvin, thanks to his own superior genius and the lingering echo of his authority in the Westminster Confession, borders very closely on our own. Is it any wonder that staunch and stalwart Presbyterianism is stirred to its very depths and shudders throughout its frame, when, at the glorious dawn of the Twentieth Century, the livid corpse of mediæval Calvinism is exposed to the scorn and horror of modern intelligence? Is it any wonder that the whole world is crying out against such an atrocious libel upon the spirit and learning of the age, as is contained within the still extant and somewhat worshiped symbols of Westminsterism?

It remains for us to inquire how these lingering relics of superstition, ignorance and bigotry, came to be so long-lived, to lurk surreptitiously within the niches and recesses of great institutions of learning; and to lie, like a repulsive skeleton, beneath the cloth of the sacred desk.

It cannot be denied that Calvinism is to-day a theological dead-letter. No preacher dares to elucidate or sustain it. Every apology will be made for it—it will be plastered over, daubed with whitewash or fascinating hues, variously construed, excused or defended. Yet Calvinism, pure and simple, no man dare to vindicate in the face of popular intelligence.

No less a man than the learned Dr. Philip Schaff, an eminent and erudite Presbyterian theologian, has himself saved the army of liberal teachers the onerous necessity of awakening the conservative

multitudes of our age to the realization of a vigorous fact in what he said some years ago :

“ I know of no Presbyterian minister in these United States who preaches the decree of reprobation or preterition, the irresponsibility of the sinner for not accepting the gospel, the limitation of the atonement to the small circle of the elect, the eternal damnation of non-elect infants dying in infancy, and the damnation of the non-Christian world—Heathen, Jews and Mahometans—who still continue by far the greatest part of mankind; and yet these doctrines are supposed to be taught expressly or implicitly by the Westminster standards. (*Creed Revision*, pp. 13, 14.)

How, then, came such doctrines ever to be accepted? How came the world, and its very best people at that, at one time to believe that these very doctrines, now so repulsive and atrocious, were the revelation of God himself and the truest interpretation of the scriptures?

May we not here ask if it is a source of wonder that multitudes are refusing henceforth to be driven in the leash of theological authority, refusing to bow and cringe in abject servility to the dictates of Heaven's own ambassadors and vicegerents, the clergy, in matters pertaining to religious truth and spiritual revelation, when they observe at every epoch of the world's history these vast eruptions, welling from the depths of popular intelligence, which so effectually overthrow the assumed wisdom and learning of those who have so long sat in the high seats of power? As one well says: “ Revision is in the air ”—revision of Bibles and creeds and confessions! And this means at once the disenthralment of the human mind in matters of religion and the displacement, from false seats of authority, of those who have so long deluded the people in the belief that what they declared to be the truth must be accepted as such at the peril of their eternal ruin!

In order, therefore, to understand how the Westminster standards were hoisted into authority and power, we must revert to the history of the Reformation, inaugurated in the fifteenth century. This

period of the world's history was similar to the one in which we live. The discoveries of human research, the inductive process of reasoning, the inventions of genius, the expansion of the known surface of the earth, the rising of the physical sciences from mere empiricism and speculative conjecturalness to careful experimentation and accurate generalization, the slow bringing of the starry heavens from the realms of romance and fancy to the keen and searching study of the human mind—these were some of the forces then in action which were rapidly supplanting the usurpation of pretentious authority and disenthraling the race from mental slavery. Theretofore the Roman Catholic church had been in supreme power. Her sceptre was feared as a wand of terrible potency. She gave life and imposed death. She held in her wizard-hand the sun and all his wandering retinue of worlds. The earth trembled beneath her anathemas. As a consequence, the human mind had grown stolid and indifferent in its slavish ignorance. Individual liberty was a sentiment whose realization had long since faded away from the sunny fields of Papal Italy, or died to swan-like echoes in the unfrequented groves of classic Greece. The whole human race was swallowed up in the church, and the church was swallowed up in "one only man." Ignorance, total ignorance, had lowered like a cloud of midnight blackness upon the earth.

But of course it could not always be so. Slow and suppressed rumblings were often heard rising from the lower strata of society. But they who sat on Vesuvius heights cared little for the feeble warnings. Roger Bacon, John Huss, John Wyclif, had already shaken the foundations of authority until the base had become unsteady. Therefore when Martin Luther, Zwinglius and Melancthon came upon the scene, they found an already honey-combed ecclesiasticism yielding to their resistless blows.

Naturally, at such a time, we should expect a general breaking-up of all established conventionalities; a general letting-loose of the dogs of mental warfare, resulting in partial bedlam and confusion and in some cases descending to positive degradation. This same

fact has been true of every period of revolution or general reformation. Immediately after the introduction of any great truth into the world, and its popular acceptance, there is a sudden rebound from severe authority on the one hand and groveling subserviency on the other, till the heavens grow dark with maudlin sentimentality, and the world is deluged by a sea of speculative folly and ethical experimentation. It was so immediately after the popular acceptance of the religion of Jesus. Every phase of physical investigation and absurd credulity came rapidly in vogue; the earth swarmed with theories, fancies, sentiments, deluding dreams and dreary vaporings, till it seemed that the Almighty himself must take his place in the seat of authority and declare to man the indisputable dicta of truth.

The same state of things we discover, though perhaps in a less marked degree, (from the fact of the far less general diffusion of knowledge) at the time of the introduction of Buddhism into India and the general breaking up of the Brahminic religion. I will reproduce here an eloquent passage of Rhys Davids', which vividly pictures the chaotic condition of the social and moral world at a period of general religious awakening, moral regeneration, and intellectual disenthralment: "How much greater the disaster (than the fall of an individual) when a whole nation to whom the doors of liberty have once been opened closes them upon itself and relapses into the bondage of delusion!"

Describing the feast of Juggernaut he gives a fine symbolic illustration of the chaotic, yet tragic moral and mental condition of such a momentous epoch:

"When we call to mind how the frenzied multitudes, drunk with the luscious poison of delusions from which the reformation might have saved them, dragged on that sacred car, heavy and hideous with carvings of obscenity and cruelty—dragged it on in the name of Jagannath, the forgotten teacher of enlightenment, of purity and universal love, while it creaked and crushed over the bodies of miserable suicides, the victims of once-exploded superstitions—it will help us to realize how heavy is the hand of the just; how

much more powerful than the voice of the prophet is the influence of congenial fancies and of inherited beliefs." \*

And this Jagannath, or juggernaut, feast of suicidal insanity is enacted at every turn of the wheel of universal reformation and religious transformation. Long confined in the dungeon darkness of superstitious ignorance and fear, when suddenly released the multitudes are crazed with visions of freedom and possibilities of individual liberty, and naturally conjure up every departed spirit of long-cherished delusions to feed their fancies and glut their curiosities.

What unwisdom therefore, at every such period of the world's history, to assume that such social upheavals and mental ravings are unique and unparalleled, and must therefore be extirpated at the point of the sword and with the scourge of the flame, lest like poisonous weeds, once rooted, they will grow profusely, and ultimately choke out the fairest flowers in the paradise of truth! But with what far finer sagacity and insight did the intuitive teacher of Galilee discern the true cause of such incidental overgrowths and perhaps poisonous infections, when he enjoined the servants to suffer the wheat and tares to grow up together till the day of reaping should come, when Truth, the final reaper, would separate them, and reveal the kernel intact in purity and untarnished by its association!

Here is a strong hint for the chaotic mental period through which our age is passing. The insanity of this Jagannath feast (if all these wanderings, dreamings and ravings of mental investigation and spiritual speculation can be called insanity) can never be checked by laws and legislatures, by priestly potentates and papal bulls, by the denunciations of ecclesiastical conclaves and the defiant utterances of teachers clothed in the prerogatives of their audacious usurpation. Truth alone, slowly revealing her unguised visage through the veil of time, can check what conceptions have deflected

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\*(*Origin and Growth of Religion, Illustrated by Buddhism*, p. 33.)

from her steady and persistent path. Until Truth speaks from the throne of individual consciousness in the name of her own undisputed authority, ignorance can never be dissipated or its retinue of plausible delusions swept from the mind of man.

Perhaps at no period of history is this fact better illustrated than at the entrance of John Calvin on the arena of the Reformation. There had grown up during the first century of the reformation many of these erratic sects or committees which had undertaken to solve the great problem and mystery of life by shattering every conventionality and laughing at the tyranny of all antiquity. They were variously called—Anabaptists, Hoffmanists, Spiritualists, Liberalists, Pantheists, Antinomians, Brethren of the Free Spirit, Rationalists, etc. These ultra sects were the result of nothing but another outcropping of the speculations of Neo-Platonism.

To show how in all ages the trend of free religious thought is along identical lines, I will give a brief description of these sects which I borrow from an article in McClintock and Strong's Encyclopedia of Biblical Literature:

“The system of the Libertines was pure Pantheism. They held that there is one universal spirit which is found in every creature and is God. All creatures, angels, etc., are nothing in themselves and have no real existence aside from God. Man is preserved only by the spirit of God, which is within him and exists only until that spirit departs from him; instead of a soul, it is God himself who dwells in man; and all his actions, all that takes place in this world is direct from him—is the immediate work of God. Everything else, the world, the flesh, the devil, souls, etc., are by this system considered as illusions. Even sin is not a mere negation of what is right, but, since God is an active agent in all actions, it can be but an illusion also, and will disappear as soon as this principle is recognized. They made great use of allegory, figures of speech, etc., taking their authority from the precept ‘the letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life.’” (Article “*Libertinism*.”)

Here we discover a clear intimation of the spiritual philosophy which is so prevalent in our day.

It is no wonder that in the age of John Calvin, as in all other awakening periods of history, these teachings should have led off into erraticism and vagaries; should have led some, perhaps many, into devious paths of compromise; should have tended somewhat to loosen the ethical standards of the age. Yet I will confess it is a debatable question whether the ethical standards adopted by the church under the leadership of the great Reformers, as we shall soon see, were any less inclined to lead humanity astray than were the alleged deviations of the Brethren of the Free Spirit. But John Calvin found himself at once occupied, after the assumption of his clerical duties in Geneva, in combating these growing and popular erratic sects. The author of this article in the Encyclopedia says: "No one really did more to counteract the principles of Libertinism than did Calvin himself. It is, in fact, due to his efforts that this sect, this baneful curse, left France to take refuge in its native country, Belgium, and that it finally disappeared altogether." John Calvin's "Institutes" were largely written in order to counteract the influence of this sect. His whole soul was aroused to indignation and hatred towards this system of speculation; and history proves to us that Calvin's conscience was not too sensitive to use for the extirpation of this phase of free thought, means which to-day would receive no countenance even in the ultra conservative quarters of Christendom.

Of course we cannot, at this late date, say much in defence of Libertinism. It doubtless sank into an immoral sect and a dissolute community; but I think the charge is falsely made against its philosophy and highest leaders. All who have studied the course of Liberalism everywhere, know well how the offscourings of society congregate around its outer edges, and in its first stages frequently cover its surface till the clean body of its primitive hope is wholly covered with a mantle of coarseness, grotesqueness and indecency.

Universalism, Spritualism, Rationalism, Socialism—all these movements have passed through these early phases. One may



even discover this condition in the early history of Methodism, and will find John Wesley himself testifying to the wild fanaticism and indecent extravagances of which he himself was the avowed but unwitting instigator. (See his "*Christian Perfection*." )

Libertinism, the first bold, uncompromising rebound from ultra Romanism and half-developed Reformationism, was just passing into this, its natural development, when John Calvin confronted it. Had it been left alone; had the executioner's axe and laws of exile been unconcerned about this new uprising, and had it been allowed to run its course, doubtless it would have evolved into an ultimately purified and attractive spiritual and social force.

But Calvin seethes and grows irate at mention of its name. He writes to Margaret, Queen of Navarre, who had exultingly embraced its spiritual philosophy, and therefore was much offended by Calvin's insinuations against it:

"I see a sect the most execrable and pernicious that ever was in the world. I see it does harm, and is like a fire kindled for general destruction, or like a contagious disease to infect the whole earth. I am earnestly entreated by the poor believers, who see the Netherlands already corrupted, to put my hand to the work."

He did put his hand to the work; and the last of the sect were driven from Geneva in 1555, either through the prisoner's cell, exile, or the executioner's axe.

Now, in this stormy period Michael Servetus appeared upon the stage. He was a pupil of Calvin. But he could not accept his dogma of the Trinity. Therefore he left Calvin's school and dissociated himself from orthodox circles. Calvin found a slight plea against Servetus's moral conduct, because he affiliated with his antagonists; but against his personal, moral character no charge could be brought.

Calvin alone was responsible for the committal of Servetus to the flames. Calvin had complete control of the Geneva Republic and was the leader of the council. He had once before "saved" Geneva from the Anabaptists. The council was therefore ready to pay him

any honor. It is useless to undertake to defend Calvin. At best it can be said he pleaded for a milder method of execution. Yet who shall say that slowly bleeding away at the sharp point of a sword is a more merciful death than being consumed by angry flames? If Calvin was averse to the burning or execution of Servetus, it is strange that he followed his barbarous "taking off" with a vigorous vindication of the propriety of banishing or slaying obnoxious heretics. It is well known that Luther and Beza and Melancthon applauded the deed. Dr. Philip Schaff silences the tongues of those who would exonerate Calvin and the Reformers from any culpability in the execution of heretics. He says: "Calvin wished the sword to be substituted for the stake in the case of Servetus; but as to the right and duty of the death penalty for obstinate heretics he had not the slightest misgiving, and it is only on this ground that his conduct in the tragedy can be in any way justified or at least explained." (Footnote p. 7 "*Creed Revision*.")

I cite this case of Calvin and his sympathizers and coadjutors, not to cast any vicious stain upon their names, but simply to illustrate how, when one subjects his conscience and judgment to the tyrannous authority of a creed, it may harden his heart and dethrone his reason. Therefore the spirit of the age rises in arms against the claims and commands of creeds. Therefore the judgment of the age cries against the right or duty of any individual to sign away his personal liberty by his subscription to the authority of any theological confession. But why should there be any effort at this late day to exonerate the Reformers in their well-known occupation of persecuting the heretics, when it is commonly known, as Hallam so well puts it, that "Persecution is the deadly original sin of the Reformed churches: that which cools every honest man's zeal for their cause in proportion as his reading becomes more extensive"?

Again, to prove the immoral consequence of a popular subjection to the tyrannous authority of creeds, hear what this sagacious but cautious author elsewhere says: "At the end of the sixteenth century the simple proposition that men for holding or declaring hetero-

dox opinions in religion should not be burned alive or otherwise put to death, was itself little else than a sort of heterodoxy."

Now, it is very natural to pass from the career of John Calvin to the history of the creation of the Westminster Confession. It is very natural; because the Westminster Confession stands to-day perhaps the clearest, strongest and most plausible exposition of simon-pure Calvinism.

#### JOHN CALVIN'S ECHO.

We shall now study the history of the formation of the Westminster Confession. The conclave which created it had originally intended simply to revise the Articles of Religion in the Anglican church; but finally abandoned that idea and labored for a long period to formulate what has been for centuries the boldest and most startling landmark of the theological expression of any age.

The especial feature to which I wish at this juncture to call attention, is that of assigning to the *civil government* the right and duty of calling synods, protecting orthodoxy and *punishing heresy!* Here was the entering wedge of all the barbarism which ensued. Here we shall discover another illustration of the despicable tendency of authoritative and tyrannous creeds to spread savage and barbarous customs throughout the world. No sooner had the creed been formed and legally established than its murderous work began.

The Episcopalians had been in control of Parliament till the Revolution. The Protector was himself a moderate and tolerant man. His voice was for peace and charity. He would even remove certain legal disabilities from the Jews. But "the Presbyterians constantly labored to thwart the measures of the Protector. They declared that those only should be tolerated who accepted the fundamentals of Christianity, and they drew up a list of these fundamentals which formed as elaborate and exclusive a test as the articles of the church they had defeated." (Lecky, "*Rationalism*," Vol. II.)

Neal, in his History of the Puritans, affords some very positive but startling information on this theme, as evidenced by the following :

“In 1648 the Presbyterians tried to induce the Parliament to pass a law by which any one who persistently taught anything contrary to the main propositions comprised in the doctrines of the Trinity and the Incarnation should be punished with death; and all who taught Popish, Arminian, Antinomian, Baptist or Quaker doctrines should be imprisoned for life.” (Pp. 211-222.)

Now let us not forget, as Mr. Lecky so comfortingly reminds us, that one of the motives furnished the Presbyterians of Cromwell's day, who were so anxious to imprison their opponents, was the speculative theory of the Anabaptists that the soul sleeps after death till Gabriel blows his trumpet! Then Calvinists could be satisfied with nothing short of seeing the rejectors of the creed cruelly burning forever and forever in the caldrons of hell.

Perhaps we have produced sufficient historical evidence to illustrate the barbarous influence of mandatory creeds; to prove how heartless and savage they will make their sincere professors; and to illustrate how as yet a usurpatory creed has never afforded the world an iota of good, but has proved everywhere harmful and demoralizing.

No one can justly object to a written creed as being the best attainable expression of supposed truth at certain stages of the world's history. But when these fallible and feeble expressions are set down as august and absolute authority, as very revelations from on high: when these are set up as standards beneath whose yoke all the prisoners of the faith must stupidly bow and march—then they become not only libels on the God-given intelligence of humanity, but slayers of freedom, founders of slavery, and instigators of atrocity and injustice.

In the face of such faults is it not amazing that learned, conscientious, tender-hearted and honorable gentlemen should assemble at this day in a public conclave to debate the question of the revision of this creed whose subject-matter is so obnoxious and repulsive, whose history is so replete with disgrace and outrage! One would think that men of the high, respectable standing of these clerical

gentlemen would rather blush for shame because of the past history of this creed, and would much prefer to keep it buried beneath the dust of the ages where, until its recent resurrection, it had so long silently lain.

But I desire to call attention to one grave point. Why are the Presbyterians debating the question of creed revision? Had they been left alone this discussion would never have sprung up within the confines of this most Calvinistic church. It is because of the strong and persistent antagonism of liberal religionists and untrammelled thinkers and teachers, that the long complacent and indifferent pulpit-toilers have suddenly awakened to cast their eyes athwart the world, and to discover the chaotic uproar and furious antagonism which this creed had aroused. Had the liberalists adopted anything but an aggressive warfare the church would have remained silent and moribund, the creed would have continued a living lie, and the world would have more and more drifted from its doors. Thus much does the established church owe to aggressive liberalism. But of the creed itself—its repulsive dogmas, its barbarous portrayal of Deity, its absurd heaven and exaggerated hell, I shall speak further on.

Up to this point we have learned at least that historically the creed has accomplished no iota of good for the world, but filled it with torture, distress and despair. But be it ever remembered that the creed in itself, were it but delivered as an expression of thought, would never have produced such outrage; but the creed as autocrat, the creed as king and parliament, as army and ordnance, has whelmed the world in agony and woe, severed the bands of natural relationship, dug trenches for the legions of its slain, and deluged the earth with streams of fratricidal blood. It has painted the features of God in such diabolical fashion as to make him appear fiercer and more vicious than Satan himself, and portrayed heaven in such selfish and absurd figures as to make hell more tolerable. If there are infidels in the world, let the Presbyterian church thank John Calvin, its theological progenitor, with the Westminster fathers and their parliamentary creed!

But at last the Presbyterians are truly aroused. At last this bold, defiant and compact Gibraltar of theology, so long oblivious of the storm of scorn it has aroused, sends forth its watchmen beyond its gates to learn the occasion of the popular outburst! At last the Gamaliels of divine wisdom are willing to come down from the heights of Sinai, where alone and so long they held communion with God, to throw a sop to Cerberus!

The situation is amusing. It is enough to compel the shallowest Nestor in a theological seminary to shake his sides with laughter. The creed that for these two hundred years has been hoist so high, as the strongest and surest symbol of Christian truth,—a veritable revelation from God through his prophet, John Calvin,—is called before the bar of common-sense and asked to show cause why it should not be forever squelched! But the situation is especially amusing from the fact that the only opposition to a remodeling or a rescinding of the creed is advanced from the point of view of pure policy or expediency. No one seems to argue that the creed must be maintained intact because it is right, true and beautiful; but because the cause of religion and the integrity of the Presbyterian church will be materially compromised if the plea for revision is assented to.

Here, for instance, is Dr. Francis L. Patton, president of Princeton University, who leaves no doubt in his grandiloquent sentences that his only reason for opposing revision arises from the plea of expediency. In the discussion on Creed Revision, ten years ago, he said:

“It is because of my interest in maintaining the common faith of all Christians; I do not say Protestants, but all Christians—Roman Catholic and Protestant, as well as because of my desire to see the Presbyterian church stand true to her glorious history, that I am opposed to the proposition to revise her standards. I am sorry that the agitation has occurred; but I trust that God in His good Providence may make it the occasion of a *more emphatic avowal of the system of doctrine*, in the maintenance of which our Church has been

so greatly blessed. I do not anticipate a storm, only a little breeze that will break the folds out of the old blue banner of the Covenant, and set it fluttering with the promise of new achievements as it heads the advancing column of the Calvinistic forces, which, I do not doubt, will keep the fame already won of being among the heaviest and the best in the sacramental host of God's elect."

How fervently John Calvin's martial spirit breathes anew in these warlike utterances of Dr. Patton! Calvinism was born in the throes of conflict: its breath is flame; its speech is sharp as Damascus blade; its imagery is of the battlefield; its prayer is for Victory, or right or wrong.

Dr. W. C. Roberts, a former moderator of the General Assembly, at the same conclave, asserted his position on the question of revision with far greater clearness—purely one of policy; and that, too, a paying one. He said in an interview in the *Pittsburg Despatch*:

"An attempt to construct a new Confession with such doctrines as that of the Trinity, Election, Perseverance of the Saints, and even Preterition left out, would not only open flood-gates not easily shut, *but endanger donations and bequests amounting to millions of dollars.*"

Now Dr. Roberts doubtless did not perceive the laughable absurdity of the words in this interview, which I have italicized, when he uttered them. Truth, apparently, is not to enter into the question at all: simply money, donations and bequests: these are to determine the question to revise or not to revise. How absurd, pitifully yet grossly absurd, would such an attitude appear to Jesus, who hated every phase of Phariseeism!

But the confusion of the Presbyterians is further evidenced by the curious apologies they are publishing *apropos* of the proposition to revise the creed, in many delicate particulars. I copy the following from the *New York Evening Post*, April, 1890, as a specimen of the extremities to which Presbyterianism is being driven:

"The air is full of dreadful phrases, 'prenatal damnation,' 'perdition of infants,' even 'infants in hell,' and others which I will not quote, all of them attributed to Calvin, or held to be expressive of

his teaching. Not one of them, scarcely anything whatever to justify them, can be found in his voluminous writings. On the contrary, he pleads earnestly that children should be admitted to baptism as a means of their regeneration, and at the same time denounces 'the fiction of those who would consign the unbaptized to eternal death.' . . . . . There is not, nor has there ever been, a line in the Westminster Confession about the 'fate of non-elect infants.' The chapter in question is setting forth *how* the elect are saved; adults by faith, infants dying in infancy, and idiots by other means. It is not discussing the subject of salvation at all. The phrase 'elect infants' of course, implies non-elect infants; but that any non-elect infants die in infancy, or any who die in infancy are non-elect, is not involved in a fair interpretation of the language used. What some of us would have preferred would be a less ambiguous statement here, and an explicit statement elsewhere, of the salvation of all infants, which we believe the Scriptures to teach; not, however, by the absurdity of making the non-elect infants participate in the salvation of the elect, because to a Calvinist salvation implies election."

Now, it would much delight me, as doubtless it would every lover of his race, who longs to exercise faith in its intelligence, sincerity and magnanimity, if the rash vagaries of the above communication could be proved to be truth. But alas! for the rarity of literary honesty. I am constrained to show that so far from the truth is this lawyer's effort to enter a demurrer and quash the case, that it were not more untruthful to declare the west to be east, the heavens to be the earth, and the milky nebulae to be flat-surfaced planes of cosmic dust.

First, let us read the Creed itself, and see whether it is simply defining the question of salvation, and has no reference to reprobation or damnation.

"*Elect* infants dying in infancy are regenerated and saved by Christ through the Spirit who worketh where and when and how He pleaseth . . . . Others *not* elected . . . . *cannot be saved!* . . . .



and to assert and maintain that they *may* is very pernicious and to be detested." (Westminster Confession, ch. II. ; §§ II. and IV.)

In the face of this statement how green and how great must have been the gall of the individual who wrote in the above newspaper: "There is not, nor has there ever been, a line in the 'Westminster Confession' about the fate of non-elect infants." Such advocates and apologists must surely have persuaded themselves that this ancient and mouldy code of faith is so securely held within the musty vaults of ecclesiastical seminaries, accessible only to the elect, that the common student could not avail himself of the pleasure of dissecting its carcass. It happens, however, because of the anserine loquacity of certain eager revisionists, and certain other equally eager anti-revisionists, that the whole air of late has been filled with gaseous explosions, emanating from the musty vaults, until the doors have been thrown wide open, and everybody has been invited to examine for himself. The result is that now the masses themselves are apprised of the fact; yea, even the sometime ignorant and deluded communicants of the Presbyterian faith, likewise, now know that what has been so long supposed to be a fabrication, spun out of the vapory brains of anti-Christians, and so-called infidels, is proved indeed to be a fact; stubborn, stunning, and unanswerable. The Creed is now popularly known to be as bad and bold as it has ever been declared to be by those who had learned long ago to despise it because of its spiritual inanity and dogmatic audacity.

The especial section of the Creed which proves to be very horrifying and repulsive to the modern conscience is that above quoted, referring to the damnation of non-elect infants. This is by no means the most repulsive or morally audacious teaching of the Creed, inasmuch as it is simply incidental, as I shall soon show, to its logical conclusions. But the modern conscience has evolved to a higher appreciation of truth and sympathy than that of three centuries ago, and hence cannot now believe that the human, say not the Christian, conscience was ever so low.

HENRY FRANK.

*(To be continued.)*

# DEPARTMENT OF PHILOSOPHY.

DEVOTED TO

Art, Literature and Metaphysics.

EDITED BY C. H. A. BJERREGAARD.

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## THE OCCULT, PSYCHOLOGICALLY CONSIDERED.

We are not able to define the essential nature of Spirit, but we can know and we do know one of its essential characteristics, and that is, its development or evolution. This evolution is so essential that some philosophers have characterized the Spirit as being essentially evolution, or the appearance, under the form of motion, of Being. Be this as it may, the evolution we observe is a movement from possibility to reality, or, as it also has been described, the return of the Idea from the manifoldness and distraction of the Natural to its own Inner Freedom. We also observe that this "return" from the Natural, or, this movement from the possible to the real is one of struggle; is essentially a process of liberation.

Spirit is neither nature nor in blind subjection to nature. Spirit is essentially itself, but when first appearing so that it can be observed it seems only a mere possibility and seems totally immersed in the manifold. Spirit is in this state merely the Common, something which promises well when certain "ifs" can be overcome.

To speak psychologically of Spirit means to see Spirit as soul or human spirit.

When Spirit, as soul or human spirit, is in its most common form, it is what we call the "natural soul." As such it can best be studied in children and nature-people. The "natural soul" manifests itself

in a double way. One of these contains the common, natural qualities, alike to all; also race characteristics, temperaments, etc. The other side of the soul's life is often called "the night side of the soul" and "the magic soul life." It is this which in our day has been the object of special attention, and it is of this that I would say a few words.

Every human being, at the moment of awakening, finds itself in an environment of facts and circumstances—in Karma. That awakening is called consciousness, and it is of a two-fold character. It has an external side, or is mere sensation such as hearing, seeing, &c. It has also an internal side—let us call it intuition, feeling or spiritual perception. These two are not distinct and apart from each other; each is the other's complement, so to say, and exists only because they express the soul's consciousness of its own existence and its relationship to something, not itself.

But the soul is not at once and at the moment of awakening in reflective and volitional possession of its own consciousness; on the contrary it is in bondage to its environment and feels this bondage as a contradiction in its existence. Therefore at the very moment of awakening it is in conflict with the environment, be it expressed by the baby's cry at the first breath or be it the young man's disobedience to his elders. The soul while in mere consciousness and without reflective and volitional possession of its own consciousness, lives in a world largely and exclusively *its own*. It is disposed to retire within and give exclusive reality and moral value to its own intuitions and spiritual perceptions. And this is the "magic soul life."

The most common and the most natural form of retirement within is sleep. In sleep the soul closes the door more or less firmly against the outer world and places its intuitional perceptions before itself. We call them dreams. But, inasmuch as the soul's consciousness is, as stated above, external as well as internal, dreams are an interfusion of sensations, thoughts, feelings and volitions, which overwhelm the soul and do not submit to rational ordering,

because Reason does not as yet exist. But, if the soul is powerful and rational and the intuitions stronger than the sensations, then of course the dream rises in character and comes to be of the greatest value for the soul's moral life. In antiquity, when man did not subject himself to the thousand and one useless and hurtful influences of to-day, the dream was of the highest value and served an important purpose in the soul's life. The dream may still be of fundamental importance to us of to-day; but we cannot be guided by such intuitions unless we live in silence and solitude. There is, however, one essential point to remember when we let ourselves be guided by dreams. In the dream-state all time-distinctions are lost. Dreams are therefore rather visions of conditions than prophetic statements of coming time and space events.

When "the magic soul-life" becomes so powerful that it controls the soul even in the waking state, then we have what is called ecstasy.

The first or simplest form of ecstasy is an immediate and indefinite realization of something coming or something hovering over us; a something of profound significance which throws us into a state of expectancy with its attendant exclusiveness of everything that seems antagonistic. In ordinary language we speak of this state as one of foreboding, presentiment, anticipation, etc. It is a characteristic of this form that usually it concerns us only personally, and very rarely relates to impersonal affairs.

When this form of ecstasy appears in clear and definite conceptions we call our presentiment a vision, and when the vision expresses something external, of which the senses cannot take cognizance on account of time and space conditions, we call the vision clairvoyance or second-sight. The general characteristic of presentiment, vision and clairvoyance, is the soul's immediate or direct relation to the object; it somehow "reaches beyond itself" and comes *en rapport* with it. It is this coming *en rapport* which is so characteristic of mesmerism. It is rather remarkable that the mind which in this condition seems to triumph in freedom also most easily

falls into bondage. It can easily be controlled by another mind. Another element of bondage is the fact that the mesmeric condition can be artificially produced.

At this point our metaphysics, however, would interfere and demand that a distinction be made between the hypnotic condition artificially produced and the one coming as a natural result of increase in ecstasy. And the objection seems well taken, for experience teaches us that there is a radical difference in the spiritual value of the manifestations under the two conditions. The highest, most universal, and sublime is reached only where the ecstasy is of natural development and self originated. As in the case of those dreams which are indefinite and not clear, when sense-perception is not thoroughly excluded, so in the ecstatic vision, it is often disturbed by foreign elements. In antiquity the sayings of the prophet were therefore often passed upon by another prophet or a council of prophets. These latter applied their own prophetic power to the elimination of all extraneous matter. At the present day people who have the gift of vision apply, in quieter moments, their reason and experience to an examination of their ecstatic state and soon find the truth. And that is a rational procedure.

If the hypnotic ecstasy becomes permanent we get a condition called insanity. Insanity is the disturbance of the normal relationship between Inner and Outer, and such an one exists when the soul "sticks" in the ecstasy. Such a distorted condition was often, in antiquity, called divine; and with some right, because the soul was absent from that which disturbed it and external sensations were supposed to be disturbing elements.

The popular opposition to the occult life of the soul has its root in ignorance of the soul's constitution. It is not known that the soul is a duplicate of spirit and body and can choose to live in either of those extremes or to live a double life by at-one-ing the two. Ignorance, too, is the main obstacle to all those who are anxious to develop their occult powers. They either do not know, or will not comply with, the simple rule of lowering their sensibilities in order to

allow the "heavenward" side of their soul life to have its freedom. In view of the solidarity of the human race it would seem to be the duty of "those who know" to work systematically for the enlightenment of their fellowmen.

C. H. A. B.

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#### ART AND CAMERA NOTES.

The modern photographic salon is making inroads upon that which used to be considered the exclusive domain of art, and the pictorial movement in photography is of profound significance.

This new movement has for its object the creation by means of photography of pictures which invite criticism by art canons. It will use the mere mechanical application of light and chemicals in such a conjunction with other devices that it produces works of art. The leaders of the movement do not trouble themselves with charges brought against them about "unphotographic photography" nor with being called "despoilers of art." They claim the right to manipulate their plates with pencil, stylus and brush as much as they like, provided they produce a work giving æsthetic pleasure. And why should not Joseph T. Keiley use glycerine to correct shortcomings of tone and Chas. I. Berg to eliminate entire backgrounds? Artistic photography cannot object; it is art in the sense in which many moderns use the word and it is the work of the æsthetic faculties.

I have visited the recent exhibitions of the New York Camera Club and have before me the elegant official organ of the club. At both places I found the air full of vigorous discussions on the pictorial qualities of photography, and saw presentations of work that no one would dream of who knows photography only from a few sittings for a portrait. These enthusiasts have got so far in the ranges of tone that you can almost guess the color of each separate part of "Miss Jones's" collar, tie, shirt-front and hat. Such are the accomplishments of Frank Eugene. In texture he has been equally successful. One feels that "Miss Jones's sleeve is made of some woollen fabric of a medium tint, the collar of some dark, smooth cloth, and the vest of

what is called in the dry-goods store piqué." Mr. Eugene has done all this by manipulations on the plate. It is an interesting and pleasant innovation and a tremendous step in the direction of overcoming the mechanical shortcomings of photography.

This new movement has brought up the old strife about what is nature and what is art. Every article in the "Camera Notes" bears witness to it and the opening essay deals directly with the subject. It brings out several points of comparison between the Englishman and the American which I feel I ought to reproduce and to which I ought to add a few words. The author, Charles H. Caffin, says:

"This difference in the painter's point of view produces the broadest differences in the character of the landscapes. Compare, for example, those by Englishmen, whether executed in color or monochrome, with the work of our own landscapists. The former are, almost without exception, frankly objective; the latter almost as exclusively subjective. And the Englishman's point of view is not only objective, but for the most part superficially so: overlooking the inwardness of the subject in his satisfaction over the more obvious facts. Hence the subject he selects to paint or photograph is nearly always more obviously beautiful than the American's, but lacks the artistic qualities which make the latter's a more beautiful picture. Nature absorbs the one, art the other. The Englishman is satisfied with nature in her broadest and simplest phenomena, for her own sake, while the American rather uses nature as a means to an artistic end, carrying his purpose so far, that he will often deliberately choose an ugly scene in order to prove the triumph of art over material nature.

"But, while admitting the intrinsic inferiority of the English picture or print as a work of art, let us not fail to note the big cause behind it, which goes far to compensate the Englishman. That cause is the national fondness for out-of-door life. In no other country are there such facilities for it. With a climate, never very hot or very cold, with twilights in summer time extending to nine or ten o'clock, with no mosquitoes to worry them, Englishmen and women live and

love the open-air life to an extent that is not dreamed of in this country. They know intimately every spot of beauty in their neighborhood, walk to them frequently just for the pleasure of seeing the view; their very intimacy with the material phenomena blinding them to the subtle aspects, but giving them, on the other hand, a companionship with their surroundings that forms one of the most beautiful traits of English life. The habitual fondness for nature in this way is so universal, that the artists also come under its influence. They paint the landscape as the Englishman loves it and sees it; and the Englishman buys it. The American's canvas is finer, very likely, as a work of art; but too often it stands in a stack of others, with its face to the studio-wall, covered with dust; neglected, for the average American's love of nature is practically non-existent."

What is meant by art, and the American picture being "more beautiful" than the Englishman's will be understood by reference to what I said above about the manipulation of the photographic plate. The American work is said to be "art," that of the Englishman is "nature." But the point I want to emphasize is the admission of the American lack of intimacy with nature. In that I see the reason for our many defects in art and literature. The feelings of the American are stunted because he does not live in communion with the outdoor forces. City life and petty jealousies confuse him. To many American artists the love of their art becomes an antithesis to love of nature because they give too much attention to the attainment of skill; and that very devotion becomes a snare.

But we have in this country some brilliant exceptions to these remarks. The last exhibition (in May) of the young "Society of Landscape Painters" contained these. Here was in several instances such work as that produced by Englishmen, and with a super-addition of inspiration and the spirit of long comradeship with nature, which gave the paintings the subtlety of mind, necessary to class them as high art. They represented "realism made to yield up its ideal essence." The art to live is the æsthetic Whole and the Beautiful is the cream of all.

C. H. A. B.



## NATURE'S CALENDAR.\*

Ernest Ingersoll has made the long-needed book. He has given us a year's record of nature's gradual movement from seed to fruit, from generation to maturity; and that is a meritorious undertaking. Our text books and even the numerous nature books of to-day all fail to describe the life in nature as it moves from season to season. They give general descriptions applicable to species and of local character, but they do not paint the ever varying forms, color and activity of plant and insect, bird or reptile. Ingersoll has put us on the track of these vibrations of nature. On any day or month of the year I can go into the fields or the woods or along the brooks and shall know exactly what I may find or see and make no mistake—if I have his book with me. And more than this, he gives me a sound philosophy of nature into the bargain. His book is full of synthetic reflections and picturesque views, drawn with both pen and pencil.

Ingersoll's work is opening new ways and will no doubt be followed by numerous editions and by imitations, because we are shown how to get at the secrets of nature—something the Spirit of the Time is prompting everywhere. We do not care so much about pistils, stamens, or claws or size of bill or wings. It is necessary perhaps to know how many they are and how they are shaped, but it is much more important and interesting to know why one plant seeks the shade and another the open; why this must have a rich soil and why that can grow upon an almost bare rock; why one claw is long and sharp and other short and apparently cut off; why birds' bills are so different, and why one plant flowers but once in a century while others exhaust all their vitality in a Summer. These questions and their answers are so important because they are parallel to phases of human-society life and imply problems of ethics of the gravest import. The dynamics of life underlying both spheres of existence are perhaps the same. If so Nature's Calendar and our new science of Sociology become most important and parallel studies.

It is safe to say that every outdoor naturalist, be he professional or not, must necessarily hereafter have this book at hand. Nature's miracles or the songs of life and love, heard everywhere, must be

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\* Nature's Calendar, by Ernest Ingersoll. New York and London. Harper & Brothers, MCM.

recorded calendar-fashion and in field-books, hour by hour and day by day, because

Whether we look, or whether we listen,  
We hear life murmur, or see it glisten;

and that "stir of might" is the Spirit of Nature, which we worship and which is "the light of men." It is not fixed in immovable fashions and forms, it is the soul of souls,

He whose sole presence fills a place,  
Whose absence makes a void in halls.

C. H. A. B.

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### THE NEW HUMANISM.\*

Humanism is no new term, but may be said to stand for new ideas. Humanism of the Renaissance period reached no deeper than to create a culture mainly in imitation of classical models. It never even suspected individual man's personal and social position in the community or state. It was satisfied with him as a mere member of a commonwealth and sought to give him a classical training and the elements of polite knowledge. The New Humanism means a new consciousness with the individual as the centre, and the individual studying his personal and social development. Professor Griggs understands it so.

The ten chapters in this book deal with:

- (I) The scientific study of the higher human life.
- (II) The evolution of personality.
- (III) The dynamic character of personal ideals.
- (IV) The content of the ideal of life.
- (V) Positive and negative ideals.
- (VI) Greek and Christian ideals in modern civilization.
- (VII) The modern change in ideals of womanhood.
- (VIII) The ethics of social reconstruction.
- (IX) The new social ideal.
- (X) The religion of humanity.

It is hard to say which is the most important or interesting; each presents the general subject of the book under a new aspect and adds

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\*The New Humanism, Studies in Personal and Social Development. By Edward Howard Griggs. Second edition. The American Society for the Extension of University Teaching, 111 South 15th street, Philadelphia, Pa., 1900.

something to our comprehension not only of the *Zeitgeist*, but of the true Objective which lies beneath phenomena. All the essays bear the stamp of the New Humanism preached in the book, in this, that they are all singularly broad and democratic, at the same time that they maintain very forcibly all the rights of that authority which belongs to the idealist as a born aristocrat and a man of exclusive tendencies. Prof. Griggs sees both sides and brings them out everywhere. The most interesting quotations I could give are perhaps those from "the religion of humanity":

"The new gospel must be one of positive culture and progress. The need is not merely to have faith in a possible future world, but to have our eyes unsealed to the infinite meaning of the world we live in; to replace the doctrine of asceticism and unreasoning self-sacrifice by a gospel of nobler self-realization in harmony with all others, of greater industrial justice and higher social unity. The new human brotherhood must be not only in the spiritual life, but in all the action and interests of the daily world. In those splendid ideals, old as the inspirations of the heart, and new as the dew upon to-day's grass, lies the answer for to-day and the hope for to-morrow."

"The time is ripe for a new prophet, who shall call the world back to the simple realities of human life. The awaited teacher should found no order and establish no sect. It is not the multiplication of institutions that is needed, but the consecration of individuals. He must have the reserve of wisdom; he must forego authority and disclaim unusual election. He must find the ideal by transfiguring the commonplace; he must see and teach the divinity of common things. He should live in the world, and yet maintain a perfect consecration to an ideal of simplicity, spirituality, and personal helpfulness. He should call men away from the senseless rush for luxury, fashion, dissipation; and turn them to the things of the spirit—personal love, thought, beauty, immediate helpfulness. It is not a new gospel that is needed, but *the gospel anew*."

Many new ideas and forceful presentations of old thoughts are given in "the evolution of personality" and "the dynamic character of personal ideals." These chapters especially are thoroughly Anglo-Saxon and American. The essay which deals with "Greek and Christian ideals" is full of food for our readers. We fear that many do not know how much they owe the two great factors of the past, called Classicism and Christianity, and that they therefore are neither

able to continue in the subsequent historical development nor to set themselves free from inherited ideas. Such should begin a study of themselves by a careful reading of this chapter in the "New Humanism." If they cannot master it, let them club together and engage Prof. Griggs for further elucidations.

"The New Humanism" by no means exhausts the subject it deals with. Its underlying philosophy has not been set forth, nor the means of propagating it. Nor has anything been said about the mystic and occult factors of life. They certainly play a rôle in the "New Humanism." We trust that more books will be forthcoming on this all important subject and that Prof. Griggs ere long will contribute to it something new and more exhaustive.

C. H. A. B.

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#### NATURISM AND DE BOUHÉLIER.

Naturism is the opposite to naturalism in art and literature. There is really nothing in the term itself that warrants so high an office as that given to it, and it is of rather recent origin, having been invented by M. de Patte, the Belgian critic. But since it has come into use and answers its purpose, I will endeavor to show just what it means and for what we can use it.

A literary naturist, like Saint-Georges de Bouhéliér, meets the realist upon his own ground, but he revolts against the scientific method in art. He wants to do more than to observe and catalogue individuals and things. He is an idealist and a creator at the same time that he is a realist. The only reality to him is Thought or the One Intelligence, the One Will which permeates this beautiful world, but which can no more be seen by observation than the intelligence that constructed my watch and keeps it going. A naturist sees by reflection and describes the visions seen by the "mind's eye." He is neither sensuistic nor an analytic. He is psychic and constructive.

A naturist is a sort of neo-pagan. His philosophy is naïvely objective, so much so that it rises to a pure Objectivism, which is ideal enough to cover all the multiple principles of science and speculation of to-day. De Bouhéliér's work has proved to be of

such character. The literary movement that hails him as its High Priest and calls him The Sage has absorbed Zolaism and all that æsthetic realism which for some time has been coquetting with science. And it has created a new movement in letters. It lends being and reality to all things and ignores all sophistry, all subjectivism, that takes an incorrect measure of man and makes him "the measure of all things." It sees the deceit and untruth of such philosophy.

A naturalist prefers emotion to observation and analysis. He takes his promptings from "the temple of nature," be this temple, as in the case of De Bouhéliér, the foundries, the market places, or shops and factories, or the peasant. He does not give us a description by weight or measure, he does not reproduce local colors or photograph physiognomies. He studies the laborer and the peasant at his work. In his work the toiler becomes a part of the great world machinery; he is seen as a wheel or as part of a spring or possibly only as a link in a chain. It is in his work that his importance to the World-soul appears. The naturalist in proceeding thus is doing as does the true botanist, who attaches little importance to the flower of the herbarium. He studies the living flower in its environment in order to discover its place and value in the organic vibrations of existence. The naturalist has an eye for relationship and may profess, with Millet, that "the beautiful is the suitable." The law of the whole, the *ensemble*, is of more importance to him than to the naturalist.

To "see life steadily and see it whole," to value universals and not individuals, and "to espy even in a bush a flaming Deity" is something original, and makes kinship between the early Aryan, the naturalist and a modern Wordsworth. They all have "that inward eye which is the bliss of solitude" and they keep company with the principles of things. They all trust their feelings and keep them in tune with the synthetic force of existence. Naturalists do not make much of the Cartesian Ego and they deny Zola's dictum that "art is nature seen through a temperament"; they declare "it is not the poet who creates the rhythm, but it is the essential rhythm of things

that scans and directs the poet." Yet, naturists are strong personalities and true artists. The secret of their art and realism is their personality. Personality is the chief equipment of the artist. But personality to an artist means something different from what it means to an ascetic or a naturalist. An artistic personality is an expression of the Pan-idea or the omnipresent reason. An artist, especially a naturist, is a specimen of *homo universalis*.

Naturism sees us all as heroes and ministers of Nature. De Bouh  lier has said "it is not the white vesture and the shaven beard that make the servant of Isis." The saying is neither new nor startling to many moderns, but it has come from him with oracular force; hence it has been heard and accepted. We all, no matter where or how we serve, are ministers to Nature, the great mother, who entrances us with her beauty and slays us in callous cruelty; who, at one time overloads us with prodigality and at another denies us a morsel of bread; who does not know or recognize our standards of morality but nevertheless punishes mercilessly any infringement of her rights and laws. Nature, who is both deaf and dumb, sends us to preach her will and uses us much as she uses Darwin's earth-worms to triturate or pulverize the earth's crust, that it shall not harden and become unfit for seed. Each one of us is a kind of sieve by means of which the Great Mother assorts her world of appearance. In Thought, universal and individual, the dead masses of amorphic stuff are vivified and built into a mental world of everlastingness.

There is an immense buoyancy in this teaching of Naturism. It is a gospel of redemption. It redeems from despair, resurrects the soul and passes it into the heaven of self-respect. It explains the "moral uses of dark things"; it explains "the make-believe" of "the emperor's new clothes," and restores the most ancient doctrine of the brotherhood of all things.

De Bouh  lier has a clear conception of all this. It lies in what he terms "the idea of heroism." Carlyle has defined the hero and De Bouh  lier seems to have studied him. A hero is he who accomplishes his destiny: he who is a true sounding-board to enhance and

propagate the vibratory force of life. A laborer who does his work in unison with the laws of that work is a hero. A man who conquers his passion and leads it into a steady current to do the work of Reason, is a hero. Carlyle has so understood him and De Bouhélier teaches it. It must be so according to Naturism, for what else is heroism than obedience to Nature?—and Naturism is only an exposition of Nature's real life and mystery.

Much of the modern art, philosophy and literature need remodeling after the pattern of Naturism. Our mentality is too often blinded by its own light and far astray from nature. It is "out of keeping" and lacks the *ensemble*. We want a dynamic idealism and shall never be strong till we be intense. To be intense means to be natural. In art this means co-ordination and relationship. It means a religion of beauty or such an impassioned expression that the very elements become our servants. Man himself is the dynamism of existence. We must have faith in ourselves. Upon our faith depends our work. Man himself is part of the general world-soul, part of a living universe, a universe which is Thought. Man has Thought, hence he is Nature's Miracle. Nature is at first master, but ends by being servant. Aphrodite bore Cupid but obeyed the laws of Eros.

C. H. A. B.

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The real harm done by the denial of a divine presence and providence in nature and life is that in the long run it will destroy our interest in the world, in men and in events. Such atheistic, pessimistic, cynical views take the life out of us. I see young men who are tainted by such notions, and what strikes me in them is that they seem to take very little interest in anything. Their inward man perishes, though the outer man may be renewed by God day by day. It is sad to see an old man whose heart is dry and whose soul is withered; but it is still worse to see this in the young, to whom God has given an inheritance of faith and hope, and to whom all things might appear new or fair.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

He whose face gives no light shall never become a star.—*William Blake, Inner Life.*

# THE HOME CIRCLE.

OPEN COLUMN.

EDITED BY ELIZABETH FRANCIS STEPHENSON AND EVA BEST.

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## NOTE TO OUR READERS.

In this Department we will give space to carefully written communications of merit, on any of the practical questions of everyday life, considered from the bearings of metaphysical and philosophical thought, which, we believe, may be demonstrated as both a lever and a balance for all the difficult problems of life.

Happenings, experiences and developments in the family and the community; results of thought, study and experiment; unusual occurrences when well authenticated; questions on vague points or on the matter of practical application of principles and ideas to daily experience, etc., will be inserted, at the discretion of the Editors, and in proportion to available space. Questions asked in one number may be answered by readers in future numbers, or may be the subject of editorial explanation, at our discretion. It is hoped that the earnest hearts and careful, thinking minds of the world will combine to make this Department both interesting and instructive, to the high degree to which the subject is capable of development.

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## THE CULTURE OF THE SELF BY THE SELF.

“Perfect ignorance is quiet, perfect knowledge is quiet: not so the transition from the former to the latter.”—*Carlyle*.

The evolution of the human race from the physical-intellectual to the intellectual-spiritual planes of existence, must necessarily be accompanied by great upheavals in the hereditary details and accessories of existence; such as foods, medicines, literature and the general trend of thought. Each of these details has a most important bearing upon the difficult process of unfoldment, and the readjustment of the thinking principle: so much so, that, by a careful observance and avoidance of certain objective and subjective aids and hindrances, the new birth may be safely and vigorously accom-



plished, whereas, undirected and unguided, it would be assailed by dangers and undue mental and physical pangs.

There is no doubt that the great increase in nervous diseases—insanity, anæmia and kindred disorders—is induced by mental unrest, questionings, fears, etc., which seize the soul as it leaves the tranquillity of the animal consciousness to enter the undiscovered realm of responsible action. Especially in America and in France are the conditions peculiarly alarming, as these intelligent and excitable people are in that critical period of the transition where both the objective and subjective ego reaches the acme of unsettled relation to the Universe; a condition productive of acute disease and discontent.

Greater moral force is therefore required than ever before: greater understanding and stronger will-power. Civilized life has become more complicated, and its dangers are to be avoided only by a rigidly conscientious moralization. At this period, the dormant criminal that is said to inhabit each brain, is liable to awaken for the perpetration of some blind act of rebellious frenzy. The greater the intellectual development of nation or individual, the greater the danger of unbalancement and vertigo during unfoldment into higher conditions, unless the brain-mind can act independently of the animal impulse.

Now, in order to educate the consciousness to meet its future responsibilities, a slight degree of asceticism is recommended, as such discipline unquestionably leads to self-control and poise. To this end, avoid exciting or maudlin literature, which pampers the fancy and the sensuous nature without cultivating integrity and sincerity. Avoid a dependence upon drugs, as such dependence weakens the *will* more than it alleviates the *malaise*. Avoid gross foods and liquors which surcharge the stomach and vitiate the brain action. Especially should flesh-food be eliminated; not only because it dulls the wit and tethers each body-cell upon the lower planes of consciousness, but because it directly antagonizes the great "LOVE" principle of the Cosmos by its daily slaughter of the innocents, and

its maintenance of a vast army of slaughterers. Avoid superficial breathing. The Breath is the cord which unites the dependent organism to the great Cosmical spirit of life. Deep, full, rhythmic, *conscious* respiration equalizes the flow of magnetic energy to the blood and to the nervous centres. It harmonizes the inner and the outer forces.

Expressed affirmatively : self-culture, spiritual, mental and physical, may be urged forward

1st. *Objectively* : by means of

(a) The Breath: *i. e.*, by a thorough and persistent oxygenation, accompanied by direction of thought and will.

(b) By Food. *i. e.*, by cultivating the incoming body-cells (and reflexively the mind) with those refined aliments which have been magnetized and chemicalized by the sunshine: such as nuts, fruits, cereals and certain vegetables which grow above ground.

(c) By high-minded companions and literature; and by an æsthetic simplicity of life.

2d. *Subjectively*.

(a) By strong *desire* for a higher plane of consciousness.

(b) By *concentration* upon the state desired.

(c) By Auto-Suggestion: *i. e.*, directing the subconscious mind to be, to do, and to compass whatever will aid its serene progress and unfoldment toward Godlike wisdom and health.

This outer and inner discipline will lead to positive results in a time varying with the intelligence (cerebral strength) and the amount of resistance (habit) to be overcome.

ROSA G. ABBOTT.

### BEAUTY.

The beauty of a woman lies in her delicacy—the beauty of a man in his valor; the grace of a woman lies in her sympathy—the grace of a man in his strength; the sweetness of a woman lies in her purity—the sweetness of a man in his tenderness; but the goodness of both lies alike in the soul, and the spiritual requirements of each are ever and always the same.

E. B.

## SONG OF REJOICING.

O thou great Harmony, soundless, eternal,  
Filling all space with thy rhythmical sign,  
Heart of the One Heart, exalted, supernal,  
Word of all words, with its meaning divine!  
So strong and beautiful, so sweet and tender,  
Lifting the hearer to ecstasy's height,  
Sweeps the pure melody straight from the Sender,  
Like a clear flood from the Fountain of Light!

Soul of mine, drink of it, joy in its gladness,  
Breathe with the Harmony, perfect and strong;  
Let its white flood cleanse thy Being of sadness,  
Lift thee, and bless thee, and bear thee along!  
Think, in thy joy, of thy brother in sorrow,  
Whisper to him the glad promise of old;  
Fill him with hope of a brighter to-morrow,  
Teach him to sow and to harvest his gold!

O Love, unfaltering, mighty, unending,  
Infinite, tender, unfailing, divine,  
Earth's heart and heaven's heart in Thee are blending  
Fused by the flame on Truth's mystical shrine!  
O my Soul, join in the anthem Love's singing,  
Soar like a bird to the unclouded skies;  
Fear not, but upward thy glad flight be winging—  
Higher and higher and higher arise!

Set sail, O Soul of mine, sweet winds are blowing  
Fresh from the regions of Infinite Force;  
Tides from the Sea of Compassion are flowing,  
From the One Pure and Ineffable Source!

Through the wide ocean of evil and error—  
Waters of ignorance, welching thy youth—  
Banishing fear and misgiving and terror,  
Sweep the clear, rescuing Waters of Truth!

Infinite Glory, whose rays, permeating,  
Gleam on through unending vistas of time—  
Manifold Power, forever creating  
Lives that shall climb to the regions sublime;  
Thou with the flame of thy fire hath warmed me;  
Into my spirit thy Spirit doth shine;  
I am a part of Thee—Thou hast informed me,  
Thine is my Being, thy Being is mine!

EVA BEST.

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#### A PLEA FOR THE WORD GOD.

In these days when all is changing; when so much that has seemed to many to be stationary and final, is vanishing away; when customs and conditions are plainly in a state of transition to something new and different, there is a great deal to which we are glad to bid a last farewell, as it slips away, unregretted, into the past. Most conditions of to-day have served their end; most customs have lost the spirit of life which brought them into existence; most thought has become worn threadbare with parrot-like repetition; most ideals have outlived their usefulness in the service of developing mankind; most speech is but empty words. The inward meanings of things are encrusted by greed for the outward appearance. True symbolism, one of the greatest helps to growth of understanding, has sunk into superstition. The world is like an old curiosity shop, crowded with useless articles; for life, as expressed to-day in most of its varied forms upon the earth, is superannuated, exhausted of vitality, lacking in strength, devoid of real power.

Yet as the housecleaners of our earth work valiantly at their noble task of sweeping away the now useless débris of the usefulness of past generations, of clearing the space allotted for man's present home in

the Universe that it may be newly furnished and in better style, some of them are endeavoring to brush away one little word we would fain have left behind. It is perhaps the most ancient thing of all. Perhaps, also, it has not always served its highest and best purpose and meaning, but this has been, distinctly, the fault of man. It is not a limited thing, as a condition, a creed or a system; it is not an ideal which must be revived, reborn, rehabilitated. It is not a thought which must grow. It is a word which has held from time immemorial, the highest meaning of which man's mind has been capable at any given moment. It is the little word, "God."

Around this word has accumulated the veneration of ages. The highest feeling of the finest individuals of many generations has centred upon it. The noblest ideals of ancient, mediæval and modern times have clustered about it. It has always stood for the best and greatest that faulty mankind could think; and to-day, as ever, the highest conceptions which man can grasp, lie grouped at this great base.

This word is removed from the considerations which must be given wornout customs and thought, inasmuch as it contains within itself a wealth of power; for about it, through the ages, has been built a meaning no other word or phrase could ever gain. Into its very sound has been wrought the magic influence of high thought and lofty ideal, until the word has become imbued with a genuine strength about which man's thought may safely cling and wind its growing tendrils, surely and steadily, to greater heights where awaits a clearer atmosphere in which meanings may easily unfold to more perfect blossoming.

God is the Most High of all quality, thought and feeling, and the little word expresses this, through the law of association, as no other ever will. There is no reason why we should leave behind us in our onward march this legacy from ancient days. There is nothing to be gained by doing so and much to be lost.

Jesus was the truest scientist that has ever lived. Think you not He knew of the "Law of Attraction"? Yet He said, "*God* is love." Think you not He could have said "First Cause," and "The Power," and "The Absolute"? Yet He only and always repeated "God" and "The Father."

So we beseech that this word from the marvelous past shall be left to us, and in the more marvelous future, which is coming, we will build about it still higher ideals, still greater conceptions, still truer

thought. Leave us the word God, and, little by little, we will raise our thought to more and more nearly fit the endless meaning this word has always held; and, from time to time, as our comprehension grows, we will enlarge and still further enlarge our conception of God, until God and humanity become a unit—until we all and “the Father are one.”

BARNETTA BROWN.

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### AN OLD STORY.

“New Lamps for Old! New Lamps for Old!”

The Black Magician loudly cries,  
The while he lifts one bright as gold  
Before our foolish, tempted eyes.  
And we, The Ignorant, fetch down  
Our Master's precious Fire of Fires,  
And trade it to the hawking clown  
For something glass and brass and wires,  
Whose Outer Splendor doth outshine  
Its Inner Flame—alas, alas,  
For dimly burns the feeble light  
Within the jeweled dome of glass!

In vain we strive to move the wick  
That seems so mean and poor and small;  
We find the strands too coarse and thick  
To let the fabric move at all.  
And then we find the metal bowl  
That seemed so ample to the eye,  
And whose proportions cheered the soul,  
A scanty basin, almost dry;  
No place in its deceiving cup  
For half enough of Wisdom's Oil,  
To send sufficient moisture up  
To light an hour of dreary toil!

The place which once was fair as day  
 (When burned the Old Lamp softly bright)  
 Is dark; we cannot find our way  
 In all this dreary, dismal night!

O, Master! watching this, thy world,  
 Thy fine compassion toucheth all  
 Who in their hour of ignorance  
 Spread o'er themselves this wretched pall!  
 In our unwisdom we have cried  
 To thee for help; made sorry moan;  
 And in the New Lamp's light denied  
 That we must help ourselves alone.  
 That which we lost we must reclaim,  
 Our foolish bargain be unmade  
 Before the Old Lamp's sacred flame  
 Shall pierce again Life's dreary shade!

EVA BEST.

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#### THE WRONG DOOR.

Here is a story the genial Phillips Brooks loved to tell: "A little fellow, whose parents attended Trinity Church, was often to be seen in the congregation. In spite of churchgoing, however, he was given to mischief, and one night joined a band of boys who rang door-bells, and then took flight. The little fellow's success at escaping detection emboldened him, and at one doorway he lingered so long in sheer bravado that the door was flung open and the towering figure of the rector of Trinity loomed before him. The little fellow seemed rooted to the spot, opening wide his big, wondering eyes. And then he found voice to say, very slowly, 'W'y, Phillips B'ooks! Does *you* live here?'"

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Life is a pure flame, and we live by an invisible sun within us.—  
*Sir Thomas Brown, Urn Burial.*

There can be no substance but God. Whatever is, is in God, and nothing can be conceived without God.—*Spinoza.*

## THE WISE MAN AND THE SEA URCHINS.

## V.

Next day a heavy fog veiled the land and sea. The waves rolled in in great angry billows, and the winds wailed above them.

But the Urchins, who were not to be kept away from their promised treat, came to the cave by the land path which screened them from the elements. Scrambling down the rocks which formed the roof of the cave, they found the cheeriest place in the world awaiting them.

On a big, round table stood a large lamp, its protecting globe sending a golden-rose glow to every nook and cranny. The heavy curtains were drawn close, so that not a hint of fog or dreariness could enter.

"My, this is jolly!" cried Brownie, by way of greeting. "If the folks at the hotel would only come here, they'd never have the blues. I'm glad it *is* so ugly out of doors, for it makes this seem so cozy!"

"What makes it seem so cozy, Brownie, *really?*" asked the Wise Man.

"You, sir, first of all, I think; then the bright light; then—well, then the *shut-in-ness*."

"And what do I stand for, and the bright light, and the 'shut-in-ness'?"

Silence.

"What? Can no one tell me? I want you always to try to think out the real reasons of things—to find for yourselves the inner meaning of what outer things stand for. Every material thing—every object has a soul-nature. Back of what you see, dear children, is always something finer which you cannot see, but may *feel*, just as Brownie feels the coziness of the place. He feels glad to be here, just as he would be sorry to be obliged to stay outside all day in the disagreeable weather."



"Then it is because it is *agreeable* here?"

"Yes, Snowdrop; but I want you to tell me why it is agreeable. Try."

Still silence.

"If John O'Connell were your entertainer, would the place be agreeable?"

"No, *sir!*" This in chorus.

"Then what do I stand for?"

"Love," ventures Violet timidly.

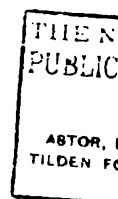
"That was a splendid guess, my lassie. For without love even this shining light and the 'shut-in-ness' would fail to bring the *feeling* of pleasantness. The 'shut-in-ness' is simply a realization of the difference between our shattered state and the physical discomfort we should be obliged to endure if we remained outside. Now, what does the big lamp stand for?"

"Light—for *not darkness*, sir, which nobody likes."

The Wise Man laughed aloud. "Very true, Brownie," said he. "Yet darkness has its wonderful and necessary part to play, as we shall discover in time. This golden flame is fire—the Spirit of Life, and is always, for many reasons, a sort of magnet attracting us, who possess the vital spark, just as it attracts the poor little moths, who, being ignorant, die in its glory."

"Tell us about fire, *please?*"

"I must, Ruddy, if I tell you about life at all. Now we can understand the agreeableness of the place, for it possesses these simple things that go to make up the highest happiness mortals may know—Love, Light, and Home. The love I give to you, dear children, and which you so freely return, is the pure essence of unselfishness; the light which beams from your young faces in sunny smiles brightens this old cave *more really* than does the radiant flame; and the physical satisfaction your clean, dry little forms feel in being housed from the elements adds its sense of comfort to the other pair of joys. Which of these three 'agreeables' could you best do without? Let us suppose I put out the light."



"We'd still be sheltered here, and have *you*, sir!"

"Then suppose I should take you out of doors?"

"Oh, we'd go, because if you went with us we shouldn't mind, nor think about the weather!"

"Aha! So Love *is* the loveliest thing! I'm glad you realize that so clearly, my little ones, for *Love is the very foundation of everything that is*. It is the beginning, the continuing, and the end, or change of all that exists."

"Was Love alive before the world had land and water?"

"Love always was; and, because of it, land and water were able to form themselves into the world."

"Oh, tell us about it!"

"Very well," smilingly answers the Wise Man. "But before I begin to speak of the formation of the world, I wish to make plain to you the elements which are needed in the making. Name the elements, Ruddy."

"Earth, air, fire, and water."

"In other words, solid substance, atmosphere, heat, and moisture. Now these have, in science, some high-sounding names; but I think you can learn them. Do you remember the two words we learned the other day—the name of that world-stuff which always is?"

"Primordial Essence," cry the Urchins.

"And where do we find it?"

"All through space."

"Then space isn't empty, although, as Blackie has told us, it is ~~that~~ which affords room for anything. Now the elements needed to ~~build~~ the world and its people, are scattered about in space. First, ~~let~~ us find the most important one, to us, of them all—the element ~~which~~ figures most largely in our world. What do you think it is, Goldie?"

"Atmosphere, maybe. We couldn't live long without breathing, could we?"

"Surely not; living things need air almost more than any other known element, though to be sure without the other elements mere

air would avail nothing. For all our need of it, it yet is something we cannot see. Nor has it color, taste, or odor. The student of science knows it as Oxygen, a word made up of two Greek words, meaning 'acid' and 'to produce.' Air, or Oxygen, occurs (but not in what we call a pure or free state) in the atmosphere of the earth, and is used every second of time by every living thing. Besides furnishing us the breath of life it has other duties to do. Oxygen combines with, or adds itself to, other elements to form the two things we are going to learn about—land and water. Eight-ninths of all the water in the world is Oxygen by actual weight——"

"Can *air* be *weighed*?" queries Blackie.

"Everything can be weighed, my boy," said the Wise Man. "Even finer things than the invisible air."

"What could that be?"

"Let me tell you. I have said that everything in existence has a soul-nature—an invisible something which stands for it, and which is the *reality* of whatever it represents. For the object, itself, will, in time, perish and crumble into nothingness, as it is called; but the soul of it will live eternally. If you can understand this, you can understand that everything has weight, even the value of a spoken word."

"That's why true words seem so real and—and so *solid*?"

"Yes, Brownie, boy; and they *are* real, for they will endure forever. Therefore we should weigh our words in that delicate scale that Conscience provides for us all. If they weigh lightly in the balance they are waste words that cannot endure. But let us go back to our Oxygen. As I have said, it forms eight-ninths of all the water in the world, and one-half, by weight, of the entire crust of the globe."

"Air in the *earth*?"

"Every particle of earth is surrounded by its own little atmosphere, the word itself meaning 'soul,' 'breath,' or 'fluid air surrounding any sphere.' Even the tiny grains of granite, which seem, because of the rock's density, to cling in a closer and more

compact mass—for all solids we know to be made up of small atoms clinging together—even these grains of granite have their surrounding atmospheres, and, consequently, do not touch one another. More than this: they are in motion, every little tiny atom of them. There is absolutely no quiet atom in all the world."

"It doesn't seem possible, sir? Rocks seem so still."

"Comparatively speaking, they are. If, from a great height, we look down from a balloon at a mass of soldiers drilling, although each human atom of the mass of man is in motion, from our distant post of observation they seem perfectly motionless. Who has stood and watched a revolving fly-wheel?"

"I have!" "And I!"

"And it seemed motionless, so swift was its turning. The quiet stars, as we look at them, are moving one hundred and seventy-five times as rapidly as the swiftest rifle-ball shot from a gun."

Many and varied exclamations of surprise follow the Wise Man's statement.

"Then if these little moving atoms don't touch each other, and can move freely about, what holds them together to form the rock?"

"They are held together by the same power that holds this little trembling world of ours in ITS atmosphere secure in its place among the countless stars—the power of Love! Each attracts all the other atoms to itself, and as man learns his first lesson of life in just such forms as these grains of granite, his lessons in love begin early indeed! All Nature shows this beautiful spirit of helpfulness, and that Man has strayed away from his first teaching, and let selfishness rob him of his noble uses in the world—that is a thing that strikes discord everywhere!"

"But it seems like a *miracle*, sir, that Love can hold the granite rocks together."

"It will cease to be miraculous, though none the less wonderful, when you understand the law, Violet. To the ignorant savage the blowing of a soap-bubble seems the performance of a miracle. His wondering eyes see in the beautiful crystal globe the rainbow tints of

earth and heaven, the mirrored reflection of the landscape, and his own astonished countenance. Presto! it is gone, and he is doubly mystified, peering keenly into the empty pipe from which so wonderfully radiant a thing had come into beauty before his eyes."

"Then can all things that seem miraculous be explained to us as clearly as we could explain the bubble's existence to the savage?"

"Yes, Violet; in due time all will become clear to us. But come, we are forgetting our Oxygen. We have learned that it is one of the ingredients of the atmosphere everywhere."

"One of them, sir? Is there more than one in the air we breathe?"

"There are others, one of which is a gas called Nitrogen, and which is also colorless, tasteless and odorless. It makes four-fifths of our atmosphere. It also combines itself with other elements to produce what we know as the salts of the earth. The third element is Hydrogen. Like the other two elements, it also has no odor, taste nor color, and is over eleven thousand times lighter than water, which it forms by adding itself to Oxygen. Because of its lightness this gas is used in the filling of balloons."

"And now the last element?"

"With this, my Urchins, I think you are more familiar than with the others, for it is Carbon, and unlike the others, is not invisible. It comes from the Sanskrit word meaning 'to cook.' In its hardest state it is a diamond; in its softest, graphite, or black lead."

"I've seen it in both states, then," said Snowdrop. "And a diamond is Carbon!"

"Yes, Snowdrop, and it is the third element comprised in the atmosphere. So we have Oxygen, Nitrogen, Hydrogen and Carbon. Now let us talk about them."

An animated discussion followed, the children answering the Wise Man's questions eagerly and intelligently, demanding answers themselves, their every query delighting him with its proof of their comprehension of the subject in which he desired them to be interested.

"Before we go further, let us learn the true nature of an atom, or, as it is sometimes wrongly called, *molecule* (since this word means 'little mass' and one in reality composed of atoms); for out of these minute particles of stuff all existing things are created. An atom has been loosely termed 'the smallest indivisible particle,' but so long as it is an atom with shape, size and substance—that is, with *any dimension whatever*—it may, of course, still admit of division.

"Let us place this bit of substance (which from its size we may well call an atom) which I have caught upon this finest needle point—a something I know must be there, although my eyes cannot discern it under this ordinary microscope. Look at it, Snowdrop, and tell us what it looks like."

"O sir, it isn't little *at all*! It looks like a chunk out of a chain of mountains!" cries the girl, making room for the others at the table.

By turns each child peers into the little tube, and many are the exclamations of wonder and delight.

"Gold leaf affords an excellent example of the fineness to which something dense and heavy in itself may be worked. Gold can be beaten between leather by a gold-beater's hammer to a leaf one three hundred and forty thousandth of an inch thick."

"Of an inch *thin*, I should say!" cried Blackie.

"That *is* more expressive of its state," and the teacher laughed merrily. "But it can be worked far finer than that. Gold can be made to coat a wire, the coating being one thousand times thinner than the filmy gold leaf, and measuring, actually, one three hundred and forty millionth of an inch *thin*, as Blackie suggests. Yet under the lens of the microscope the atoms of gold are seen to be still piled one on top of another, and present a somewhat bulky appearance! This ordinary little microscope will initiate you into some simple mysteries, while that one which is now on its way from 'foreign parts,' will, I am sure, take you into fairy land."

"It seems almost impossible to believe that worlds as great as

ours could be made from such tiny particles." This from the gentle Violet, who gazed entranced into the microscope.

" 'As great as ours,' my child? Compared to many other planets our earth is a pigmy. It would take thirteen hundred of our earths, for instance, to make a planet the size of Jupiter."

"And are all planets—all stars—formed of the same sorts of atoms?"

"Yes, Violet. This fact is supposed to have been satisfactorily proved by the analysis of meteoric stones. Meteors which have fallen in different localities have all shown themselves to be composed of the same world-stuff used to make our earth. In one meteoric stone, especially, which once fell in the south of France, upon being examined disclosed water and turf; this proving it came from some place where vegetable life existed."

"But are the four elements that you have taught us all there are?"

"No, Violet. There are supposed to be fifty-five in all. Of these forty are metals; twelve non-metallic bodies or *not metals*; the remainder are three solid substances which form a connecting link between the metals and non-metals. I wish you to know the four—Oxygen, Nitrogen, Hydrogen and Carbon—since these are the foundation of protoplasm, which compound substance alone produces life.

"And now let us partake of some of the elements needed by the animal Man, and which are furnished and made fit for our use by the chemical action of growing vegetation. Here on these bowl-shaped cabbage leaves I place these luscious berries, and over them I beg of you to sprinkle sugar from this sifter."

EVA BEST.

*(To be continued.)*

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O noble soul, put on these wings to thy feet and rise above all creatures, and above thine own reason, and above the angelic choirs, and above the light that has given thee strength, and throw thyself upon the heart of God; then shalt thou lie hidden from all creatures.

—*Eckhart.*

# THE WORLD OF THOUGHT.

WITH EDITORIAL COMMENT.

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## TOLSTOI ANOTHER MIVART.

Count Tolstoi has likewise come under the ecclesiastic ban. The Metropolitan of St. Petersburg, Antonius, issued a private circular edict commanding all the clergy to refuse Tolstoi recognition as an orthodox member of the Russian Greek Church. No priest may absolve him or give him communion, and he is to be deprived of burial in consecrated ground, unless "before departing this life he shall repent, acknowledge the orthodox doctrine, believe and return to the Church." The three metropolitans, those of St. Petersburg, and Moscow and Kieff, desired to make a public proclamation of the matter, but the Synod feared the wrath of the Russian people, with whom the Count stands in high favor. His recent work, "The Resurrection," seems to have been the last straw which broke the ecclesiastical back. In it Tolstoi had declared that Christ actually forbade the very things that are continually done in churches, such as "the meaningless much speaking," and the "blasphemous incantation over bread and wine"; also in the clearest words that men should call other men their master, and pray in temples. One should worship, Christ had taught, not in a temple, but in spirit and in truth.

The career of Tolstoi has been that of an enquirer, inquisitive to know what is true, and changing his views as it appeared in new light. At eighteen he became an unbeliever in all religion, and he so continued for thirty years. He then experienced a revulsion of sentiment and concluded that as life itself is a matter beyond reason, he ought not to reject a faith that was beyond reason. He returned to the Greek Church, accepting its ordinances, but not its dogmas. He



accepted Christ, not as "very God" but as the author of the wisest system of philosophy ever put forward by man. He rejected the vicarious atonement of course, and the whole doctrinal framework of the scheme of redemption. Of immortality he said little. He neither approved the despotism of the Russian government nor that of the Russian religion. He declared that the sum of all the evil possible to the people, if left to themselves, could not equal the sum of the evil actually accomplished by the tyranny of Church and State.

Cardinal Vaughan, who excommunicated the late Dr. Mivart, in February, is now himself in low health and the physician enjoins strict quiet.

#### MOSQUITOES AND MALARIA.

A fad in medical fashions, at once recent and absurd, is the assumption that mosquitoes are disseminators of what are termed malarial diseases. It is but a decade or so that articles appeared in public journals to show that individuals owed their exemption from this class of maladies to a free exposure of their bodily surface to these insects. They are doctors, says one writer; they bleed us and with this they suck out the stagnant blood. Significantly, however, several regions where mosquitoes bite the fiercest are totally immune. One is Greenland; another, Alaska. On the other hand, an English author, narrating his experiences at Rome, where the word "malaria" was first coined, records that he shielded himself perfectly from attacks of malarial disease by putting on an additional coat in the latter part of the afternoon. The writer has himself witnessed enough of this sort to convince him that intermittent and other fevers may be entirely obviated by precautions of this character, and that the mosquito, pest as she is, is harmless and her bite innocuous, so far as malarial disease is concerned.

#### LEIBNITZ ON MATTER.

According to the Ideal Philosophy of Leibnitz, matter, motion, space, and time are only phenomena. They are not absolute realities. They have relative reality. They are real enough on the plane of the senses. They are real enough as modes of consciousness—as our present, imperfect interpretations of that which is spiritual and eternal.

Space, time, matter and motion are relatively real, but not absolutely real. Metaphysically, in the absolute sense, in the last analysis, from the Divine standpoint, all is mind, there is no matter.

#### SOME MISREPRESENTATIONS CORRECTED.

The Swami Abhedananda has summarily punctured some of the bubbles that floated around in our boyhood days. Our books on geography had pictures of a Hindu woman beside the river Ganges in the act of throwing her infant child to a crocodile; and there was another engraving of the car of Juggernât (Jaganatha) with fanatic worshippers casting themselves down to be crushed under the wheels. The Swami says that he has walked on foot along the Ganges for nearly fifteen hundred miles, mingling freely with Hindus of all classes and castes, but never heard of mothers feeding the crocodiles with their babes. Indeed it is now declared that crocodiles do not frequent the Ganges. In regard to the stories of the car of Juggernât which is drawn in procession every summer, the story that Hindus throw themselves under it to gain salvation by being crushed to death, the Swami declares to be utterly groundless and false. So, too, the suttee or burning of widows, has been a matter grossly misrepresented. It was never a tenet of the Hindu religion nor even a custom in the way that we have been told. It seems to have begun when the Mohammedans conquered the country. They behaved so brutally to the widows of Hindu soldiers that the latter often committed suicide to escape them. Then it also occurred that when the bodies of the dead were cremated, the widows in grief and despair over their woful and unprotected condition, went with the corpse to the pyre. It was a practice, however, only in certain parts of the country, and while the priests encouraged it, perverting the interpreting of their scriptures in its support, the educated classes strongly opposed it, attempting to suppress it by force. Finally, perceiving the necessity of official help, they appealed to the British rulers, and raised a large sum of money which was paid to the officers for their influence. In this way was obtained the law by which the suttee was forbidden. The Swami is doing an excellent work in correcting cherished false impressions of his countrymen, while instructing his hearers in just views of the older Aryan religion and philosophy.

A. W.

## PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

- DISCOVERY OF A LOST TRAIL. By Charles B. Newcomb. Cloth, 270 pp., \$1.50. Lee & Shepard, Boston, Mass.
- THE COMING DEMOCRACY. By Orlando J. Smith. Cloth, 162 pp., \$1.00. The Brandur Company, New York.
- CHICKENS COME HOME TO ROOST. By L. B. Hilles. Cloth, 307 pp. Wright & Co., New York.
- "THOU ART THE MAN." By Frederic W. Pangborn. Paper, 82 pp. Wright & Co., New York.
- QUAINT NUGGETS. Compiled by Eveline Warner Brainerd. Cloth, 136 pp., 45 cents. Fords, Howard & Hulbert, New York.
- PHILO-SOPHIA. By Anita Trueman. Cloth, 95 pp. The Alliance Publishing Company, New York.
- MAHARSHI SWAMI DAYANAND SARASWATI ON INDIAN RELIGIONS. Being an English translation of His SATYARTH PRAKASH, in 4 volumes, Vol. III. By Durga Prasad. Cloth, 300 pp. Price, 12 annas per copy. Lahore, India.
- GLAD SONGS OF PRAISE. By William H. Watson and Bertha M. Snow. Paper, 32 pp. W. H. Watson, 512 Tenth street, N. W., Washington, D. C.
- THE LIVING UNIVERSE. By Henry Wood. Paper, 23 pp., 10 cents single copy. 12 for \$1.00. Lee & Shepard, Boston, Mass.
- THE HEART OF JOB. By Dr. W. C. Gibbons. Cloth, 167 pp., \$1.00. Universal Truth Publishing Company, Chicago.
- SEEK WISDOM. By Leo Virgo. Paper, 28 pp. Unity Tract Society, 1315 McGee street, Kansas City, Mo.
- FROST FLOWERS ON THE WINDOWS. By Albert Alberg. Paper, 25 pp. Published by the author, Chicago.

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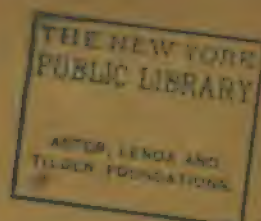
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 ARYA BALA BODHINI. Monthly. 50c. a year. Adyar, Madras, India.  
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 BRAHMAVĀDIN. Monthly. Rs. 4 a year. Madras, India.  
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 CHRISTIAN LIFE. Quarterly. 50c. a year. Morton Park, Ill.  
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 COMING AGE. Monthly. \$2.00 a year. Boston, Mass.  
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 MIND. Quarterly. 12s. a year; 3s. a copy. Williams & Norgate, London, England.  
 MODERN ASTROLOGY. Monthly. \$3.00 a year. London, England.  
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## CONTENTS:

	PAGE
MAN: SPIRIT, SOUL AND BODY - - - HIRAM K. JONES, LL.D., M.D.	151
THE ROMANOFFS AS REFORMERS (Concluded) - - - CHARLES JOHNSTON	165
FORGIVENESS (Concluded) - - - - - AARON M. CRANE	172
THE MAKING AND DECAYING OF THE CREED (IV) - - - REV. HENRY FRANK	185
SEPTEMBER - - - - - C. H. A. B.	191
DÉCADENTS, COLOR AND SOUNDS - - - - - " " "	193
LITERATURE, A MYSTERY AND A REVELATION - - - " " "	194
"THE YELLOW PERIL" AND "THE WHITE MAN'S BURDEN" - - - " " "	202
THE STORY OF A RIVER (An Allegory) - - - - - ADVAITIN	206
THE KING'S JEWEL (Poem) - - - - - PSYCHE	213
THE WISE MAN AND THE SEA URCHINS (VI) - - - - - EVA BEST	215
PROPOSAL FOR A GERMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH - - - (Editorial)	221
FAITH CURE BECOMING SCIENTIFIC - - - ALEXANDER WILDER, M. D.	222

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# THE IDEAL REVIEW.

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## MAN: SPIRIT, SOUL AND BODY.

BY HIRAM K. JONES, LL.D., M.D.\*

"Your entirety, the spirit and the soul and the body."—*First Epistle of Paul to the Thessalonians*, v. 23.

The mind of the Senses affirms that there is but one *Substance* in the world and that that substance is MATTER.

The Intellect † affirms that there is but one *essential* substance in the world and that that substance is SPIRIT. It also affirms that there is a *phenomenal* substance in the world and that that substance is Matter.

### CONCERNING MATTER.

The sense-mind inquires where does Matter terminate and Spirit begin; as though the one were some continuous degree of the other. The Intellect affirms that they are not continuous, but discretely different; that Spirit is that which moves, Matter is that which is moved only. Spirit is active, Matter is passive; Spirit thinks,

\* President of the American Akadémé, Professor of Philosophy in Illinois College, Lecturer on the Philosophy of Plato and the Indian Schools, at Concord, Mass., Principal of the Plato Club at Jacksonville, Miss.

† This term is used in its original, rather than its conventional sense, as denoting the discerning or noëtic faculty, the faculty that *knows*, as distinguished from the *sensibility* that feels, and the *will* that chooses and resolves.



Matter does not think; Spirit feels, Matter does not feel; Spirit knows, and computes knowledges;—Spirit subordinates Matter to its uses, moves it into predilected instrumental shapes, and applies these instruments to its own aims and ends.

We have the instrument on the one hand, and the designer and framer and user of the instrument on the other. Now, must we reckon these to be two, or only one? Are the instrument and the user of the instrument the same? Or are they different? Are the carpenter and his axe, the musician and his violin, the engineer and his engine, separable as two, and distinguishable from each other? Or, are these in each case one and the same?

No refinement of Matter alters its properties. Neither magnetism nor electricity nor ether is endowed with self-motion, or thought, or sentience, or will, any more than is the stone, or the clod or the grass. Spirit is being—entity, and is endowed with life. Matter is non-being, non-entity, and is not endowed with life.

#### THE TWO, MIND AND MATTER.

This distinction of Mind or Spirit, and Matter, and the true thought respecting their logical relations, is no new speculation. Aristotle says of the ancient Atomic Materialistic philosophers: "They took notice of no other Principle of things in the universe than what is to be referred to the Material Cause." This they considered to be the first Original and Principle of all things. And he further remarks: "Though all generation\* be made never so much out of something, as for example out of the Matter, yet the question still is by what means this cometh to pass, and what is the active cause which produceth it. For the subject-matter *can not change itself*. After this the inquiry arises after another Principle besides Matter, which we would call: 'That whence motion springs.' \* \* \* That things are especially so well in the world, and especially are made so well, can not be imputed either to Earth or Water or any other senseless body; much less is it reasonable to

\* Greek, *genesis*, creation; coming into the natural world and objective existence; the being produced.

attribute so noble and excellent an effect as this to mere Chance or Fortune."

In the thought and belief of men in every age of the world of which we have history, this distinction of two Principles, the one which moves and the other which is moved, has been cognized and held to be fact, and so to afford axiomatic and other data for the knowledge of the system of the universe.

Although it be philosophically true that Matter is a mere property and aspect of the system of the universe, instead of the essential constituent, the conventional usage must suffice for the terms of discourse on the present theme: "That Mind and Matter are two Principles, distinct and distinguished. That the one—Mind or Spirit—is characterized as *entity*, a vital essence, a form that is self-moved, for force and self-motion can not be affirmed of that which is formless, and also as endowed with the attributes of Thought and sentience and corporeality:—hence, a being that thinks and knows, that feels and loves, and wills and acts."

"That the other—namely, Matter—is *non-entity*, characterized as that which can not move itself. It can not think and know; it can not feel and love and will; and it can not effect corporeality—that is, it can not move itself or another into organic shapes and instruments, nor can it support and maintain and use them when organized by another."

These two Principles, however, in these terms and distinctions and relations and correlations, are universals; and their genesis, and motions and correlatedness and unity constitute the exhaustless theme of the logical and philosophic powers of the human mind.

The comprehensions of these general terms are also conveniently signified and distinguished by the terms "Physics" and "Metaphysics." The former of these, "Physics," appertains to the knowledge of Matter and its phenomena—material objects, and their modifications and motions. The other, "Metaphysics," relates to real being and its phenomena—spirit, mind, soul, form, thought, feeling, action.

It is, moreover, conventional and convenient for discourse to predicate of each of these two universals, substance; and hence, in accordance with the foregoing axioms and definitions, these substances must be ranked respectively as Material Substance and Essential\* Substance.

#### FORM AND EFFIGY.

Lastly of these preliminaries, and the most difficult of them all, must be attempted the statement and distinction of *Form* and *Effigy*. And hereof, it must suffice to postulate as accordant also with the foregoing axioms and principles, that all possible force underlying all actuality and all motion resides in entities—in beings; and motion is the process of existing entity and *form* in the totality of this essential, moving nature—the sum total of the attributes that make up the notion of a forceful, self-moved and moving entity. This is Form; and Effigy, or *shape*, is the phenomenon, the apparition, the material aspect of this actual form. Only of entity and actual being is form predicable. For that which is *non*-entity, which is without being, without life, is hence without resident force. It, therefore, cannot be initiative of motion; and hence non-entity is void of self-motion. The Material Principle cannot change itself. It exists only as it is changed and shaped by another Principle. The acting form is ostensible in the supersensible realm of the world; the manifestation of this self-moving form as *Effigy* is apparent among the sensible orders of things. The former is *intelligible*, as being cognized by mind in supersensible vision. The latter is *sensible*, as that which is cognized by Mind in the limitation of the sensuous organs.

Form, therefore, is predicable of entity only; and every essential existence objectified and apparent in the terrestrial orders, appears as an effigy of that form. The effigy is, therefore, as the term implies, the out-figure,—the shape, generated and maintained by

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\*This term is adopted from its etymologic as well as philosophic meaning. It is from *esse* to be; whence come *essens*, being, *essence* the being; entity, a substance which is vital, and hence forceful, and hence self-moved, and hence a living Form. Accordingly, entity is predicable only of Essential Substance.

the motion of a correlated existing form, and it depends from this as its cause.

From these grounds and reasons essential form may be computed to be the chief factor in the processes of the System of the world and of Nature. This factor is not native in the substances and shapes of the Material Kingdoms. All vitality, all animation, all animal sensation, all animal instinct, all animal thought, all animal shape, all animal motion, are identifiable as spirit, essence, form, introduced into organic connection with non-entity, which *of itself* is abstract, dead material substance; and together with this material substance there must be *another* Substance in order to constitute and realize and identify living forms. An Essential Substance is constitutive of all animality,<sup>1</sup> in whatever material guise.

Accordingly, there is no animal frame, no animal material body, that is not caused and influenced as to its material arrangement, shape, mechanism, motion, etc., by an indwelling, essential, vital form. The material body is the opposite and effigy of this essential form, an adumbration of this form. This body is in all cases the body of Something, as the body of a horse, the body of an eagle, the body of a man; and accordingly, it remains for us to distinguish the horse, the eagle and the man, from this body.

The etymology of the term "body" argues and signifies the same as effigy. To "bode" is to portend, to shadow forth, and body is the portent, that which is shadowed forth; and consequently if this body be an effigy or out-figure we must also recognize that of which it is a Body to be the relatively essential, and real substance. This essentially Real is the Form in contradistinction from Body, which as body or effigy, is the appearance merely of the Form.\*

Form as thus contradistinguished from the bodily shape is, therefore, the essential determinate reason and nature of every living creature. Each of all the corporeal aspects of animate nature

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\* This derivation seems to be in conformity with the Aryan root-words. "Bhad" denotes among other things, the holding together, as the body holds the soul, and is its external manifestation.

depends upon its own peculiar differentiated and distinguished *essential* vital form. There is not any thing in all the animated kingdom of nature that is not what it is by reason of its essential form. The forms of the animate kingdoms are vital essence, sensitive and self-moved; the shapes of the inanimate aspects of nature are material substance, and so are unconscious, insensate and inert; and the forces which we observe moving these elements of Matter, and which we are accustomed to call "material forces," are the vital forces of the animate sphere and its forms moving upon and in the material world.

#### MAN AND HIS BODY.

It may now appear, and with sufficient probability and reason to be stated, that among all mere bodies material, a human body also is, in and of itself, exempt of all animation and sensibility and thought and motion. Its nature is a mere fabrication of material substances, and is devoid of all human properties. The retinal expanse in the eye is as idealess of the nature of the tree or the house whose images are impressed upon it, as the looking-glass with the same images. The tympanum of the ear with all the auditive apparatus, is as unknowing of the nature and cause of sound as the wall is in case of the echo; and this is true of all the rest of the material organs of sense.

The material corporeality of Man is accordingly no part of himself; no more so than the engine is a part of the engineer. It is only the temporal instrument by which he relates himself to the Material World and acts upon it; and as a figure, the Material Body is exponential of the Man.

#### FORMS.

The *Forms* of essence in the kingdoms of life must be supposed to be infinite in their multiplicity and variety. So, likewise, it must be supposed of their appearances or manifestations in the System of Material Nature. In the relation and correlation of these two systems, which constitute the Universe, the vital sphere within its *forms* bodies itself in the sensible and visible sphere; and the former

inflates and impels and uses the latter. The former is logically prior and dominant; the latter is posterior and passive. The forces of the existing forms produce the modifications and shapes and motions of material substances.\*

Let us not, then, search for the living among the dead. Man is not a fabrication out of the elements of Matter; he is a form, rather, of some relatively essential substances. And the aim and object of all rational and philosophic research concerning the living, is the essential *form existing*, or what is the same, the Idea actual. This is the Real. This is the *only* real; and of and concerning this alone, may we predicate the apparent, the phenomenal; for the apparent must stand in and subsist from the real.

Man is a form of vital essence, exhibiting in his actuality or existence, and consequently in his appearance, the three characteristics of Thought, Feeling and Action. It is customary, therefore, to predicate of him a certain threefoldness: Spirit, Soul, Body—in the words of the Apostle, *pneuma, psyché, sóma*. That is: Man's intrinsic life, which must be regarded as an essential unity, is actual and existent under a threefold aspect. Yet man is not constituted of three parts glued together, as it were, which may be supposed to be separable and to be separated.

Man's distinctive rank and order among the infinity of existing forms or ideas must be sought, however, in a comprehensive logical knowing of the characteristic generic properties of each. There exist the idea-man, the idea-heart, the idea-bird, the idea-fish, the idea-reptile, the idea-insect. These ideas or existing forms are genetic, and they are prolific. Each rules in its own order, and God giveth to each germinal form, to each seed of a generation, its own body as it willeth. In other words, these ideas in their generations

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\*It may be remarked that the term "form" as here defined and used technically, is synonymous with the Greek word "idea." It generalizes and distinguishes the actualities of real being as distinguished from sensible images and things.

are eternal in the thought and will of the Creator; so that they are essentially invariable in their generations.

Accordingly, the Idea-Man generateth not the form and body of the beast; and the Idea-Beast generates not to the form and body of Man. Hence in the form of genetic essence, and thence in the determinations of actuality, and thence again in the appearance, or body, these forms and their generations are *specifically* discrete. They are different species.

#### MAN A DISTINCT MICROCOSMIC FORM.

Man considered as a microcosmic form must comprehend all the forms of being below himself. This must be thought, however, as a logical comprehension—that is, a comprehending and a comprehended series in which the comprehending order is not either of the orders of the comprehended series. On the other hand, likewise, not either of the comprehended series can be identified as the comprehending order. And so Man, in so far as his nature is comprehensive of all the natures below himself in the scale of life, in so far is he neither one nor all of them, but he is the comprehender of each and all of them. He comprehends and thence may know each and all of them; but neither one nor all of them can comprehend and know him.

And so Man is discreted and separated in animated Nature. He is neither a beast, nor a bird, nor a fish, nor a reptile.

As has been said already, everything both animate and inanimate is *what it is* by reason of its form, its ideas; and so Man and all things are generations from Ideas which have their parentage in the thought and will of the Creator. Accordingly we must find that Man as to his thought and sentience and will and actuation is as discretely differentiated from the thought and feeling and will and actuation of the mere animal, as his corresponding form and his body are different from those of the animal. For the generations of each and every order of the system of the universe are characteristic of their prototypal ideas in the mind and will of the Creator,

even throughout their species and varieties. They have not their parentage in any unformed principles or potencies supposed to sleep in the bosom of lifeless matter.

Man is an existing entity, a form of spiritual essence, and is both actual and apparent; thinking, feeling, willing and acting. He is actual and therefore apparent in whatever plane or world he may be acting; hence in the sensible world which is a sphere alien to his essential nature, he is apparent by means of a material corporeality which is an adventitious body constituted of the material substance. But in the intelligible or spiritual world in which he is indigenous Man is actual also and apparent by means of his own psychic body which is an essential body constituted of the spiritual essence of his native sphere. This psychic body is a permanent and characteristic property of his triune nature of which we are in search.

THE MATERIAL CORPOREITY IS NO CONSTITUENT OF THE MAN.

We cite in corroboration of our statements the following discourse from Plato:

ALKIBIADES I., BURGESS' TRANSLATION.

*Sokrates*—Is not the person who uses a thing different from the thing which he uses?

*Alkibiades*—How do you mean?

S. As a shoemaker, for instance, cuts leather with a semicircular knife and a straight knife, and other tools.

A. Yes.

S. Is not the shoemaker who cuts and uses tools, one, but the tools which he uses, another?

A. How not?

S. Would not in like manner the instruments on which a harp-player plays, and the harp-player himself, be different?

A. Yes.

S. This, then, I was lately asking: Whether the person who uses a thing seems to you always to be different from the thing which he uses?

A. He seems so.



S. What, then, shall we say of the shoemaker? That he cuts with his tools only, or with his hands likewise?

A. With his hands likewise.

S. He uses them, too?

A. Yes.

S. And does he not use his eyes too, when he is cutting leather?

A. He does.

S. Now we are agreed: that the person who uses is different from what he uses?

A. Yes.

S. The shoemaker, then, and the harp-player are different from the hands and eyes with which they work?

A. It is apparent.

S. And does not a man use also his whole body?

A. Certainly.

S. Now the thing using is different from what it uses?

A. True.

S. A man, therefore, is a being different from his body?

A. It seems so.

S. What sort of a being, then, is a man?

A. I cannot tell.

S. But you can tell that it is some being making a use of its body?

A. Yes.

S. Does any other being make use of this its body, but the Soul?

A. None other.

S. And does it not do so by ruling the body?

A. Yes.

S. I suppose, moreover, that no man would ever think otherwise than this.

A. Than what?

S. That the man was one of three things.

A. What things?

S. Soul, or Body, or a Whole itself formed from both.

A. How not?

S. Now have we agreed that the being, which rules body, is a man?

A. We are agreed.

S. Does the body itself govern itself?

A. By no means.

S. For we said that it was ruled.

A. True.

S. This [body] then, cannot be that of which we are in search, [namely, Man] ?

A. It seems not.

S. But does the compound being, [the soul united with the body] rule the body ? and is this the man ?

A. Perhaps it is.

S. Least of all so. For in case of two, one not being a joint ruler, there are no means for both to rule jointly.

A. Right.

S. Since, then, neither the body, nor the compound of both, is Man, it remains, I think, either that the being [man] is nothing at all, or if it be any thing, it results that the man is nothing less than SOUL.

According to this reasoning of the philosopher, the material body of man is no constituent part or property of his real nature. The psychic body, the essential body, is the real human body; and the material frame is the effigy and phenomenon (or manifestation to the senses) of that body. It is man's mere instrument in the Time-sphere and its relations. Man and other beings as well, are not constituted and formed out of phenomena but out of the essential substances of the world invisible and intangible to the material senses.\*

Hence let it be inferred that whether we denominate this being "Soul" or "Man," the form is not bipartite; it is not constituted of two parts of heterogeneous substances. It is, therefore, not separable into two distinct *parts*: Man is not part matter and part spirit, and a certain unity of these two; nor is he tripartite, as a unity of three distinct and separate parts, and as such, one part spirit, one part soul, and one part body. But Man must be

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\* See *Epistle to the Hebrews*, xi., 3. "*Πίστει νοοῦμεν κατηρτίσθαι τοὺς αἰῶνας ῥήματι θεοῦ εἰς τὸ μὴ ἐκ φαινομένων τὰ βλεπόμενα γεγονέναι.*"—By faith we cognize that the ages have been set in their order by divine appointment till the producing of the things that are visible out of those that are not phenomenal (or manifest to the senses).—A. W.

conceived to be an ultimate indivisible unity,—a totality comprehending the properties and capabilities of thinking and feeling and acting. This unity is genetic; it generates thoughts and volitions and deeds.

Generally, therefore, this unity manifests its existence in three aspects of its totality commonly denominated Intellect (or Spirit), Soul, and Body—by which we should mean a certain form of being manifest now in the aspect of thinking and knowing; now in the aspect of sentience and will; and now in the aspect of corporeity and deeds; that is again,—the activity of thinking and knowing, the activity of loving and hating and self-determining, and the activity of making and using corporeal instruments of action in the effecting of ends perceived and willed.

#### WHAT SPIRIT, SOUL AND BODY REALLY ARE.

In this view we must dismiss the common opinion that in the occurrence which we call “death,” Man as to his body is disrupted from one part of himself, which part of himself must be dispersed throughout the chaos of organic and inorganic nature; while the other part of himself, destitute of corporeity and hence destitute of the instrumentality of deeds of life, a formless unimaginable sprite, must hover in some unimaginable Limbo awaiting the lapse of untold thousands of terrestrial cycles, for the possible conditions of actual existence by a reünion of the Soul with identical elements of some former material body; and which body of the many successive bodies that he may have carried during a lifetime is not even considered.\*

What we call “death,” is, therefore, not the separation of man from some essential and vital part and constituent of his existence.

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\* By the constant change of the elements that make up the body, the Whole is changed throughout in a comparatively short time. Hence the individual may be described as having carried many bodies in a common lifetime, he remaining still the same.—A. W.

It is simply the relinquishing of an order of corporeal instrumentalities no longer useful to him in the system to which he is transferred. Without this material instrument he is still as capable of thinking and feeling and acting and of making and using suitable instrumentalities as he was before. His essential corporeity is as undying as any other principle of his common nature.

Man can as easily and truly be conceived to be and to exist without thought and feeling as without action and motion; but corporeity is his instrumental means of expressing his thoughts and feelings and his actions and motions in carrying out and effecting the purposes of the mind and heart. Hence, without this, his body, existence is not predicable of him; that is: Man is not conceivable as existing without corporeity and embodiment. But the so-called tripartite form of Man is a misnomer. Man is not a form compounded of three parts, but a trine—a three-one form: a spiritual form of which *πνεῦμα, ψυχή, σῶμα* (pneuma, psyché, sôma) are attributes. Spirit, soul and body predicated of an essential and imperishable form are thought to be three modes of activities of a total and indissoluble spirit nature namely: the activities of thinking, the activities of feeling, and the activities of process to ends. The effect and result of each respectively is thought and will and deed; and of these attributes corporeity is the activity of unifying and expressing thought and will in the deeds of life.

In that he sees, thinks and knows, Man is pneumatic [spiritual]; in that he feels, loves, hates and wills, he is psychic; and in that he effects the ends purposed in the thought and will he is somatic or corporeal. The unity and harmony of these three attributes are the one spiritual form—the whole man—now and always in their true order. Pneuma sees, thinks, and knows; psyché feels, desires, believes and wills in accord with the wisdom of their lord; and sôma enacts the joint dictate.

But this somatic attribute, the attribute of affecting and using body and corporeal instrumentalities, contemplated as a universal, as microcosmic, is contemplated as both psychic and hylic—both

essential and material. In the universe the supernatural is the essential, and the natural is the phenomenon and instrument; and in man as he exists now, the psychic body is of psychic essence, and the material body is its phenomenon and instrument in Nature's physics and mechanics. But body essential is process and manifestation of the energies of Spirit and Soul, and the quality and disposition in which spirit and soul—the thoughts and affections—conspire to ends, and determine the body and the characteristics of the body. If these qualities and dispositions are virtuous, pure and celestial, there is the body called spiritual, or of a pneumatic characteristic; but if on the other hand these determining energies are sublunary and sensible, then is the body said to be of psychic and sensuous characteristic.

Thus the Soul, and the Spirit through the Soul, adumbrate and form a body consonant and conformable to the nature and quality of their conjoint dispositions and energies. If this conjoint determination be preponderantly toward terrestrial and sensible realizations, then is the body psychic and sensuous; but if the preponderance of the conjoint determination be toward intelligible and celestial interests and realizations, then is the body pneumatic or spiritual in its qualities and manifestations; for body is process and manifestation of the energies of spirit and Soul. And therefore is it that by the "deeds done in the body" shall all be known and judged.

HIRAM K. JONES, LL.D.

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"There is nothing," says Plato, "so delightful as the hearing speaking of truth." For this reason there is no conversation so agreeable, as that of the man of integrity, who hears without any intention to betray, and speaks without any intention to deceive.—*Addison*.

It is not the cares of to-day, but the cares of to-morrow that weigh a man down. For the day we have the corresponding strength given; for the morrow we are told to trust; it is not ours yet.—*Geo. Macdonald*.

## THE ROMANOFFS AS REFORMERS.

BY CHARLES JOHNSTON—*Bengal Civil Service, Retired.*

### (II.)

Peter the Great was the first man in modern Europe to conceive the idea of the secular state, though himself a deeply religious man, and even strongly devotional all through his life. There has been a very large degree of religious liberty in Russia ever since; the persecution of Jews and sectarians, of which so much is made by the critics of Russia, having either a political and social cause, or being the abuse of local and personal influence. There are so many Jews in Russia, for the simple reason that they have fled thither, to avoid persecution in other lands, esteemed to be more civilized. At the present day, not only Christians of all sects, but Mohammedans, Buddhists, Jews, and the hundred types of Siberian pagans are allowed the fullest liberty in their own form of worship.

Peter also clearly seized the principle that one chief end of governments is, to secure an outlet for the produce of their country, and channels of exchange with other lands. Here again, he represents the triumph of the modern doctrine of work and industry over the medieval ideal of privilege and ambition. To the end of securing markets for Russian produce, and an outlet for Russia's wealth, he fought his way to the Baltic and the Caspian Seas, and established a fleet on each of them. This was his purpose, in importing those merchant-captains and ship-builders. As an organizer of industry, he is here once more the supreme type of his age; the first of the moderns. There are few finer or more manly anecdotes in history than this saying of his: "I know well that the Swedish armies will beat us for a long time. But they will end by teaching us to beat them." Put the armies of circumstance instead of the Swedish hosts, and we have a precept of valor for all time.

In his marriage, Peter was as thoroughgoing a democrat as

in all else. The girl whom he made his empress, and who afterwards ruled alone with great wisdom and skill for two years, was an orphan of humble birth, found among the ruins of a captive city. Her personal qualities led Peter to wed her, rather than any of the princesses of Western Europe who were ever ready to give themselves in exchange for an imperial crown. His greatest general, Menchikoff, he found selling cakes in the streets of Moscow; and gradually promoted him to be leader of his finely organized and well-disciplined troops. In those stormy days, a strong army was a condition of national existence. Russia was still to struggle for two centuries against the Turks. In the days of his grandfather, Moscow had been sacked by the army of the Poles, and burnt to the ground, not for the first, and not for the last time in its history. And Charles XII. of Sweden was raging to and fro across Northern Europe, as a very fire-brand of war. Therefore, in forming a strong standing army, and introducing the finest discipline of the age, Peter was once more simply organizing to the best advantage the resources of his native land. Unlike modern rulers, Peter the Great found his place in the forefront of his army; his clothes were more than once pierced with bullets in the thick of the fight, and once his head was grazed by a ball which tore away his hat.

Long years of misery, and the melancholy example of Poland, had made perfectly clear what dangers Russia might suffer from a disputed succession; therefore it was inevitable that the principle of heredity should be accepted. But Peter added the principle that the worthiest, rather than the eldest, is entitled to rule; and more than once since then, the Russian imperial house has put this principle in force. The last time this was done, was in favor of Nicholas the First, who came between Alexander the First, friend and then foe of Napoleon, and Alexander the Second, Liberator of the serfs. Peter himself set aside his own dissolute but dearly loved son Alexis, whose persistent evil-doing was one of the bitterest incidents in his life. "I shall wait a little while longer to see if there be any hopes of your reform. If not, I shall cut you off from the succession as one lops off a dead

## THE ROMANOFFS AS REFORMERS.

branch. If I am willing to lay down my own life for Russia, do you think I shall be willing to sacrifice my country for you? I would rather transmit the crown to an entire stranger, worthy of the trust, than to my own child unworthy of it."

His capital, St. Petersburg, Peter not only built, but fitted to be one of the foremost centres of modern science and culture; in this as in everything he did, showing how perfectly he embodied the modern ideal. And it is characteristic of his many-sided genius, that the rules and institutes for his new Academy were drawn up by his own hand.

It may be said, therefore, that, in Peter the Great, the house of Romanoff gave Russia a ruler who stands in the very foremost rank of mankind, in any age. He was as great a builder as Alexander of Macedon was a destroyer, and this in every field of social, religious and industrial life. In nominating as his successor his wife Catherine, he again stood in the forefront of thought and innovation; for this was that same humbly-born orphan who had been picked up in the streets, after the sack of Marienburg. It is something to say for Russia, that there was no impassable barrier between the peasant-girl and the imperial throne.

For nearly three-quarters of a century, Russia was governed by women; so that the House of Romanoff, in addition to other claims, may put forward this: that they have ever stood in the front of the battle for woman's rights, or rather, for equality of sex, holding to the principle that the best and noblest qualities of the human soul are above sex. Compare with this extreme liberalism, the narrow-minded and reactionary declaration of Napoleon the Great, three-quarters of a century later:

"In France, women are far too highly respected, and put on the same level with men; while, in reality, they are only machines for the production of children. Disorder penetrates the whole state, if women are freed from their position of dependence."

It was, however, most of all in the person of Catherine the Great that the ruling house of Russia vindicated the claims of woman to



moral and intellectual equality. If Peter was the first of modern men, Catherine was assuredly the greatest of modern women. It may, indeed, be questioned whether, throughout the range of all history, we can find any woman greater, more gifted, and applying those gifts more beneficently, than Catherine of Russia.

It is true that she was not a Romanoff by birth; but it is also true that nowhere but on the throne of the Romanoffs could she have found a full outlet for her genius. This throne she inherited, by wedding the grandson of Peter the Great. And she turned the whole energies of a rarely gifted mind to fitting herself for her position, becoming in all things — culture, religion, and language — more Russian than the Russians themselves. Peter stands for the material greatness of Russia; Catherine, for its intellectual and moral development. And following in Peter's footsteps, she invariably set the example by doing first herself what she required others to do for her. One characteristic case may stand for much of her work as ruler of Russia. Just thirty years before Jenner published his famous work on Vaccination, the discovery of inoculation against small-pox had been made by a learned English physician, Dr. Dimsdale. The Empress Catherine the Great heard of this, and invited the learned doctor to St. Petersburg. She had already determined that she herself would be the first to submit to the new process. Dr. Dimsdale tried in all possible ways to evade the responsibility of such an undertaking, but Catherine insisted, and was inoculated on October 12, 1768.

"I must rely on you," she said to Dr. Dimsdale, "to give me notice when it is possible to communicate the disease. Though I could wish to keep my inoculation secret, yet far be it from me to conceal it a moment, when it becomes hazardous to others."

Shortly after this, she wrote to Voltaire:

"I have not kept my bed a single instant, and I have received company every day. I am about to have my only son inoculated. Count Orloff, that hero who resembles the ancient Romans in the best times of the republic, both in courage and generosity, doubting

whether he had ever had the smallpox, has put himself into the hands of our Englishman and, the day after the operation, went to hunt, in a very deep fall of snow. A great number of courtiers have followed his example, and many others are preparing to do so. Besides this, inoculation is now carried on at Petersburg in three seminaries of education, and in a hospital established under the protection of Dr. Dimsdale."

Catherine was, throughout her long reign, a perfect mistress of state-craft, leaving her country far stronger, richer, and more extensive than when she ascended the throne. But she will be remembered rather as having done most for the introduction of the Russian language into the field of European literature, thus ranking with Chaucer, Dante and Martin Luther, as the founder and perfecter of one of the great literary idioms of the modern world. She wrote Russian well herself, as well as French and German; and there is genuine literary merit and charm both in her translations into Russian, and her original works.

Another wonderful innovation was the division of Russia into forty-three great provinces, with from a half million to a million inhabitants each. Every province had a separate government complete in itself, and each province was further divided into ten or a dozen districts thus attaining exactly the result reached in the United States by the division of the whole Republic into States, and the further division of these states into counties. As in the United States, each district had its inferior court of justice, while each province had its high court. The position and powers of the governors are fairly equal in both countries; but in addition; the courts of the Russian governors served as centres of social and intellectual culture, as outposts of civilization throughout the vast plains and forests of the rapidly growing Russian Empire.

It is characteristic of the difference, of which we have already spoken, between the Teutonic and Slavonic characters, that this almost identical organization came about in exactly opposite directions in Russia and America. In America, the States were first of

all groups of individual colonists, and aggregations of settlements. Then these settled States combined together to form the first union, to which other States were gradually added from the outside. This exemplifies what we have said, as to the individual being the Teutonic unit, while for the Slav, the unit is the whole nation. The division of Russia into forty-three provinces, took place by a separation of this national unity; the provinces then further separated into districts; just the reverse of what took place in America.

Catherine the Great created this system of locally self-governed states or provinces a century and a quarter ago. It is only during the last few months that the same principle has been extended to a part of the British Empire, by the Local Self-Government for Ireland Act. So the British Isles now stand on the same footing in this matter as Russia did a hundred and twenty-five years ago.

Catherine further made effective the advance of Peter the Great towards the Euxine, and a large trade began to flow into Russia through the Dardanelles and Bosphorus. She also formed the great highway for Chinese trade, along which, even at the present day, vast quantities of tea find their way to the Russian markets.

She is entitled to still greater honor, as a preacher and practiser of religious toleration. During all her long reign, not one case of persecution for religious opinions took place through that vast empire, which even then covered one-eighth of the land-surface of the world. When we compare this with the history of the Penal Laws under English rule in Ireland, and with the long struggle for Catholic emancipation, it will once more be seen how striking was the example set by the house of Romanoff to the whole modern world. She added to Russia provinces professing many religions different from, or even openly hostile to, the Russian church, but in no case were either Protestants, Roman Catholics, Calvinists, Moravians, Mohammedans or pagans disturbed in the practice of their forms of faith. More than this, all might equally attain any post in the army or civil administration, not the smallest preference being shown on account of religious conformity. Once more, how strikingly "barbarou

Russia " compares in this with civilized England, where, even at this day, more than one of the highest offices of state have religious tests attached to them. Thus, neither the Lord Chancellor nor the Viceroy of Ireland can legally profess the Roman Catholic faith, though, as Mr. Gladstone wittily said in one of his last great speeches, both offices are open to Mohammedans or Buddhists. Catherine was once urged to persecute some sect accused of heresy. Her reply deserves to be recorded for all time :

" Poor wretches! since we know they are to suffer so much and so long in the world to come, it is but reasonable that we should endeavor, by all means, to make their situation here as comfortable as we can."

Her priestly adviser doubtless failed to perceive the exquisite sarcasm of this reply, but her prohibition of the persecuting spirit was not therefore the less effectual.

A characteristic possessed in common by both Catherine and Peter was the union of great state-craft with marvelous intellectual alertness and energy. Both made it their duty to bring to Russia the newest and best intellectual light of their age. Both brought the best books to the banks of the Neva, and used all their influence to add to their number. And, while Peter the Great founded a splendid astronomical observatory, Catherine instituted a thorough scientific survey of her dominions, thus contributing to our knowledge of vast spaces of the earth's surface. The Caucasus Mountains, the vast conterminous region between Russia and China, the shores of the Arctic Ocean, were in turn thoroughly explored, and the results recorded for the uses of modern science. Peter the Great, even while working in his smithy at Zaandam, had planned a canal which should unite the Caspian with the Black Sea, by joining the streams of the Volga and the Don. Catherine carried out an even grander scheme, by uniting the Volga to the Neva, thus making it possible to carry merchandise from the Black Sea to the Baltic, or from the Baltic to the northern frontier of Persia.

CHARLES JOHNSTON.

## FORGIVENESS.

BY AARON M. CRANE.

(II.)

"The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof; the world, and they that dwell therein," is the fundamental and sweeping language of Hebrew lawgiver, prophet and poet.\* If the earth and all the things of the earth, including even its inhabitants, are the Lord's, then they belong to him and not one of them all rightfully or properly belongs to any man as his property, because, in the exclusive sense of a property-right, what really belongs to one not only does not but cannot belong to another. Then there can be no right, natural or acquired, in any man to property as such, because that right, according to these repeated declarations, is vested in another, even in the Lord God Himself. For man to claim it as his own is to attempt to wrest the ownership from the Lord.† All we have or are is from God; we call it ours, but that is a mistake; it is His.‡ If

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\* Exodus ix., 28, and xix., 5; Deut. x., 14; Chron. xxix., 11; Job xli., 11; Psalms xxiv., 1, and l. 7-12, and lxxxix., 11.

† It may not be amiss to note that the plan of the modern socialists is merely the transfer of the ownership of a portion of the things of the world from the various persons now claiming them to the community as a whole. The prediction is here made that this new form of ownership will be found to have defects and disasters equal to the present plan. The error lies in ownership wherever located.

‡ The defect in the declaration that men in the possession of wealth are really "agents for the proper disposition and application of the bounties of the Lord" appears when it is noted that in human law, and in the general understanding of the term, the "agent" is held rigorously responsible for what he does with the property of his principal, and if he converts it to his own use he is reckoned as a thief or embezzler—one who has taken advantage of the confidence reposed in him by another to wrong him. The man who is agent for the management of the property of another is never recognized as having himself any right of independent use or ownership in such property. It is not his.

this is true, then no man really owns anything, and then these teachings of this petition of our Lord's Prayer are true. If this is not really the situation, the petition under consideration is a great mistake, and much of the other teaching of Jesus Christ is untrue also, because all his words touching property are in harmony with this proposition of the Hebrew teachers of earlier times.

This proposition is also included and inculcated in an old precept which was old in Jesus' day and which he quoted with entire approval as the second great commandment like unto the first: "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."\* Here again the word "as" stands between the two portions of the declaration for a sign of equality. On one side of this sign is love for self; on the other side is love for the neighbor. They should be exactly equal. When a man loves his neighbor *as* he loves himself—not more nor less—then he will be just as glad for the neighbor to have the things he has and which he calls his own as he is to have them himself. Under this condition, as well as those already considered, all distinctively property-rights disappear and there is no longer any "mine" or "thine." All that is his is his neighbor's just as much; and if the neighbor recognizes the same condition, then all that is the neighbor's belongs equally to him. This is not modern socialism, but a step beyond. It is toward this state of things that the Hebrew year of jubilee points, the year when all property was restored to its former possessors.

This teaching of the petition and of the passages quoted from the Old Testament accords exactly with the advice of Jesus about lawsuits and lending. He would have us come to an agreement with our adversary before court proceedings commence.† Touching the recovery of debts, he said that sinners lend to sinners to receive as much again; but he told his followers that they should lend hoping for nothing again, and that they should give double what was demanded.‡ In the same spirit he said to the rich young man: "If

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\* Matt. xxii., 36-40; Leviticus xix., 18 and 34. † Matt. v., 25.  
 ‡ Luke vi., 34, 35, and Matt. v., 40, 41.

thou wilt be perfect, go and sell that thou hast, and give to the poor."\* It agrees with his own course, for he had not where to lay his head;† and we do not anywhere read that he ever exacted anything for any of the indebtednesses under which he placed so many by his own works of instruction and healing. He forgave their indebtedness as soon as it was contracted and before forgiveness was asked or payment mentioned. He was not only willing but glad that others should have. So completely did he do this that it is doubtful if any of those benefited by him ever thought of "payment," though it seems they were ever ready, so far as was in their power, to grant him the same free service which he had given them.

The teaching of this petition is just in line with his advice not to lay up treasures upon earth, and to take no thought for the morrow, what we shall eat, or drink, or wear.‡ Also in accordance with the same position he advised the emissaries of the Pharisees to render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and unto God the things that are God's.§ In this spirit he sent out his disciples through Judea on the work of healing and teaching without any agreement or promise of wages, and without any preparation whatever for the expenses of the journey, emphasizing this condition of no preparation each time he sent them out. He did not tell them to exact anything for their services, but they were to accept for their subsistence whatever was offered.||

The parable of "the unjust steward"¶ is an illustration of this principle: and so is that of the rich man whose barns were over-full.\*\* Jesus' declaration, "Ye cannot serve God and mammon," or riches, is absolute on this point.†† He seems to have reached the climax of all this in his declaration to the multitudes who were proposing to follow him when he told them, as he tells every one now: "Who-

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\* Matt. xix., 21. † Matt. viii., 20. ‡ Matt. vi., 19-34. § Matt. xxii., 21. || Matt. x., 5-11, and Luke x., 1-7. ¶ Luke xvi., 2-12. \*\* Luke xii., 13-21. †† Matt. vi., 19-24, and Luke xvi., 13.

soever he be of you that forsaketh not all that he hath\* cannot be my disciple."

The whole is admirably and completely summed up when he says in the Sermon on the Mount: "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness."†

Another phase of all this appears in his words, and in their effect upon those of his auditors who did not understand his meaning, when, on one occasion, he touched upon this theme. The record says of them: "The Pharisees also, which were covetous, heard these things, and they derided him." His terrible reproof to them is also his reproof to all who, like them, failing through covetousness to catch the spirit of his teaching, think that they can serve both riches and the Father in heaven, who think that they can be forgiven without themselves forgiving. "He said unto them: 'Ye are they which justify yourselves before men; but God knoweth your hearts; for that which is highly esteemed among men is an abomination in the sight of God.' "‡

This application of the principle underlying the petition includes in its scope the whole ground of financial affairs. Its acceptance and adoption as one of the working rules of life, as was said at the outset, would bring about a complete reversal of all the prevalent conditions touching property, and would dispose forever of all those questions concerning the acquisition and holding of property which now cause such bitterness of heart, estranging relatives and friends, keeping whole communities in turmoil, and disrupting nations. It would destroy the whole of the present system of business methods which,

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\*The Greek word here rendered into the phrase "that he hath" occurs elsewhere in the New Testament several times and is translated by the words "his goods" more frequently than otherwise. The substitution of this latter phrase in this place might give the expression a meaning new to some readers: "Whosoever he be of you that forsaketh not all his goods" (*i. e.*, all his property,) "cannot be my disciple."—Luke xiv., 38.

† Matt. vi., 33.

‡ Luke xvi., 13-15.



so far as it is competitive, is really an attempt to get from others what is recognized in a greater or less degree as theirs. It would terminate all those disputes about wages, rent, and interest which the world has sought so long and unsuccessfully to decide. It would end at once and forever all questions about poverty, charity and almsgiving, and the pauperization of the poor. Indeed, there is no other method by which any one of this multitude of most vexatious questions and their prolonged disputes can be settled; but here is a steadfast and enduring basis. Settlement on any of the old plans, which are really without any basis at all, is impossible, because the line of demarkation between the two sides of the question is either visionary or else subject to continual shifting, according to the varying circumstances and the changing opinions of the contending parties. Those are houses built on the sand.

In the place of the present interminable turmoil and confusion of conflict, with their attendant passions of covetousness, fear, anger, hate, envy, jealousy, and desire for revenge, the love of each for his neighbor and the forgiveness of every debt would establish peace, harmony and concord through the free-willingness of each that others should have. Such a change, even in its desirableness, is so great that it is startling to contemplate; but should this prevail, the business world would not come to an end, as some have imagined, because, if each loved his neighbor as he loves himself, there would be no relaxation of endeavor for the reason that incentives to action would be increased in proportion to the increase of the numbers for whom the exertions were to be put forth. The world has been astonished at the herculean efforts which sincere and unselfish love sets man and woman to undertake and enables them to accomplish when there has been the incentive of no other reward. The contrast in character and magnitude between these results and those brought about by hate and fear shows what the world would do were selfishness eliminated from its motives and forgiveness and love enthroned in its place. That getting from another which is solely getting is not productive work, and it is astonishing how much of the energy of the

world at the present time is devoted to this one object. Competition, because ultimately and at bottom it seeks and means always the ruin of the competitor, is destructive in its very nature. On the contrary, the working of each for each and the giving of each to each is productive. One is division; the other is multiplication. If that effort which is now absorbed in the destructive processes could be diverted to the productive ones, the result would be astonishing beyond measure.

This which has been said at such length about debts is only an illustration of the broad general principle of the petition by its application to a single subject. It may be applied in the same way to all social affairs with many overturnings as great as those which would occur in financial relations.

This universality of the petition becomes more apparent when there is taken into consideration that deeper meaning which is common to both the Greek and English words. The Greek word used in this place, like our own word debt, has a much broader and more inclusive signification than is given it in ordinary usage as applied to property obligations, but one which, in its widest reach, is wholly appropriate in this place. Indeed, without the deeper and wider meaning the petition might be limited exclusively to the subject of property indebtedness. The debt is what one ought to pay; and in a wider but legitimate application of the word it is what one ought\* to do, including all actions of whatever character and by whatever name they may be known. A man's debts constitute only one of his "oughts." Connect this with the fact that in its more general signification the Greek word translated "forgive" means "to put wholly out of mind," and then the petition may read: "Put out of thy

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\*In the New Testament where this Greek verb occurs it is more frequently translated by "ought" than by any other English word; and this is really its underlying and basic meaning without which it has no signification whatever. Any dictionary's definition of "debt," "debtor," and "due," will illustrate this position. The thought of what ought to be done is prominent in every meaning of the word. See Appendix B.

mind the things which we ought to have done but have left undone, and also the things which we ought not to have done but have done, in the same manner that we have put out of our minds those things which others ought to have done for us but have not done, and also those things which they ought not to have done to us but have done." This interpretation is not far-fetched, but is simply an attempt to express the universal thought of the petition in its deeper and wider meaning; and it is only by some such process that it can be made to apply to sin and error. Though the form of expression is cumbersome, all the meaning is not included even in this free rendering. If the ultimate meaning of the words "debt" and "ought" is kept in mind, it will be seen at once that the idea might be expressed in much simpler form, and yet as fully as it can be in words, by saying: "Forgive us our oughts as we have forgiven the oughts of others." Further than this language cannot go. The vast possibility these words contain may exhaust the human imagination.

Perfection of human conduct would be reached by compliance with the requirements suggested in this one petition alone. To forgive is to put out of the mind, and if one puts out of his own mind all the errors of others, he would thus sweep it clean of all recognition whatever of any and every form of impurity, error, evil, or sin. They would all be "put out of mind wholly," because we wish him to put ours out of his mind.\* As a consequence all wrong and discord would cease at once and forever. There would be no more contention nor any resistance, because, being put out of mind, no one would see anything to resist nor anything to contend with. Compulsion and domination would cease because there would appear no necessity for their exercise. There would be nothing to hurt nor to make afraid. There would then be no more any error, for no one would think error and therefore could not do it. The kingdom of

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\* This petition requires the putting of the error out of mind; and since the thing must be thought of before it can be done, then, if not thought of, it could never be done. The thief cannot steal if he stops thinking about it; neither can the murderer kill, nor can any other sin be committed, when men stop thinking about sin.

heaven would be recognized as come already, and men would find themselves living in it. This is the ultimatum desired by every human being. It would all be accomplished by compliance with this single request which Jesus makes us ask for ourselves which, if we are in earnest, we shall try to do. Entire forgiveness would result in perfection of conduct.

The disciple need not be discouraged nor disheartened by the consideration of this extreme requirement. As in this, so in all the precepts of Jesus, the Christ, perfection is the thing aimed at, and it will be attained by every one who fully complies with them. It may be said, in accordance with popular opinion, that this is impossible; but Jesus "knew what was in man," and as a reasonable being, he would not have required impossibilities. To have done so would have been unjust—unfair. There can be no doubt that he recognized perfection as attainable, otherwise he never would have enunciated those precepts which, like this, require it. He told us to love our enemies. Forgiveness is the first step in that direction, and in conclusion of that subject he said: "Ye therefore shall be perfect, as your Heavenly Father is perfect."\* The perfection of mankind was his object and his prediction.

No man need be discouraged at this ultimate of perfection. It is cause for encouragement because of its possibility. Nothing can be more helpful or more glorious than the thought which may come to any one and every one: "I can attain unto perfection." The theories of the world's scientists and philosophers have never dared more than to hint at it; but each Christian, with humbleness of heart, can look up and take courage because Jesus said this and because there is a way through his own forgiveness of others for the attainment of the ultimate boon. Every effort in that direction is so much of the work done, every attainment is one step nearer the goal. There need be no discouragement because of its distance. There need be only encouragement because there may be ultimate success.

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\* Matt. v., 48, Rev. Ver.

Another phase of the situation will be perceived when it is recognized that all this, so far as each person is concerned, is not made to depend upon others but rests wholly with the petitioner himself. He is asking for himself, and the action which will bring compliance with his request must be his own action. What others may do, or fail to do, is, in this, as nothing to him. He forgives, whatever there may be which he sees as something to be forgiven. It all turns upon his own mental condition of leaving it in his mind or putting it out. It is primarily a question of his own thinking. His thoughts are his own. He can think what he pleases regardless of others. No one can either hinder or control his thinking, and his actions will accord with his thoughts. The entire responsibility of each as to this particular proposition ends with thinking and doing the right thing himself. Yet the requirement is universal and rests equally upon every man, for every man recognizes that others owe him something—that there is something in others for him to forgive. Then, as stated at the very outset, the petition must come to each one because the conditions have come to him; and therein is its absolute universality.

Thus far the investigation of the subject has been limited to an examination of the form and meaning of the words in which the petition is expressed, and all the conclusions have been deduced carefully and logically from its language. It is a fact, however, that Jesus always spoke with a philosophic basis for his words, and in this case this basis may be found in the principle which underlies the life of man and is the spring and cause of all his actions. His rules for the guidance of our actions are based upon eternal principle, and are expressions of it. There must, therefore, be something in the constitution of things necessitating this language which is so exacting in its requirements and which has neither exception nor modification. An understanding of this philosophic basis affords an explanation which will greatly increase the value of his declaration to those who are not satisfied with any dictum of authority, but are looking for reasons. It will also increase their admiration and respect for Jesus

This particular petition, even in the interpretation here given it, is not an arbitrary fulmination of some supreme, irresponsible, and despotic power. There are valid and sufficient reasons for it in certain principles deep down in man's nature, which are the essentials of that nature, without which man would cease to exist as man, and which, when understood and complied with as the petition suggests, will bring to him supreme happiness in such conditions of life and living as yet have been only dreamed of by poets and prophets, but which shall be experienced as the blissful, constant, and rightful realities of life.

So long as a man has not forgiven the one who, in his opinion, has injured him, he has within himself, whether he recognizes it or not, a discordant, inharmonious mental condition resulting from his own failure to forgive. It cannot exist in connection with peace, harmony and happiness. It may at any moment burst into a destructive conflagration fed by anger, hate and revenge. So far as he is himself concerned, in his own thoughts, feelings and emotions, it does not make any difference with the unforgiving one how completely he has been forgiven by another for what that other thought was an injury, because his discord is mental, and is within himself, and has its sole origin in his own mental action. The inharmonious condition must continue with the unforgiving one until he himself has granted full forgiveness to all others. Exemption from discord and its results can be secured in no other way.

Our relations to God are in some respects similar to our relations to our brother-man. In a man's recognition of discordant conditions within himself, it counts for nothing to him how completely God may have forgiven him if in his heart he still harbors the discordant thoughts of unforgiveness toward his neighbor because, in the exercise of his freedom, he is creating and preserving within himself both the discord and its cause. By his own refusal to forgive he has put himself in that condition where he does not recognize the divine forgiveness; and therefore it does not reach his consciousness. Thus, in the consciousness of the discord of

unforgiveness, through not forgiving, he shuts the divine forgiveness out from his own recognition. In this exercise of his freedom he does not render it impossible for God to forgive him, but he does make it impossible for himself to enter into and recognize the harmony which belongs to that forgiveness and which would accompany its recognition. It makes no difference to any man how much light the sun is shedding all about him if he has closed his own eyes. With his closed eyelids he is conscious only of darkness. It is by his own action that he has shut out the light. The light of God's forgiveness shines all about us; but until a man forgives his brother he cannot have within himself the harmony and peace which arise from the consciousness of forgiveness, because he has within himself the sense of unforgiveness. This condition in himself is the same to him as though he were unforgiven by God; hence, the forgiveness he receives is the measure of that which he gives, and this is the reason why he must forgive as he would be forgiven. Without this free act of forgiveness on the part of the man himself, God cannot restore him to his condition of harmony, because in order to do so it would be necessary, by compelling forgiveness, to destroy that freedom which He created in man from the beginning, and that which makes him man.

Man is free, for he is Godlike; and, being free, he can forgive or not, just as he chooses; therefore forgiveness must be his own unconstrained action. If his action is constrained, even though by God Himself, what that man does becomes not his own action but that of another acting through him, and therefore it counts for nothing to him. Forgiveness, because of its essential character, is of the heart and not of the external man, except as it is manifested in those actions which are the results of the thoughts of the heart; therefore that forgiveness which is the result of compulsion or domination is not really forgiveness. If it possibly could be, even then the very sense of constraint would introduce another feeling of inharmony in the place of unforgiveness which would still keep him out of happiness.

## FORGIVENESS.

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188

Thus it is seen that forgiveness, because of its character and of every attendant condition, must necessarily be the free and voluntary action of the man himself, that there can be no compulsion, not even by God, and that a man's forgiveness of others must necessarily precede the recognition by the man of his own forgiveness by the Father.

This is the constitution inherent in man, without which he would not be man, and which necessitates the form of words in the petition. Therefore, any other language besides this would be erroneous, because it would not be in harmony with the principles of existence and therefore the rule would not be applicable to the existing conditions. Hence, the language of this petition, taken as the statement of a proposition, is an expression of sound philosophy based on fundamental truth. It is a rule for human action, practical in form because it is in harmony with principle, and because it may be successfully applied to all the affairs of mankind, and because by conforming himself to it man may enter into that harmony which is but another name for perfect happiness.

Hence, also, the declaration which Jesus made immediately succeeding the prayer is not the arbitrary threat of a despot; but, as addressed to the consciousness of human beings, it is only another statement in other and direct terms of the same philosophic principle: "If ye forgive men their trespasses, your heavenly Father will also forgive you; but if ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your Father forgive your trespasses."\* Other things besides the granting such entire forgiveness to others as the petitioner wishes for himself may be done by him; but without this all else, even God's work, appears to him incomplete. If this is done the other things will be done also. It is only the man himself who hinders, not God. God's work is now complete. When man does his part he will see that completeness.

In an examination of these conditions and principles it becomes

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\* Matt. vi., 14, 15.



clear that Jesus stated only the exact truth in a literal way when he said that the kingdom of heaven is at hand. Verily it is, and each man has only to put out his hand and by this forgiveness of others take it for himself. When men do this they will find also that it is indeed true, as Jesus said, that the kingdom of God is within, for within there will then be only harmony; and when it is found within, but not till then, will its existence without be recognized.

The recognition of that harmony within which results from forgiveness and which constitutes the condition of happiness and peace must come to each man from his own actions. No man can give it to another, but it is for each to put out his hand and take it. In order to attain to this—in order to enter into that bliss which is the condition of heaven, whether heaven is looked upon as a place or as a condition—the man must by forgiveness put out of himself all sense of discord and thereby attain the recognition of the harmony already existing within himself. He can do this only when, by his own volition, he has fully and freely forgiven all those who have in his own opinion injured him; or, in the more inclusive, even if metaphorical, language of the petition, those who owe him anything. So long as there is a spirit of unforgiveness in the heart, though it be kept there by the man himself—and it can be kept there by no one else, nor can any other compel *him* to keep it there—the sense of discord will keep the holder of it out of that recognition of happiness which is the preliminary condition necessary to his entrance into the state or place of perfect bliss. Were a man with this unforgiveness in his heart to be set down in heaven he would have within himself that which would make it a hell for him. But man may forgive of his own free will and thus attain to the desired result. As this is the centre of the prayer, so forgiveness is the centre of all those actions which lead to the recognition of that divine forgiveness and peace which is by all men the thing most desired.

AARON M. CRANE.

## THE MAKING AND DECAYING OF THE CREED.

BY THE REVEREND HENRY FRANK.

(IV.)

### "DEMONIZING THE DEITY."

I shall now show that the original framers of this truly repulsive Creed meant that it should be understood just as it reads, without any shade of recently introduced qualifications.

The early Reformers, long before the Westminster Confession was created, held steadfastly to the doctrine of infant damnation. Take the Augsburg Confession, of which Melancthon is the reputed author. It distinctly condemns those who affirm that children may be saved without baptism: "*Damnamus Anabaptistos, qui improbant Baptismum puerorum, et affirmant pueros, sine Baptismo, salvos fieri.*"\* (Confess. Aug., Part I., Art. IX.)

John Calvin says with his accustomed clearness: "The children of the reprobate [*i. e.*, the non-elect] whom the curse of God follows are subject to the same sentence." (Opera II.) Again: "You deny that it is lawful for God, except for misdeeds, to condemn any human being. . . . Put forth your evidence against God, who precipitates into *eternal death harmless new-born children* torn from their mother's bosom." (*De Occulta Dei Providentia.*)

"As the eggs of the asp are deservedly crushed, and serpents just born are deservedly killed, though they have not yet poisoned any one with their bite; so infants are justly obnoxious to penalties." (Molinaeux of France.)†

To what extremes of unsympathetic hardness a cruel theology

\* We condemn the Anabaptists who disapprove of the baptism of children and declare that children will be saved without baptism.

† I am indebted for these quotations to a sermon preached by Rev. Henry Van Dyke, in the Brick Church, New York, and published in the *Christian Union*, Jan. 16, 1890.

will drive even the kindest of men when they become enslaved to it; causing them to forget, if not to learn to hate, wife, mother, child and father!

Once again hear John Calvin: "Very infants themselves bring in their own damnation with them from their mother's womb; who, although they have not yet brought forth the fruits of their iniquity, yet have the seed thereof inclosed within them; yea, their whole nature is a certain seed of sin; and therefore it cannot be otherwise than hateful and abominable to God." \*

What wonder that callow theologians reared in such an indigo atmosphere of polemics should study, as I once knew a young Presbyterian minister to do, for the evidences of total depravity in his new-born babe, and then triumphantly announced the result of his careful clinical analysis to his congregation the following Sunday, by assuring them that he had discovered unmistakable signs of inherent depravity when the babe was but three days old! What a self-accusation and comment on a ministerial, Presbyterian father's heritage!

Now let us learn what the framers of the Confession themselves said concerning this damnable doctrine. William Twisse: "If many thousands, even all the infants of Turks and Saracens, dying in original sin are tormented by Him in hell-fire, Is He to be accounted the father of cruelties for this?" †

For the vivid picture of the disposition of these eternally damned infants by this mild and maudlin Presbyterian God, read Samuel Rutherford, one of the Scotch Commissioners who assisted in framing the Creed: "Suppose we saw with our eyes a great furnace of fire, . . . and all the damned as *lumps of red fire*, and they boiling and louping for pain in a dungeon of everlasting brimstone, and the black and terrible devils with long and sharp-toothed whips of scorpions lashing out scourges on them; and if we saw our own

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\* "Man and God," Bray, p. 259.

† *Whither*, Briggs, 124.

neighbors, brethren, sisters; yea, *our dear children*, wives, fathers, mothers, swimming and sinking in that black lake, and heard the yelling, shouting, crying, of our young ones and fathers;"\*  
 . . . . and so on *ad infinitum ad nauseam*.

What further need to show that the unchecked outcry of the modern conscience against all such calumnies of God and man is more than justified by the horrible pictures of divine atrocity to which the dictates of the Creed gave rise?

What wonder that one of the most fashionable and popular of New York City's Presbyterian preachers cries out in the debate on the question of revision: "I had never taken the trouble to read this Creed: but now that I have, compel me to believe in it and you compel me to become an infidel!" (Dr. C. H. Parkhurst, as reported in a daily newspaper in 1890.)

And yet because Col. Robert Ingersoll uttered the identical remark a few years ago, and said, further, that he became an infidel because his crusty Presbyterian father tried to pound pure blue Calvinism into his veins with the sharp side of a shingle, all the Christian world grew faint and raised its hands in holy horror!

But now it comes to pass that at the very dawn of the twentieth century a wealthy and fashionable congregation of Presbyterian people preserve a well-groomed pulpiteer at an expense of some ten or fifteen thousand dollars per year, for proclaiming to all the world the very fiat of common sense for which Col. Ingersoll and Henry Ward Beecher were once so roundly and rashly abused!

"Consistency, thou art a jewel." But would you seek for such a jewel in the rubbish of decayed theology?

Is, then, Presbyterianism on the verge of total collapse, or is it about to put on its resurrection wings and soar into realms of rational theology?

There is no greater anachronism in this age than the Presbyterian Creed. It is this Creed alone which is responsible for the perverted

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\* *Whither*, Briggs, 125.

conception of God that grates upon the conscience and intelligence of the age.

This creed pictures a God of supreme and absolute power, creating out of nothing a world inhabited by sentient and conscious human beings, who, because of no guilt or responsibility of their own, are doomed to everlasting torture.

Only a small number (the elect) are set aside by the Creator for salvation; the vast majority have no hope—their doom is sealed: the red-flamed, gaping jaws of Hell await them.

Unborn children who have not yet awakened to consciousness are eternally cursed by a foreordained decree in the bosoms of their mothers. The flaming streets of Hell are full of the shrieking multitudes of misery, who shout their everlasting curses against the God who made and damned them; while on high He sits benignly indifferent to their woes, like a heavenly Nero enjoying the fumes of burning flesh which ascend from the sulphurous conflagration as a "sweet-smelling savor" to his nostrils.

I challenge the students of the world's religions to discover a heathen god as reprehensible, repugnant and atrocious as this God of the Presbyterians! There is absolutely no excuse for his existence except the stupidity of thick-skinned bigotry and slavery to traditional superstition.

It requires no prophet to declare that if Calvinism continues to offend the common sense and intelligence of posterity the whole church will be buried beneath an avalanche of indignation beyond the possibility of restoration.

It is incredible that men of learning, world-wide sympathy and ordinary common sense can adhere to such detestable teachings; or that they can believe that the confession of such a faith is the stepping-stone to a paradise of peace. If there were a God of Justice who sat in judgment on his miserable creatures, and were at all concerned in His popular reputation, He must needs first of all hurl into everlasting hell the unabashed libelers who conceived the West-

minster Creed, and of Him who is the God of Love made the incarnation of the blackest demon hell ever engendered!

But there is a humorous side to this serious discussion. Let us assume that the Presbyterian Assembly, whose voice is final, should revise the Creed, so that the Love of God would be supreme and all-prevailing; what then would happen? Imagine what a commotion there would be in Hell, and what feverish expectation in Heaven!

Countless millions of those wretched creatures who have been burning for these thousands of years in stenchful flames, not knowing why, would find the way of escape made easy. The ramparts of Heaven would be crowded with myriads of white-winged angels who would hang upon the battlements with outstretched, expectant arms. They would suddenly become like human beings and remember that they had hearts of love. God himself would grow compassionate and drop tears of sympathy for those whom he had forgotten.

Little babies who had been burning for ages would come up to the throne with charred cheeks and singed hair, and ask God why he had been so mean and unkind to them. John Calvin himself would walk round the streets of Heaven with a scowl of dissatisfaction on his face, exclaiming that God had become a weakling and yielded to the clamor of the mob. Jonathan Edwards would excitedly examine the well-wrought chain of his logic, and search for the cracked link that had given way and wrought all this embarrassing confusion.

Hell would look lonely; the fires would all go out; and nothing would be left of its ancient glory but a few gray ashes. Heaven would be so overcrowded, the God of the Creed would be pushed off his throne, and in his stead would sit, requiring much less room, the modest figure of Impartial Love, whom all beholding would adore.

Which picture would the Presbyterian fathers prefer to behold:—  
A seething, bubbling and fiery hell, full of the symbolic fumes of endless misery, or a peaceful heaven, crowded with all the children God had created, receiving the everlasting favor of his blessing?

Let them not forget the picture may be made according to their order! They are the artists and designers. They made the ancient

Hell and they can make the modern Heaven. They conceive a God who is a demon; and they can now conceive and substitute for him a God who is the Deity.

No demon can exist forever, be he on the throne of Heaven or of Hell. As the Presbyterians created their God, they must be responsible for him. They alone inculcate in the minds of little children the belief that there sits upon the all-powerful throne of Heaven a God who enjoys petty vengeance better than he does pity and forgiveness: who never winces when he sees millions of his own creatures, for whose existence he alone is accountable, writhing in such torture as even cannibals could not stomach; who smiles and smiles, and ever smiles, satisfied with his own peace and the triumph of his selfish plans, despite the shrieks and groans, the curses and denunciations, of those who justly charge that he made them but to murder them; yea, that he is not content to murder them outright, but prolongs the agony through the endless eons of eternity.

I challenge the most learned Presbyterian to prove that I have maligned his God. I have simply painted his character in plain and homely language; but I have borrowed my colors from the palette of the Presbyterian Creed.

Let not the Presbyterian clergy assume any longer to flaunt this blood-spotted banner of theological anarchy in the face of modern intelligence, unless they covet the term hypocrite or ignoramus.

If we must have some God, let us have one whom we can respect. If no such God can be found, then let the world move on as best it can, and deify MAN, rather than demonize DEITY.

HENRY FRANK.

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What revelations have been made to humanity inspired, or caught up to heaven of things to the heavenly region belonging, have been either by unspeakable words which it is not lawful for a man to utter, or else by their very nature incommunicable, except in types and shadows, and ineffable by words belonging to earth.—*Ruskin*.

# DEPARTMENT OF PHILOSOPHY.

DEVOTED TO

Art, Literature and Metaphysics.

EDITED BY C. H. A. BJERREGAARD.

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## SEPTEMBER.

The mood of September is philosophical. It invites us to review the past months of spring and summer, to consider results attained and new ideals generated.

September is the month of fruits, the season of purple and red, ripeness and profusion. Many animals begin to put on their winter wear, the birds are molting, and beginning to migrate; the "nuptial glow" of many fishes fades; the toads contemplate hibernation. Some North American snakes have chosen September for birth-month, but they somehow are at enmity with the general order of things. The insects do not seem to be aware of the cold that is coming; they are still filling the air and creeping everywhere; more thoughtless still are the crickets and katydids. The "goldenrod is golden still," but "the heart of the sunflower is darker and sadder." And all this is because "Queen September goeth by."

The close of the summer and "the slow declining year" is evidenced by cool nights, foggy mornings and clear days. The atmosphere is clear and fresh, and lifts our whole frame to greater buoyancy and stimulates thoughts. Perhaps no season shows a more beautiful landscape than September and that especially just before sunset. There is a serenity and an expectancy spread abroad,



which is utterly unknown to summer sunsets and hardly suggested in the spring. There is a melancholy tenderness in the moon's light upon the trembling wave or the sparkling rill. The gloom on the shore of an inland lake is fascinating, almost inviting us to plunge into its deep.

September is silent but not sombre and sad. There is still music in all echoes and mild serenity reverberates through the silence of the meadows and woods. It is the feeling of satisfaction with labor well done which broods over everything; and it is the query: "What is the purpose of it all?" which resounds in the stillness; and it is the open ear that strains all nerves to hear what the distant storm says.

The quiet sublimity of September nature is Nature's Hallelujah! She moves slowly and quietly, the Great Mother! She does not indulge in riots nor call upon the trumpets to sound her doings. In September serenity we read everywhere her device: "I aspire!" And in the fruitfulness of the season she teaches a lesson in Yoga, that silences the Brahmin. Nature's infinite book of secrecy is never read so well as in the soft twilights of September and by the magic influence of ripened seed. What is a seed but a manifestation of principle, the cradle of the future? And what is Nature but the everlasting Becoming, the coming-to-be; three in one: God-soul-immortality!

And to you, just returned from your vacation, I say with Browning:

You have seen the world;  
—The beauty and the wonder and the power,  
The shapes of things, their colors, lights and shades,  
Changes, surprises,—and God made it all!  
—For what? Do you feel thankful, ay or no?

This world's no blot for us,  
Nor blank; it means intensely, and means good;  
To find its meaning is my meat and drink.

C. H. A. B.

## DÉCADENTS, COLORS AND SOUNDS.

During the last fifteen or twenty years French literature and its numerous imitators have started and kept in motion a most peculiar literary and mystical discussion, which is neither settled nor satisfactorily explained either by friends or foes. Even supposing it true that Décadism is an illusion resulting from general paresis and that Baudelaire's "Flowers of Evil" is its real key, it has inaugurated a new line of resources for which art must ever be grateful, and it has produced works so thoroughly original, that no literature can show a similar phenomenon; and that originality has really introduced us to unknown emotions and images. It is true, that the senses have by the Décadents been declared the only purveyors, the only intermediaries, between ourselves and Universal Nature. But that charge, which to some would be a most terrible one, loses much of its character when we come to see what the Décadents understand by senses and discover that they mean something quite different from what our pseudo-philosophers ever thought; in fact there is nothing in their dictionaries that approaches what the Décadents mean. I shall speak with appreciation about these new prophets, and I propose to set forth examples of their teachings, that the reader may judge for himself.

Baju claims that Décadism has created a new taste by spiritualizing the impressions of the senses. René Ghil has given the details of something of this "spiritualizing the senses." His *Traité du Verbe* teaches that we must not come too close to reality, but must extract from it its essence or that which moves us; "we should live within and construct there the exterior world according to our special character." In other words we must be Symbolists. His next principle relates to *verbal instrumentation*. Vowels especially are our musical instruments and all have a color-meaning. René Ghil has given us the following musical correspondents: F, i, and s correspond to the long, primitive flutes. L, r, and z correspond to the horn, bassoon

and hautboy, etc. O, io, oi give color red; ou, iou, oui, go from black to russet, etc. A, o, and iu, express magnitude and fullness. E and I convey ideas of the tiny, the sharp and mournful. O, r, s, and x stand for great passion, roughness and violence. Arthur Rimbaud has expressed the whole subject in the following verses:

Vowels, A black, E white, I red, U green, O blue,  
 Some day I'll tell the hidden sources of your rise,  
 A, the black hairy bodices of glittering flies  
 That near foul stenches hover in a buzzing crew,  
 Dark depths; E, whiteness as of tents, of mist and dew,  
 The glimmer of parasols, white kings, sharp glacier-ice;  
 I, purple, spitten blood, laughter fair lips devise  
 In anger or repentant frenzied moods that rue;  
 U, cycles, the divine vibrations of clear seas,  
 The peace of pastures dotted with their herds, the peace  
 Which on broad, studious brows by alchemy is set;  
 O, a high clarion filled with a strange strident note,  
 Silences where in space the worlds and angels float,  
 — O, Omega, of her eyes the ray of violet!

It seems to me that much of this symbolism is true. I can at least see something here and there which is common experience to some of us. That A is black means that it opens the sound-alphabet; it is black in the sense of being the unknown "dark depths." E or Eh? is our affectionate query when something surprising or startling is told. It is allied to truth, that form of truth which comes out of vessels like "tents, mists, and dew" or the spiritual class of affections. The classical *evoë* was the bacchanalian exclamation of joy and prophetic inspiration. I is like a sword or the arrow, and comes forth as the sarcasm "fair lips devise," or in anger or "repentant moods that rue." I penetrates the U, "the divine vibrations" or nature and the outcome is the world. Spirits and powers stand aghast at the result and exclaim "Oh!" "a high clarion filled with a strange strident note"; and in ominous silences the world at last

goes down into the Omega or End of things. Thus meet the Beginning and the End. Thus it seems to me I can faintly see how:

Colors, perfumes, and senses answer each to each.

Why should it not be so? Is it not rational and beautiful? I believe Victor Hugo's inspiration that "not a hawthorn blooms but is felt at the stars—not a pebble drops but sends pulsations to the sun." All things with each other mingle and Baudelaire, the high-priest of Symbolism, has declared:

Nature a temple is, where living pillars stand;  
From them sometimes a sound of words confused escapes;  
Man passes there 'mid forests of symbolic shapes  
That watch him with familiar gaze on every hand.

Even as long echoes far away mix all their speech  
And in a gloomy depth of harmony unite  
Vast and immeasurable as is the night, the light,  
Colors, perfumes, and senses answer each to each.

Perfumes there be as cool as children's flesh new-laved,  
Sweet as the note of hautboys, green as prairies are  
—And others opulent, triumphant, and depraved.

Which, as things infinite, expand and spread afar  
Odors of amber; musk, benzoin, and frankincense  
That sing the transports of the spirit and of sense.

The philosophy of *Décadism* as far as I have characterized it is certainly Idealism, and my definition is strengthened by Gustave Kahn's declaration: "We want to objectivate the subjective, viz., to project the idea instead of subjectivating the objective, which means nature seen through a temperament." Bajou has given more of a literary expression to *Décadent* literature when he said: "It takes up only what directly interests life. We give no description; we suppose all known and only present a rapid synthesis of the impressions. We do not depict, but make the reader feel."

Why should we condemn as neurotic the *Décadent* sensory impres-

sions of sounds and letters? Colors, odors, gestures, and letters are organisms and do act as if they were living personalities. At any rate it is only by treating them as dynamic forces that we understand them. I can therefore not see anything so very insane in Théodore de Banville's "*Petit Traité de Versification Française*" which is a Décadent catechism. He writes that "rhyme is the sole harmony of verse and is the whole of verse. \* \* \* One listens only to the word which forms the rhyme." According to old school methods such a declaration and teaching is an exaggeration, but why should not new men adopt new methods? An all-powerful and absorbing force can be put upon such representative words which one chooses for rhyme that something entirely new and unsuspected is heard and revealed. Décadents have discovered that new method.

It is not always easy for the uninitiated to discover the inner connections between proper names and their Décadent meaning. But that is not so strange. Décadism represents much that is only "for the few." One of that group has said that if one of his books pleased more than twenty-five persons, he would feel mortified and very grieved. True and real poetry is not for the crowd, "the vile multitude." As it is, Mallarmé holds that the name "Charles" is of the tint of black marble; "Emile" is of lapislazuli color, etc. But if this be not comprehensible, it is at least suggestive of a new field of psychic perceptions and as rational as the statement that skyblue answers to a harp-accord, to smell of almonds, to sweet milk, to the warm moisture of a grotto. To Mallarmé the organ is black, the harp white; violins are blue and flutes yellow.

Such formulæ are not for reason, they are for feeling and they require a great passion to explain them. In that they are mystic and as such have a claim upon our respect and attention. These phrases and their occult qualities can not be understood except by the musical genius or that mind which readily falls in with the vibrations of the world-mystery. The Décadent Verlaine cried: "Music before everything. \* \* \* Music now and forever," and he was right, I think. Music is not imitation, but is the translation of symbolic poetic art.

But music is really self-creation or our expression of the value of self, hence Verlaine could truly say :

*L'art, mes enfants, c'est d'être absolument soi-même.*

art is that of being truly one-self. And this harmonizes with what I said above—that Décadism was idealistic and subjective in the highest degree.

The Décadents call themselves Symbolists. Symbolism, or the Great Art as they call it, must not be understood in any older sense. It has a new meaning and is like Décadism itself both a reaction and a consequence, a mode of thought and a form of expression. Let me take an illustration from Mallarmé, the chief Symbolist. His "Faune" can serve the purpose. A faun saw the light nymphs, joyous and charming—but they fled instantly as Beauty before the Beast. He is sad and said: "They are gone forever!" But as he knows this earth to be a psychic sphere, he knows also that the appearance was only a dream, hence he summons the mad and loving phantoms in his own re-created forms and loves them, kisses them and clasps them. The vision vanishes again. But he does not regret the loss because he has the power to recall them at will.

This philosophy is simply an elaborate application of the image-making power of the mind. "Symbol" means, then, to Mallarmé, simply "image," or mental creation. But a Symbolist's images are no mere poetic fancies; they are realities and of more value than tangible things.

I have presented the reader with a concise statement of facts which illustrate features of Décadism of more than temporary interest. What shall be said of this form of literature and philosophy? Shall we condemn it because we do not understand it and because it differs from our set notions and small ideas? Would it not be wiser if we devoted our energies to similar studies of the Inner Life? We are far behind the Symbolists and Décadents in sincerity and psychic insight, and as for that simplicity which keeps daily conversation with Nature, we know nothing of it.

C. H. A. B.

## LITERATURE, A MYSTERY AND A REVELATION.

## I.

It is not easy to define what literature is. It may have been easier to do so fifty years ago, than it is now. The latter half of the century has seen such an enormous development and so great changes in literature, that we to-day stand before a complex phenomenon which no one lightly will undertake to define, and which has become a special study in our universities. The last ten years have seen the publication of at least fifty volumes on such subjects as these: "The interpretation of literature"; "literary interpretation of life"; "science of literature"; "comparative literature"; "analysis of literature," etc.; a large number of "studies in literature" have also appeared and the more important languages, such as German, French and English, have each in their sphere brought forth analytical works in the national literatures written in them. All these works treat literature as an organism and endeavor to find and to explain its laws and boundaries. It is literature in this sense, of which I shall speak.

To say that literature is an organism is the same as to say that it is an expression of life. All organism is life and probably all life is organic. But what is life? This question immediately brings us face to face with something mysterious and occult, and this again implies that in literature there is something mysterious and occult. Such a view of literature is new and perhaps not easy to see at once. I will therefore set forth the idea by means of an illustration. I liken the organic stream of literature to the river Nile.

The Nile is unique and deserves the description more than any other river. It rises mysteriously in one zone and terminates its run in another, and its whole course is characterized by the unusual and symbolical. The Nile does not come from a single spring, but cradles in an enormous lake (Victoria Nyanza) and is nourished by another (Albert Nyanza). Its affluents are mighty rivers coming from the regions of ancient civilizations. As all fresh life, the Nile

is in the beginning a swiftly racing stream, often leaping down rocks and struggling hard in mountain fastnesses and deserts for a passage; further on in its course it is like "the staff of life" to peoples and the *sine qua non* of culture. As a drain, the Nile crosses boldly and beneficently vast expanses of swampy land, carrying apparent evils along with it, transforming them and finally depositing them in lowlands, where they become the saviors of men. The Nile finally flows in so great a calm, that its course at some seasons is scarcely perceptible. Only by observation of the drift of the little green water-plants, *pistia stratiotes*, can it be seen. The mighty river at last spreads out into an enormous delta and exhausts its life into the Mediterranean, a sea worthy to receive the messenger from the equatorial lake.

The course of the Nile resembles very much the stream of life and the manifold features of the existence of a complex organism from its start in a single cell to its dissolution of integrated parts. Literature has followed a similar track and has passed through all such forms. Histories of Universal Literature as well as comprehensive accounts of national literatures show this. The modern literary studies, spoken of above, furnish a large amount of material on this subject. Our psychologists and Mind students cannot afford to ignore these riches. They are not only "criticisms of life," but they are to science, art and religion parallel lines of revelations.

Literature is a transcription of life; the word life taken almost in any sense. In that lies its mystery and in that it becomes a revelation. By means of signs, called letters, and by forms of language and style man can express in intellectual molds what he has experienced of that mystery in which we have our being. Literature is thus a parallel to the plastic arts, but these address themselves to the feelings and perceptions rather than to the intellect. As a transcription, literature reflects life and interprets it; but it remains a mystery calling to mystery, if the reader's experience is not able to adapt itself to the revelation. Literature can therefore not be said to be any more than a reflection or transcription, always needing an inter-



pretation. But literature is in that respect no more limited than the plastic arts. We see as often the ignorant worship an image instead of the reality symbolized, as we see the deluded materialize letters and sentences into dogmas and sterilized law-forms. Michel Angelo's horned Moses, and his Last Judgment are symbols, or his transcriptions of insight; and so are the Bible's pictorial representations to be read by soul-spectacles, but they are not the reality.

Keeping in view the illustration of the Nile given above, it is easy to classify all that which goes by the name of literature. Some parts are, like the White Nile, the direct outlet of the great lake, the Divine Mind; other parts are, like the affluent Blue Nile, celestial and elevating. The epic and "the storm and stress period" is the river struggling in the mountain gorges; and lyric sensuality is swampy, miasmatic, but can be carried off into fields of fruitfulness. History has seen dry and barren periods in which literature has struggled for an existence as in desert places. The Nile delta and in fact the whole of lower Egypt is so thoroughly water-soaked that it is barely able to hang together, and that resembles very much the state of culture to-day, which well may be said to be held together by its multitudinous forms of literature.

But in this reflection of life by literature there is an element which gives a certain sanctity to literature. It is nowhere a mere reflection; in the nature of things, it can be no mere reflection. Life passes through Mind in order to become literature and that gives it a character akin to sanctity. This claim will be met with stout opposition in many places, I know, and it can easily be made ridiculous by biased intentions. But it is true, nevertheless. Where there is Mind there is an endeavor to get beyond one's self, to picture something which to the writer is better than the something that is opposed. All such endeavors bear the stamp of sanctity, because they reveal one or all of the three graces, be they called faith—hope—love, or designated by Greek names.

Shall we allow the objectionable modern novel a place in this pantheon? Yes! The destructive forces are necessary elements in

the great economy of existence. Even the defective and ugly has its place there. Thor's hammer-handle was too short; Loki was an enemy of the gods, but he went to their feasts; Medusa was horrible; the Furies, systematic frenzy, the Satyrs hideous; and even Zeus was unreliable. No terms are strong enough to describe the aversion of a Western mind to Hindu gods; but the Buddha is said to be enthroned in the flower of the lotus, which is but organized mud. There is a jewel in the novel and it may adorn and does express the mind of some "human divinity" found either in a slum or in a palace.

Literature is an organism, a personality, an expression of psychic life and all soul-life resounds with the vibrations of that deep mystery which we call by many names and into which we all seek admittance. Philosophy seeks it by means of Truth; Art endeavors to realize it by the Beautiful, and Science of Life claims the Good to be the real form; but Literature, following the methods of Life, searches for it in the direction of the Great. As yet, we know but little of it, it would seem. Religions have failed to reveal much of it; Art has done better; Science and Literature, two new Promethean forces, are leading us into far larger views than ever seen. Let us welcome them !

C. H. A. B.

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The true philosophy of life is the philosophy of present action and of future hope. It looks to individual happiness as the normal destiny of the soul. It extends the sphere of man from a world of physical functions and physical activities, to a world of spiritual functions and psychic activities. It exalts individual destiny beyond a present contribution to species, or a future contribution to the soil of Mother Earth. It lays the terrors of loneliness and death. It banishes the shades of annihilation. It opens to the soul unmeasured possibilities. It guarantees an individual completeness through individual love, and a permanent happiness here and hereafter. It makes of each individual man and woman a natural heir to all the beneficences of Nature and Nature's God.—*Florence Huntley.*

"THE YELLOW PERIL" AND "THE WHITE MAN'S  
BURDEN."

It is a common thing to hear talk about "progress" and "civilization" as the only goal of history and it has become an understood thing that "the higher" or "the white" race is the master, not to say the owner of the earth. People talk of "evolution" as if it were God Almighty and not a method, and take for granted that that idea is the magic power that gives the white man a right to rob his colored fellowman of his land, etc. Human development in the last sixty years has been so extensive and marvelous that much of this talk is excusable, and so perhaps are the false premises it rests upon. The present white race and its leaders and teachers have seen nothing but "progress" and success. Take a map sixty years old and we see America west of the Mississippi a large area "inhabited" only by Indians and buffaloes; in Australia and Australasia only a few ports and a little land around them are open and known to Europeans; Africa is a blank, excepting the coastline; no white man can pass from Palestine eastward through China; both China and Japan are closed to Europeans. In other words only the smallest part of the world is subject to "civilization" as understood by Europeans. Within sixty years all this is changed and the white man has forced himself an entrance everywhere and to-day "land-grabbing" is a factor in politics. A new phrase "the white man's burden" has also come into use, but what it really means is not clear. Politicians of various countries have given it various senses, according to their various purposes. But it generally happens that such phrases get a sense never intended by the originators. Fate, if I may use the term, now shows that "the white man's burden" is something he never expected nor wished, nor even thought possible. The "burden" is this, that the white man has presumed to occupy and settle in many tropical tracts of land, but cannot "hold his own" against nature or the colored races, who own these tracts by

birthright of the most remote antiquity. The white man does not thrive except in climates which are similar to those of his own regions, and the very civilization, viz. : powder and guns, rum and opium, treachery and false gods, etc., etc., which he has brought with him will be and is being turned against him. He can never hope to exterminate the natives; according to nature's law they increase and multiply faster than the Europeans, and as Dr. Pearson has shown: "the most fertile parts of the earth are the inalienable freehold of the inferior races." The same authority, backed by statistics, the evidence of European settlers and the concurrent testimony of scientific observers, shows that the white man will disappear from the usurped tracts of land in the same way as the Spaniards have disappeared in Hayti, after passing through intermediate generations, and will be like the "mean white" in New Orleans. The white man has assumed a burden of which he knew nothing and which now is beginning to be as heavy as the child Holy Christopher meant to carry across the river.

There are two sides to this question of the white man's right and duty to invade the colored man's land. The humorous side is somewhat like that expressed by a wag in *The Citizen* (April, 1897). We have come to that state which the reasoning animal, the undeveloped human beast of the Neolithic age described in the following words:

We are going to live in cities!  
We are going to fight in wars!  
We are going to eat three times a day  
Without the natural cause!  
We are going to turn life upside down  
About a thing called gold!  
We are going to want the earth and take  
As much as we can hold!  
We are going to wear piles of stuff  
Outside our proper skins!  
We are going to have diseases  
And accomplishments and sins!

I know it is a terrible sin to laugh at our modern civilization but

I do it nevertheless and I enjoy the bitter sarcasm of the above. It lays bare the roots of our present-day distress whether we like it or not. Most people prefer to pass lightly over the subject with a shrug of the shoulders and quietly slip away from the torture of civilization into the country where they may return to a life somewhat like that of Nature. We are all familiar with the hearty "Oh! I am so glad to get away from the city." It is heard every summer vacation. It implies a denunciation of the much-boasted civilization and it speaks loudly about the weariness of it. The trolley and the bicycle have become so popular because they bear us away into the country both quickly and cheaply. Excursions have become necessities and the seashore is visited as never before. All of this shows a return movement of the *cives* to the *paganus*, a quiet but forcible protest against much of the "white man's" philosophy and doings.

The serious side of the question of the white man's right to invade the colored man's land and force upon him his own culture, is a problem indeed. Putting aside the subject of a questionable civilization, who has authorized a mere handful of white men to assume the right to dictate to other races? How do they prove their patent of nobility? Is "the white man's burden" an office given him by a power higher than Nature? The answers to these questions must be sought and are found in the fact that the Caucasian in spite of his many faults is the priest of Highest; that he is the bearer of Moral Order, the proof of Freedom, an office not directly filled by Nature. The philosophical term for that office is Mind and the particular mode of it is in America "to be practical," which here means union, synthesis and incorporation. Of this term I wrote extensively in this magazine, April, 1899, in an article in "The World of Thought" headed "The Mind of China, Japan, America, and the New Age." To this I wish now to refer the reader; it contains the remainder of my argument for the law of duty, which compels the white man to invade Asia, and which proves that he must succeed, though it may cost him his life.

But if we are in duty bound to compel the colored races to learn

and to obey a certain higher order of things, at present unknown to them, we have no right to proceed with vengeance against the Chinese nor to use such naked and unashamed utterances as those reported to have been recently employed by Kaiser Wilhelm. To meet barbarism with barbarism is to create a "white peril"; to inflict such reprisals as shall not be forgotten in a thousand years and to make the German name a scourge and a terror in China, is disgraceful and degrading. That white man or nation which does so forfeits the right to his color and calling. We must come only with justice; in that only is it lawful to "broach the blood of the world."

Whatever be the immediate outcome of the present-day events in the war, the fact remains that we live in an age of momentous importance which none of us can afford to neglect to watch and study. Our age is a turning-point in universal events and offers exceptional opportunities for an insight into the workings of the Great Mystery. The time has come for those who in hot prayers ask for a vision of God, the soul and immortality. They may now be satisfied, but only by entering through the gate named Mind, and the school of Wisdom and Love.

C. H. A. B.

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When the Holy Spirit was given to St. John then was the door of heaven opened unto him. This happens to some with a convulsion of the mind, to others calmly and gently. In it are fulfilled these words of St. Paul: "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him, but God hath revealed it unto us by His Spirit." Let no man boast that he is continually drawing nearer to the highest perfection possible while here on earth, unless the outward man have been converted into the inward man; then indeed it is possible for him to be received up on high, and to behold the wonders and riches of God. \* \* \* Further know ye that before that can come to pass of which we have been speaking, nature must endure many a death both outward and inward. But to such death eternal life answers.—*Eckhart*.

# THE HOME CIRCLE.

OPEN COLUMN.

EDITED BY ELIZABETH FRANCIS STEPHENSON AND EVA BEST.

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## NOTE TO OUR READERS.

In this Department we will give space to carefully written communications of merit, on any of the practical questions of everyday life, considered from the bearings of metaphysical and philosophical thought, which, we believe, may be demonstrated as both a lever and a balance for all the difficult problems of life.

Happenings, experiences and developments in the family and the community; results of thought, study and experiment; unusual occurrences when well authenticated; questions on vague points or on the matter of practical application of principles and ideas to daily experience, etc., will be inserted, at the discretion of the Editors, and in proportion to available space. Questions asked in one number may be answered by readers in future numbers, or may be the subject of editorial explanation, at our discretion. It is hoped that the earnest hearts and careful, thinking minds of the world will combine to make this Department both interesting and instructive, to the high degree to which the subject is capable of development.

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## THE STORY OF A RIVER.

AN ALLEGORY.

“ In spite of rock and tempest's roar,  
In spite of false lights on the shore,  
Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea!  
Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee,  
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,  
Our faith, triumphant o'er our fears,  
Are all with thee—are all with thee.”

—LONGFELLOW.

I was cradled in the snowy mountains of the Himalaya, encountered by lofty peaks and rocky ravines, and my earliest recollection was that of a cloud enveloping me in a thin veil of mist, and shedding

ding tears of happiness at my birth. She gently whispered me, "Varuna, awake! and listen to a message I bring from your Father; you are heir to the Infinite Ocean and have a rich heritage, and must prove worthy of your sonship; you are to rise and go to Him, and He will be ready to welcome you with joy and open arms. The way is long, but you must be strong, buoyant and confident. When times of trial and disappointment overtake you, think of your Father the Ocean, and He will help you; for thousands of miles are nothing to thought, which is a magical power, and in the calm, restful thought-current you will find strength and peace. Farewell," she sighed, "I must begone." But before she passed out of sight she told me her name was Cirrus, and that she had two sisters named Cumulus and Stratus, who would, some time in the future, visit and instruct me in the course I had to pursue.

My heart now froze within me, for how could one, so young as I, learn my way to the Ocean, and take so hazardous a journey without the assistance of others! Not long was I left in doubt, for the kindly sun took pity upon my helplessness, dissolved my fears, and showed me how to take the first step, guiding my faltering movements, for I frequently fell, until I gained power and strength. My advancement was slow at first, and I wandered sadly out of my way, but as I grew in size I became more uniform in my line of progress. After a short period I expanded into a rivulet, and united my forces with some neighboring rills, though later on I found it advisable to part company, in consequence of their straying propensities, they being much addicted to meandering down all sorts of by-paths. Of course I met with frequent obstacles on my road, but by patience and constantly thinking of the Ocean, I overcame and conquered them. On one occasion I had a great fright, for I suddenly fell over a tremendous precipice, to the depth of many feet, and was truly thankful when, unhurt, though foaming at the mouth, I recovered my balance, and I afterward proceeded more cautiously. At another time I disappeared underground for a short distance, my track being impeded in its course by a bank of solid rock; however, I searched



beneath it for a bed of softer soil, and by strenuous exertions wore away the latter and made for myself a subterranean passage. So true is it—"where there's a will there's a way." My daily life was a series of advances, and at every stage of my journey fresh surprises awaited me.

By this time I had passed the grander features of mountain scenery, and turned back now and again, to look at the lofty summits I was leaving behind me, pausing a moment and regretting my coming separation from the grand old giants with their whitened heads.

"Good-by," I cried, to the scenes of my childhood; "now for the dreams of youth."

I had spent many happy, innocent hours, playing with the birds, butterflies and flowers living around me, and I loved the timid creatures who lingered at my side.

On the continuation of my travels, I flowed through a wild and romantic country, following the characteristics of an impetuous mountain torrent and always in boisterous spirits. As I descended, the valley widened out, and I coursed amongst thick jungles covered with impenetrable thickets of brushwood, tall grass, creepers, and bamboos, the habitation of tigers, leopards, elephants, snakes, etc. Many of these animals come to drink of my waters and quench their thirst, and monkeys occasionally paid me a visit, but they talked incessantly, and their practices were so mischievous that I discouraged their attentions.

Many curious things arrested me, but not for long, because I was an unresting traveler, and could brook no delay. I bestowed numerous benefits on my route, for I could never be satisfied unless I was able to minister to and relieve the wants of others. In return, I immensely enjoyed my endless associations with all the objects of Nature—mountains, woods, vegetation, animal and insect life.

Just before leaving the jungle I beheld, sitting beneath a wide-spreading tree, a holy man, in peaceful contemplation. I softly approached him, took the dust of his feet, and looking into his

god-like face, with deep reverence, I craved his blessing, inquiring if he had seen the Ocean, and could direct me thither.

The sage bowed his head in assent and pronounced the following words:

“Dear pilgrim, all rivers rise from the mountains and flow towards the One Ocean—some run crooked, some straight, but ultimately, *all* find infinite freedom, losing their name and form, and becoming one with the Supreme Ocean. Much effort is needed to reach the Eternal Source, but the strength that is within you, is one with It. Practice concentration, and maintain equilibrium in the whirl of your career. Be a mighty stream, checking all narrowing tendencies, and expanding more and more.”

He instructed me in many things, and gradually unfolded to my sight the ocean of spiritual being. I fain would have abided with him, but he gave me his blessing, and bade me proceed on my path. After leaving him I swept on bravely, full of high resolves. Hitherto, the rush of youth had carried me on, but by degrees I felt less eager, indulging in day dreams, and forgetting the goal I had in view. I abruptly stopped one day, finding myself inclosed within four steep banks. I experienced a pang of shame, that I should have allowed myself to be entrapped so easily, for I now saw that I was restricted to a tank, and forcibly detained. Beautiful goldfish waited upon my every need—flowers of brilliant hues were reflecting themselves on my surface, while gay butterflies hovered around, seeking to gain my attention.

For an instant I was fascinated by these attractions, but when the sun had faded from view, I noticed a slight vapor floating above me, and a still, small voice, that stirred my very depths, disclosed to me that she was Stratus, come to warn me of the danger of loitering longer in this idle state. “All pleasures are fleeting; break the chains of your imaginary servitude,” she murmured; “put forth an earnest desire to be guided rightly; the Ocean will in time claim you for His own, and is for ever calling to you.”

At these stirring words, a strong impulse came upon me, and

hastily exerting all my force,—at the same time sending a swift thought to the Ocean for assistance, at which an immediate response vibrated through me,—I burst my bonds, and found myself once more roaming full and free across the open plains. By simply realizing my unity with the Ocean, I had stemmed the current of adverse conditions, and good results were to ensue, as I was about to discover.

At times I was filled with doubts concerning my way to the Ocean, and the weather becoming very hot, I relaxed my movements, and lost my bearings,—longing for the pleasant shade and play-fellows of my childhood.

By and by I perceived that threatening clouds were gathering, and ere long, heavy rain descended, moistening my fevered brow. "I am Cumulus," resounded a voice in my ear, "come to bid you bestir yourself. Rise to a higher level, and perform action as duty, independent of the fruit of action. Blessed are the ears that gladly receive the pulses of the divine whisper, and give no heed to the many whisperings of this world. Happiness is before you—see the sign!"

As she spoke, a splendid rainbow shone across my path, showing in perfection against the dark surface of the friendly Cumulus. I joyfully accepted it as an omen of coming good.

The admonitions of the cloud-messenger were not lost upon me, she having dispelled my doubts and kindled my expectations. I was once again impressed with an inspiring belief in the Ocean, and determined in future to keep in harmonious thought-currents. In the revelations made to me by the clouds I discerned that they had adapted their communications to my comprehension, and I now distinguished three periods in my life, to which I was greatly indebted to them for their opportune counsels, for truly they had cared for me from infancy to manhood. I found that under the stimulating influence of rain I had acquired great impetus, and my heart leapt within me.

My musings were interrupted by a ripple of silvery laughter!

Slightly overflowing my banks, so that I might look in the direction from which it came, in glad surprise I saw a lovely stream advancing in my direction, sparkling and beautiful in its purity, and reflecting the bewitching blue of the heavens. My heart throbbed and danced, but my course was clear. Drawing nearer I laved her feet, respectfully saluted her, and prayed her to tell me whither she was wending her way.

"To the Infinite Ocean," she rejoined, in gentle accents.

To my suggestion that we might travel together, as we were bound for the same goal, she sweetly consented. Our route now lay through a shady garden, full of pleasant sounds. Bright birds sang soft songs, as we strolled past them, and the trees rustled their leaves, wafted their odors, and shed their blossoms over us, in kindly sympathy with our translucent happiness. The warm current of love, which my fellow-traveler bore to the Ocean, was so spontaneous and far-seeing that she enlarged my vision, and served me greatly by increasing my channel of spiritual life. Plato remarks, that, "Love is the mediator between things human and divine," and in the tranquil society of the stream, every breath I drew, and each path we took, produced peace and harmony. We distributed our wealth freely, for the good of the world around us, and were amply repaid by earning the good-will and gratitude of all.

Later on, a little streamlet came to us, and our happiness was complete. But, alas! the excessive heat of summer undermined its health, and in dreaming languor the tiny pilgrim passed from our sorrowing gaze. It touched me deeply to see the bereaved mother willingly surrender our little one to the fountain of ocean life.

To my grief, I soon observed that the dear companion of my solitude was beginning to fade, dwindling day by day, and unable to leave her bed. Once, she faintly motioned me to her side, and whispered, "Tarry not, hasten to the Ocean, where we shall be reunited." All too soon for my peace of mind, a cloud-messenger brought me the tidings that the Ocean beckoned my fair one to Himself, and the Sun was instructed to convey her home. Then, in

silence, tenderly, so tenderly, the Sun sent forth his shining rays, drawing her very gently upwards, and softly bore her to the bosom of the Ocean. Trembling, I gazed, until a mist arose before my eyes, and I think I must have lost consciousness, for when I came to myself, I was in a new country, surrounded by a multitude of persons, who were chanting hymns in my praise, extolling my healing virtues, and addressing me as "sacred, holy, river." Blessings were showered on my head, and men, women, and children scattered many flowers over me, asking me to carry them to the Ocean, desiring to know if He would receive them.

Then occurred to me one of the sayings taught by the Saint I had known in the jungle, and I recited it to the assembled throng: "A leaf, a flower, offered with a pure heart, with sincere devotion, is accepted by the Ocean, as tho' offered direct to Him." As I ended, with one consent, the mass of people prostrated themselves before me, in an ecstasy of delight, and thankfulness, pouring out numberless benedictions after me as I departed out of their sight. Thenceforth, I shook myself free of all imaginary limits, going where I listed, realizing more and more the infinite life within me, and the sure knowledge that it could never be dried up. Finally, I grew into the aged pilgrim, ready for the last stage of my wanderings. Quietly the weeks slipped by, until one blessed day, I had a presentiment that I was arriving at the end of my journey, and advancing nearer and nearer to my Father. I was ever watchful for the first sound of the Ocean, and there are no words to express my rapturous delight, when at last it gleamed before me. Flooded with a divine light I became transfigured at the apparition. The heat of the day was over, the cool winds of heaven gently fanned me, as the Sun sank slowly in the west, bathed in a sea of glory. My sight grew clearer, my hearing quickened, but I could not still the beatings of my heart. I distinctly heard, wafted on the sweetly scented breeze, the melodious breathing of the Ocean, thrilling me, drawing me, calling to me, "Speed on, speed on, my Son!" Clear as a clarion, my heart flooded with gladness, I raised my voice in one great joyous

strain of love. "Yea, Father! I am coming—coming—coming—I am coming swiftly home to Thee—I near the happy shore—I see its golden sands—I fly into Thy arms, as one victorious! At length I see revealed the face so long I sought." Around me spreads an all-embracing love. I glide into the Ocean! I mingle with It in everlasting union with the All-Father! I am one with It! *I am* It!!

Hush! Hush! Hear!—Floating in the air, blend the musical tones of the three Cloud-sisters, chanting the exquisite refrain—as they melt into the Ocean—"Peace, perfect peace! All is well!"

"And India's mystics sang aright,  
Of the One Life pervading all—  
One Being's tidal rise and fall  
In soul and form, in sound and sight—  
Eternal outflow and recall."\*

ADVAITIN.

### THE KING'S JEWEL.

Down deep within the brooding world where darkness holds its sway,  
Where no glad gleam nor sunny beam could send a cheery ray,  
A little life spark slumbered while long ages came and passed,  
Content to rest in its sheltered nest till its own day dawned at last.

Down deep within the brooding world—deep in the rocky ground,  
By one who sees life's mysteries this little spark was found.  
Though soiled and dull and lustreless beneath his gaze it lay,  
His soul was glad, for he knew it had in its heart a living ray.

Far more than ransom of a king—more than an empire's worth,  
This little spark brought from its dark low cradle in the earth  
Was deemed by him who found the gem most lovely, fair and fine,  
For that which shone in the little stone he knew was a ray divine!

\*J. G. WHITTIER.

To scoffing unbelievers' eyes—eyes ever blind to truth—  
 It was no gem; it seemed to them a pebble most uncouth.  
 But he who knew the jewel's worth declared it pure and fair;  
 He had no fears; he knew the years would prove the light was there.

Upon the grinding wheels of need that move in ceaseless round—  
 That fret and burn with every turn—the little gem was ground.  
 And as the polished surfaces grew under grit and grime—  
 The dust and dirt and hideous hurt that come to all in time—

The glories of high heaven gleamed in each resplendent tone,  
 As pure and bright and living light from out the jewel shone!  
 Not as a mere reflection—'twas a *self-illuminated ray*  
 Which deep within its heart had been shut from the light of day.

And he who knew the jewel's worth—the Finder, kind and wise,  
 He who had seen the ray serene with comprehending eyes—  
 Smiled as he sorrowed, knowing that by trials undergone,  
 By passions passed, would come at last Perfection's glorious dawn.

And so in dazzling splendor gained by all the lessons learned  
 From the stress and strife of the wheel of life that hath forever  
 turned—

At last the soul of the jewel shone out so pure and fair  
 'Twas a fitting gem in the diadem for a king of kings to wear!

PSYCHE.

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The sacred poem of our own hearts, with its passionate hymns, its quiet prayers, is writ in invisible ink; and only when the lamp of other lives brings its warm light near do the lines stand out, and give their music to the voice, their solemn meaning to the soul. In this sense of interdependence, we do, undoubtedly, owe our moral sentiment largely to others; but only because they, too, have that about them which we revere or abhor, and their character serves as a mirror of our own.—  
*James Martineau.*

Metals are in fact sensitive things, almost sentient in their organization, strangely life-like in their behavior.—*Roberts-Austin, F. R. S.*

## THE WISE MAN AND THE SEA URCHINS.

## (VI.)

After the feast of berries there was a general settling down into a listening attitude. "Begin!" was written plainly upon every countenance; and the Wise Man, reading the word, smiled and said:

"Somewhere in the unending space around and about us there is a great manufactory and distributing storehouse of worlds. Some have thought it must be the nebular, or misty masses, where such countless numbers of stars congregate that it appears to the astronomer as if a vast quantity of diamond dust had been emptied in this locality. I have told you repeatedly that all matter is always in motion. So this mass of starry matter is revolving violently and constantly about some unknown central point.

"We look up at the quiet little stars we know so well, and which seem to be steadfast in the heavens, and find it difficult to realize that they are all rushing headlong through space, moving in their orderly orbits, to be sure, yet *moving*, and at a terrific speed."

"May I ask, sir" (this from Pinkie), "what *is* an *orbit*?"

"You may always ask what anything is, Pinkiepet. The word 'orbit' comes from the Latin word *orbita*, and means 'a track made by a wheel.' It is, therefore, an imaginary track made by any planet around its central sun that is called that planet's orbit.

"Now this starry mass revolves more and more swiftly, until such a momentum is gained—— Blooy, your eyes are asking the meaning of 'momentum.' When we speak of the momentum of anything we mean to express its quantity of motion. So, in speaking of the starry mass we mean to say that so great a quantity of motion is obtained, that, by a natural law governing matter, so much of the revolving material is thrown off into the form of whirling rings. You have seen pictures of Saturn's rings? Well, these particular rings, from some peculiar cause, have never ceased to whirl."



"Then they *do* cease, usually?"

"No, Brownie; but they usually whirl themselves into the shapes of *globes*. That is, the Fire Mist, or Star Dust, or World Stuff, or Primordial Essence, gradually, under the condensing atmosphere of the sun, loses its ring form, and gathers itself with the shape of a globe."

"Could people or anything walk on star dust?"

"No, Goldie, our flaming earth would hardly support us yet, I fear. There are three states of matter which I shall stop long enough to explain to you. Water is solid when frozen; liquid when melted, and turns into steam when sufficiently heated.

"Now our baby world goes to work just the other way. As fire mist, it is in a steamy state; gradually cooling down it becomes almost entirely a liquid globe; growing still colder it becomes solid—not, of course, a globe of ice; but cool enough to allow the heated particles composing it to become more like flowing lava than hot water."

"And you couldn't stand on it yet? But what made it cool off?"

"No, indeed, Ruddy, it isn't ready to support you even yet. It cooled off because our ball of fire was whirling about in the air that was two hundred degrees below zero."

"Two hundred degrees below zero! I should think it would have frozen solid in a jiffy! How long *did* it take to cool?"

"Millions of millions of years; for it was a great mass of living flame, at first, so fiercely hot that the cold air had but little effect upon it. It was a ball of burning gases, and occupied a space eighteen hundred times as large as it does now; just as steam occupies one thousand six hundred and eighty-nine times the bulk of the water from which it is formed."

"How did it know where to go?"

"Can any one define the word attraction? No? Then let me do so. It is 'an unseen power which draws anything to itself,' or, as I prefer to call it, 'Love.' Now the great, shining sun possesses this for all its children—for that is what all the planets of our own

system may be called, since the sun is the father-giver of light and heat, and, therefore, life to all the globes revolving about him. The sun is the centre of our system, and attracts and rules his children just as your loving parents attract and rule your young lives, my Sea Urchins.

"Let me try to make clear to you the difference between the big baby and the little grown-up earth. Here I shall draw a circle on this paper—see, it is about as big as a half-dollar. Close beside it I place this little black dot—as small a one as my pencil will consent to make—and there you have the comparative size of the earth as it was, and as it is at present."

"I don't see how it ever squeezed itself down into that tiny dot," cried Snowdrop, looking intently at the Master's sketch. "How did it *begin* to get little?"

"The cooling of the great globe of gas produced vapor, which, in turn, became a heavier, denser substance we know as water. And in the water was the world-stuff particles so fine that it would take billions to form a bit of solid that could be seen. Now the earth shrank much as a soap-bubble shrinks when the air is drawn from it through the pipe.

"Particles of the world-stuff began to cling together in small masses upon the seething waters, forming a sort of soft, pasty material, which drifted about like floating islands upon the heavy mass below. These at times would meet sister islands, and, joining them, formed at last crusts which in time grew heavier than the liquid below, and sank to form the beginning of the earth's foundation stones."

"Was the fire all gone then?" asked Ruddy.

"The fire has not gone out yet, Ruddy. You can assure yourself of this when you go to Italy and see old Vesuvius belching forth her hot flames."

"Then where *did* it go?"

"It went into the heart of the world, where it still beats, and keeps the world alive."

"When the crusts sank down did they get all flat at the bottom of the ocean?"

"No. They had a hard time of it for several million years. The world's heart beat too fiercely at first for anything to settle. But in time, as I have said, the infant planet grew less restless, and, slowly settling, began to behave itself somewhat."

"Couldn't its father, the Sun, make it behave sooner?"

"He didn't seem to care to," laughed the Wise Man. "I presume he had such a lot of older children to see to that he just let this young one learn how to quiet down its own self."

"Maybe the Sun was too far away for the Earth to hear him if he *did* scold. How far away is the Sun?"

"Over ninety-two millions of miles—four hundred times as far as the moon."

"All that distance!—and yet how warm the sunshine is!"

"The force the sun expends upon the earth is past our small comprehension. It would mean nothing to us if we were to tell each other that the sun's force displayed on our earth is equal to five hundred and forty-three billion engines of four hundred horse-power each, working night and day, and that, for all that, *the earth receives only one twenty-one billion, five hundred millionth* part of the whole force of the great life-giver. If we ponder upon the mighty flood of energy poured down upon us for our welfare, with what awe and adoration must we think of the Supreme Love which has bestowed upon us this wealth of tender affection—this one proof among all others of a positive, living, and active Intelligence of which we are a part!

"The heat and light of the great central sun are but symbols of that Divine Love and Intelligence which controls all things.

"And doesn't it comfort us, my little ones, to know that, although this power is so mighty that stupendous worlds are as its playthings, and we must think of it with awe, we yet feel our happy selves wrapped in its all-embracing, all-protecting care, and know that we are thought of, and planned for, and looked after, as Love ever looks after its beloveds?"

"Then what makes folks so often feel afraid?"

"Because they don't know the truth of what we are learning. Fear is a very upsetting sort of visitor. He helps build up big bugaboos out of false imaginings, which haunt the homes of those who entertain him, and turns things upside down generally.

"Fear brings on terrible illnesses, and drives the weak souls into paths where no rays from the Sun of Truth make bright the way.

"*Never fear*, children! The Love that can flood our little earth with that tremendous amount of Force in such a marvelous manner that we feel only its grateful and tender warmth—surely THAT can hold us in safety and keep us from foolish affright! All through the Bible 'Fear not'—'Fear not'—'Fear not' repeats itself." He ceased, and silence held sway for some little time.

"How big is the sun compared to the earth?" ventured Blackie at length.

"Has any one a marble in his pocket? Thank you, Ruddy. Here is a little mottled agate of ordinary size. Let us imagine this the earth. Now, how many marbles of this size do you think it would take to make a marble big enough to represent the sun by comparison? Guess, Snowdrop?"

"A hundred, sir?"

"You, Brownie?"

"A thousand?"

"Goldie?"

"Ten thousand?"

"Violet?"

"Could it be more than that, sir? *You* tell, please."

"It would take twelve hundred and forty-five thousand of these little balls to make one big globe of light. And yet we may presume that this sun of ours is a small affair compared to other, remoter central suns."

"Are there *other* central suns?"

"It has been thought that what astronomers called fixed stars are central suns of distant systems. They are too far away to look like

more than mere stars to us. Let us take the star Sirius, for instance. It can scarcely be seen without the aid of a telescope. Yet it is supposed to be a magnificent central sun, and it is so far away that although the light from this star travels at the rate of *one hundred and ninety-three thousand miles a second*, yet, for all this terrific speed, it takes more than one hundred and seventy years for its light to reach our earth.

"When you look at the stars again, my Urchins, look at their light intelligently, comprehending that it is not the real star at which you gaze, but at its radiance, which has been traveling towards us for years.

"If the distant sun, Sirius, which is sixteen billions of miles from the earth, were to be blotted out of existence to-day, the light that has already left it would still keep coming to us for at least three years!

"But come, my hearties, let us take a peep at the fog—— Aha! see what a beautiful miracle has been performed for us!" cried the Wise Man, as he drew aside the heavy curtains, and let in the golden sunlight, that poured down from the bluest heavens that ever stretched above a quieting sea.

"Look back, children, at the lamplight—how poor and mean and altogether feeble shines that which so short a time ago seemed the very soul of brightness!

"So will seem the earthly light when the light of heaven shall dawn for us. And the first celestial glory shall become as a smoldering rushlight when the higher heavens are gained!

"But, come, the tide has ebbed; let us cross the sands, and see what the ocean fairies have left behind them on the shore!"

EVA BEST.

(To be continued.)

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He that hath pity on another man's sorrow shall be free from it himself; and he that delighteth in, and scorneth the misery of another, shall one time or another fall into it himself.—*Sir Walter Raleigh*

# THE WORLD OF THOUGHT.

WITH EDITORIAL COMMENT.

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## PROPOSAL FOR A GERMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH.

A German author has prepared the outline of a national Church for Germany, which probably will not find favor at Rome. He proposes that the Pope shall acknowledge Rome as the capital of the Kingdom of Italy and give up the right of bestowing rank, titles or orders. Each pope shall be chosen from a nationality different from that of his predecessor. The Jesuit order shall be permitted to die out; no novices being henceforth admitted. The Catholics of Germany shall constitute a German national church with relative independence; the archbishop of Cologne to be the primate. A national Catholic Congress shall meet at Cologne every tenth year. The German shall be the official church language; and decrees from Rome may have authority only when sanctioned by the primate. Provision shall be made for the education of the clergy in accordance with the needs of the times. Free Catholic universities shall be established; the German College at Rome discontinued; German priests educated at home, all studying in German universities. All mechanical religious exercises shall be abolished, a new German breviary and a German translation of the Bible based on that of Luther, prepared. The Roman Index of Prohibited Books shall have no binding authority for Germans, but a German Index may be made simply as a warning. Everybody shall be guided by his own conscience as to the books that he may read; and this may include such things as Hindu and Oriental philosophy. Protestants shall be recognized as Christians—as true members of the Catholic church

and treated as such. Whoever attends services of the Evangelic church shall be considered as having attended mass. The Emperor shall be crowned as in former times, with the crown of Charlemagne, at Berlin, he himself to put on the diadem, and to be anointed by the legate of the Pope. He shall be, by virtue of his office, the Protector of the Church and shall guarantee to the Pope his position and security. The Ecclesiastic and Secular rulers are thus to labor hand in hand.

A. W.

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### FAITH-CURE BECOMING "SCIENTIFIC."

The history of Medicine for centuries past has been in accord with and close analogy to Pope's description of the accepting of Vice. Every new discovery or procedure is hated on sight and denounced; then it is endured from familiarity, afterward pitied and sympathized with, and finally embraced and accepted. Many are the remedies and methods which were scouted and denounced, and the advocates fined and imprisoned; after which some member of the dominant party perceiving merit in the innovation, and perhaps some hope of profit and reputation, ventured to "introduce" it to the "regular" profession. It then became "scientific," which, in conventional usage, means orthodox. The real introducer, however, is all the time ignored or belied, and generally denounced by the slang-term of medical men, "quack,"—a term that only a time-server, without the instincts of a gentleman, ever employs.

Electro-therapy has pretty completely passed this ordeal, and we have seen it praised as having become of greater utility for having passed into "regular" hands. Mesmerism also, under the nickname of "hypnotism," adopted on purpose to ignore the agency of Mesmer himself, has also well-nigh become orthodox, and in some States, only licensed physicians are permitted to practice it. Not long ago these held it in derision. It is very much like the example of one generation killing prophets, and the next building sepulchres.

Mental healing, "faith-cure," and other procedures, are still under the ban. In several States of the American Union statutes exist, notoriously arbitrary and unconstitutional, making them a misdemeanor, and subjecting those who employ them to fine and imprison-

ment. The only avenue of escape offered the culprits is to undergo an examination, and answer series of questions on topics widely apart, and some of them almost foreign to the Healing Art. It is also notorious that the questions now proposed by the Medical Examining Boards are such that not one in fifty of practicing physicians can answer them. The injustice of this is acknowledged everywhere. The object is palpable. It is to exclude from the practice of medicine everybody except such as these Boards are willing to permit. The whole scheme is the outcome of organized rascality aided by organized folly.

It is recorded that it was once demanded concerning Jesus Christ: "How knoweth this man letters, having never learned?" If a man like Jesus or one of his Apostles, should now appear and do the mighty works recorded of him, he would be utterly repudiated by every Medical Examining Board in America as well as in all Christendom, persecuted, fined, imprisoned, and in case of power commensurate with the spirit exhibited, he would be burned at the stake or nailed to a cross.

These persecutions and unlawful enactments of Legislatures bid fair to fail of their purpose, to protect licensed practitioners in the effort to monopolize the medical craft. The people are accounting the persecuted healers as the most likely to restore health to the sick. Sixty years ago, at the demand of the People of the States, the obnoxious legislation of the former barbarisms was repealed; and the wheel will probably turn round again at the behest of a higher civilization.

Certainly "Christian Science" and its congeners are coming into favor in intelligent communities.\* They have an increasing literature, and the reasoning in their behalf has never been gainsaid. Sneers, derision and dogmatic affirmation do not count with reasonable men.

Signs are now appearing, however, to indicate that "faith-healing" will ere long be adopted in the charmed circle of "scientific" or orthodox Medicine. M. Gabriel Prevost has contributed an article to the journal, *La Science Française*, which distinctly foreshadows such a *dénouement*. He still adheres to the objectionable practice of calling the men quacks who practice the new art, but nevertheless he puts

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\* A prominent physician of Boston, himself a supporter and representative of medical proscription, when it was proposed to place the supreme power in Medicine in the hands of the three most numerous Schools of Practice, objected because in Massachusetts the Christian Scientists would be one of the three.



forth their methods and hypotheses with the coolness and assurance of an original writer. A translation of a part of his paper is given in the *Literary Digest*, and will be repeated.

M. Prevost proposes "the Education of the will" so that the person so trained will be able within himself to exert on his own body the influence of his mind. He thus proceeds:

"The English have given the name of 'Faith-Healing' to a combination of phenomena whose complete explanation has hitherto eluded all the efforts of the physiologists.

"By what unknown means does will-power act on the organs of the human body even to preserving them or restoring them to health in case of morbid derangements? Is it through the blood, or through the nerves? At what limits does its effective power cease? No one has yet answered these questions; but when facts that bother official science are produced, it too often adopts the more convenient method of denying them *a priori*.

"One example will bring us to the very middle of our subject.

\* \* \* "A child afflicted with chorea, or St. Vitus's dance, is brought to an obscure charlatan. By methods evidently ridiculous, the operator inspires in the patient the idea that he is cured. And, in fact, the child sees that the disorder in his movements stops. The chorea is gone.\*

"The papers have recently been telling of the prowess of a Venezuelan who has been curing rheumatism and gout by the simple imposition of hands. [Mark, xvi., 18.] The facts are indisputable. \* \* \*

"Now, we certainly do not care to advertise all the 'fakirs' without diplomas who are exploiting the credulity of invalids; \* \* \* but faith-healing exists all the same, and exposes its real and disconcerting facts to the theories of the old Pharisees of the conventional schools.

"In 1899 a young physician, Dr. Tiffant, in the introduction to his doctoral thesis on 'The Illegal Practice of Medicine in Bas-Poitou,' enumerated numerous celebrated cures wrought by the will-power of the credulous. We may say that ten folio volumes would not have been sufficient for a complete list. We believe that he understands this, for he says with Charcot, whom he quotes: 'Faith-healing seems

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\* Some procedures of physicians, like administering bread pills, are analogous tricks. Would M. Prevost term them charlatans? It would be pertinent and as proper.

to me to be an ideal method, for it often works when all other remedies failed.'

"Very timidly we propose the following theory: The nerves, instruments of sensation, are the immediate cause of suffering in all cases, and the mediate cause in three-quarters of sick persons; whenever a morbid state is dependent upon them the will-power can exert on them a powerful action, either for defense of the organism, or for possible cure—always with the understanding that we know absolutely nothing about the action of the will on the nerves. \* \* \*

"We must note in the first place that all practical cures made by quacks on subjects other than neurotics have no chance of success, except when the person operated upon has complete faith in the operator.

M. Prevost further declares that in certain cases this faith does not need to be directed toward the operator, but simply toward the spontaneous action of the subject's own will. This, he affirms, is not "magnetism" nor "hypnotism," but only an education of the ego, rendering it, so to speak, master of the substance and operation of the organs, even so far as to change physiologic conditions. Reference is made to President Krueger's amputation of his own thumb, and to other examples. M. Prevost finally sets forth these conclusions:

"1. There is an undeniable action of the will on the organism, whose mode of transmission has hitherto eluded scientific investigation. If we did know it, we should perhaps hold the key to the problem of life. Very likely it will never be known.

"2. This action may, according to circumstances, be anesthetic, defensive or curative. A vigorous education of the will would increase the vitality of the individual in large measure. It would aid in bestowing health and longevity. An imaginary invalid is still an invalid, as Dr. Monin has told us. \* \* \*

"As much in the interest of invalids as for the purpose of snatching them from the clutches of all kinds of sorcerers, wizards and healers, physicians ought to read a little book written by Dr. E. Laurent, entitled, 'The Medicine of the Mind,' in which he advises his brother practitioners not to overlook the action of their patients' wills. Dr. Bouchut also says: 'Moral medicine will probably play as great a part as physical medicine, and therapists ought to make use at the

same time of the resources furnished both by physical agents and moral force.' "

M. Prevost concludes: "We shall certainly never lose sight of the reciprocal influence of mind and body, but we ought to be prouder of dependence on our own will-powers than of reliance upon a poultice."

Despite the professional innuendoes that mar the language of this article, believers in the power of the mind, of faith, to make the sick whole, will perceive reason for gratification that others are coming to their views, and finding plausible reasons for such conversion. It is equal to Christendom's acceptance of the doctrines of Bruno, Galileo and Copernicus. With the influx of greater light we may confidently look for deliverance from the multitude of barbarisms that still dishonor the art, the practice and the ethics of Modern Medicine. Nashamat Sadi Tabinim.

ALEXANDER WILDER, M. D.

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All great moral natures instinctively turn inwards; and by their native thirst for *divine* knowledge are carried to the fountains of self-knowledge. There it is, in the secret glades of thought and motive, that the springs of life arise, and the distinctive lights and shadows of good and ill are seen to play; and thither is the soul invariably led by the genius of duty.—*James Martineau*.

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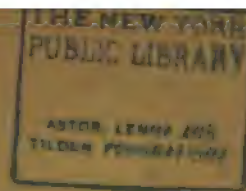
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## CONTENTS:

	PRICE
THEORETICAL LEARNING - - - - - HON. BOYD WINCHESTER	231
THE TOTAL DEVELOPMENT OF THOUGHT IN HINDU PHILOSOPHY - - - - - KANNOO MAL, M.A.	238
MAKING AND DECAYING OF THE CREED (V) - - - - - REV. HENRY FRANK	250
THE INDIAN IN INDIA (Poem) - - - - - PAUL AVESSEL	258
THE VISIBLE AND INVISIBLE - - - - - C. H. A. BIERREGAARD	265
THEISM AND AFFIRMATION - - - - - " " "	268
THE BURROUGHS IN "THE LIGHT OF DAY" - - - - - C. H. A. B.	270
THE TRUE PHILOSOPHER (Poem) - - - - - ELIZABETH PERRY HOWLAND	275
THE VALUE OF CONFIDENCE - - - - - (Editorial)	277
THE PASSING PILGRIM (Poem) - - - - - EVA BEST	279
THE WISE MAN AND THE SEA URCHINS (VII) - - - - - " "	283
THE HEADHEATER'S LECTURES - - - - - (Editorial)	291

DEPENDENT THOUGHT—SUPERIOR FREEDOM ENJOYED IN CHINA—MARIE CORELLI  
TO CARDINAL VAUGHAN—THE DIVINE ORDER—SELECTIONS—  
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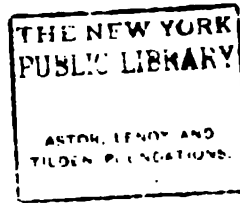
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THE  
IDEAL REVIEW.

II.

OCTOBER, 1900.

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THEORETICAL LEARNING.

BY THE HONORABLE BOYD WINCHESTER.

It is one of the great errors of our age and country to suppose that men of theoretical learning are capable of producing no benefit of any kind. The notion that utility, in its general acceptance, constitutes the true standard of knowledge, is erroneous and based on principles altogether false.

Now, what are we to understand by "theoretical knowledge"? It does not mean the elementary principles of science, regarded not as isolated, insulated facts, but as woven together in their scientific connection; comprehending not only these general rules or principles for themselves, but likewise their mutual dependencies. A man thus instructed will be enabled to explain in a satisfactory manner the phenomena within the limits of his science, whether these phenomena fall directly under the general principles of the science, or whether, by the concurrence of several principles, a sort of second order of knowledge is produced, which cause seeming exceptions to the first. It would by no means become the advocates of total seclusion and retirement from the world for the acquisition of mere closet learning. Knowledge, like the book that contains it, often moulders and decays. The perfection of study is to join contemplation with action. Procrastination and discreet conduct make the eminent in all



professions. Such men, though not eminently skilled in the common offices of life, are able to exert a practical influence on society. The men who leave the beaten track of every day's contemplations, and drink deeply at the fountains of pure and varied knowledge are, and have been, the great lights of society, the oracles that have directed mankind and have elevated and refined public sentiment. They have been the great mental fulcrums upon which have turned all important reformations, social, literary and political. We are prone to ridicule the theorist for spending his time among "infinities and unsearchables, beating his brains about things impossible," while we overlook his essential uses, which unquestionably have often been subservient to the best interests of the human race.

Emerson has laid it down that every great revolution, however bold or benevolent, began in the mind of one man. A reform begins by being the dream of some independent man. It goes through its regular stages of growth like an organism in animal life. First it is a crotchet, and is laughed at; then a nuisance, and denounced; then it is found to be a serious matter, is taken up and carried into law; and everyone professes to have believed in it from the very first, and really persuades himself that he believed in it. After many years the world almost canonizes the memory of the person whom, when active, it tortured. The stars shine in immortal lustre above the memories of men who taught us how to live, and died the death of scorn because of their attempts at teaching.

It is impossible to prescribe rules and limitations for the guidance of our speculative studies, and praise or blame should attach only to the methods or the directions in which they are exercised. To give unbounded indulgence to traversing "unpath'd waters and reaching undream'd shores" is to let the fancy move through heights that scorn our vision and depths of which reason will never plumb the bottom. Because we see talents, which might have advanced and organized society, wasted on visions as bright and alluring as the rainbow, but as unreal and as far removed from the sphere of human life, is no reason why we should exclude speculative studies from the

fields of thought. To do so is to throw away the labors of those who pointed out to us the connection of phenomena and taught us to search out the laws of nature, and so to combine and control her operations.

It is a cheering and valuable reflection that nature has given us a spirit which never can acquiesce in its present attainments; stimulating invention first by necessity, then by the thirst for further advancement; and making success, in a vast majority of instances, not the price of fortuitous discovery, but the well-earned reward of long and diligent research. Theoretic studies are the exclusive province of rational beings, the successful pursuit of which is the privilege of superior intellect.

The history of "theory," in the wider sense of the word, is little more than the history of human reason in active exercise. To arrange and systematize the deductions of experience, to facilitate the progress of knowledge by classifying facts and explaining the unknown by the analogy of the known—in fine, to make man to anticipate the future by referring the past to general rules—is the mission of theoretical learning. The mind is ever seeking the symbol of the truth which it conceives, the beauty which it imagines, the good for which it longs. It is ever striving, whether conscious of its purpose or not, to generalize truth and to enlarge its conceptions by ascending from phenomena to elementary principles. Few minds attain their ideals, but it does not follow that their work has been in vain; non-success merely exemplifies the limitations of human activity and human achievement.

The theorist rejects that groveling philosophy—the subject of Plato's sarcasm—which would admit as truth nothing but what was of corporeal form, palpable and visible; but, with Achilles, the speculator proudly feels that laws were not made for him, and advances with unabashed forehead to draw away the veil from mystery.

The naturalist who examines the strata of our globe and deduces thence its physical history; the statesman who marks the revolutions

of political society, investigates the causes and thus labors to guard against similar outbreaks—are both speculating on facts, and striving to refer them to the simple machinery of cause and effect. The great masters of science, whether in physics or morals, in politics or in philology, have constantly thought it necessary to preface their instructions by maintaining the value and usefulness of speculative inquiries. There are not wanting many specimens of a wanton and ill-directed activity of mind, “that forward, delusive faculty, ever obtruding beyond its sphere”—the restless activity of those who admit no guide but the merely novel and startling, who live in “eternity’s sunrise, the dawn of ever-broadening light and ever-soaring expectation.” These all show inconstancy; they find themselves possessed of fancy and ingenuity which “still cruise when poor sense is tired;” they see in these rich gifts of nature no responsibilities imposed, no obligations to consecrate them to an honest cause.

Those who thus venture to trifle with their strength, to tamper with the clearness of their moral sight, and then give to the world their speculations, often kindle a flame they cannot quench; like the shaft of Virgil’s careless huntsman, though thrown at random, it may carry death. No evil resulting from such wanton temerity can be disproportionate to the offence. Those who by masterful and ridiculous excess distract and mislead the more ignorant multitude, should reflect upon the admonition of Southey, that, “their own return to a wiser view may not be of any service to those whom they have once misled—disease is contagious, but health is incommunicable.”

But there is a class of theorists whose errors even are entitled to be treated with tenderness and indulgence. This concession seems due to those who have been inspired by too glowing and exalted an estimate of the world around them. We can scarcely think with harshness of schemes whose only apparent fault is that they give us credit for more transcendental views of duty, more sensitive and unbinding devotion to principle, than we really possess. Thus, when Plato constructs a political system where all ideas of private good, of

private feeling, and even of domestic fondness, are merged and lost in a boundless devotion to the public weal; when More draws his Utopian visions and propounds them to the view of man as he is, limited, contracted, and bound to earth; or when Kant is borne away by the immensity of his own conceptions, and in contemplating man as an integral part of a vast machine, almost forgets his essential individuality—in such theories we observe, only in sorrow, that what is gained in seeming elevation of idea is lost in practical utility. “Such speculators,” to use the words of Lord Bacon, “make imaginary laws for imaginary commonwealths, and their discoveries are as the stars which give little light, because they are so high.” The theorist of modern times cannot plead that he knew not the dangers of ill-governed speculation. There are beacons enough upon the coast. The very fact that the strong men of the earth, the champions of truth, have always found so large a mass of “vain wisdom” and “false philosophy,” waiting, like Augean stalls, for their cleansing hand, proclaims how easy is the descent to erroneous theory, how difficult the upward path from darkness into light. The first labor of Socrates, of Bacon, of Luther, was to rise in their strength, armed, not with the subtleties of the schools, but with plain heroic magnitude of mind, and to shake off the accumulated rust of ages. The very nature of theoretic inquiry is such as to suggest powerful reasons for patience and humility in conducting it. Speculations which are designed, like the Egyptian pyramids, to last forever, must rest upon a basis as humble and as broad. There is a simplicity, which is the truest wisdom; there is a spirit of lovely dependence which is our highest glory. He who desires to traverse the air or to explore the ocean need not scorn the assistance which art can lend him to make his journey safe; he who would range through the fields of speculation need not scorn the guidance and control of superior wisdom.

We cannot but perceive that the one circumstance which most strongly marks the line between the true theorist and the false, and which appears, indeed, the operating cause of the success of the one

and the failure of the other, is the *spirit* in which the speculation is conducted. He who has learned the first lesson of wisdom, who comes prepared to prostrate to the earth himself, his pride, his prejudices, his cherished dreams of folly, and, so to draw, like Antæus, his truest strength only from his extremest humiliation, has secured to himself the best earnest of success. The proud spirits who aspired to be gods and fell, could still reason high of providence and fate, of free-will and free-knowledge absolute, but "found no end, in wandering mazes lost." On the other hand, often has the honest and benevolent heart, guided solely by an implicit conviction of those great truths which the human mind has learned from the divine, anticipated by ages the abstruse deductions of political wisdom. Long before the date of those profound speculations in politics, for which we are indebted to Adam Smith and the French economists, Fénelon was led merely by the goodness of his heart and by his speculative conviction of the intimate connection of virtue and happiness, under the moral government of God, to recommend a free trade as an expedient measure in policy, and to reprobate the mean ideas of national jealousy as calculated to frustrate the very ends to which they were supposed to be subservient.

We may laugh at the theorist who devotes his life to one idea, "breathed upon by hope's perpetual breath"; and yet Goethe declares that, "the condition of all greatness is devotion to an idea," and Cardinal Newman says that to get an idea and keep it is an achievement which many people labor all their lives to perform, and die at last without performing.

Those wonderful changes in the empire of mind which have so extended the range of knowledge, and out of which have arisen the most important results to mankind, have not been the work of mere business-men, the mere mechanical plodders in the industrial and learned professions. They were due to the great and powerful souls who had investigated the principles of science; men who had studied deeply and thought profoundly; who had explored the vast fields of knowledge in search of those great fundamental truths, upon which

all true philosophy is built. In a word, they were a Plato, an Aristotle, a Bacon, a Descartes, a Locke, a Newton, a Leibnitz, a Kant, a Fichte and a Hegel. These men, though unpractised, perhaps, in what is commonly styled useful or practical habits, exerted almost an incalculable influence toward promoting enlarged knowledge, and toward elevating man into the beauty and sublimity of his nature. The most useful of the mechanical arts, the most notable discoveries in science, the sublimest flights of poetic genius, and the most profound investigations in speculative philosophy—all attest their great and extended usefulness. From their masterly labors, minds, inferior in genius and ability, aided by their valuable teachings, have deduced the most useful discoveries and inventions.

In the rise and progress of the Reformation, the effects of profound theoretical learning were most conspicuously shown forth. How great soever the merit due to its immediate promoters, very much is to be ascribed to the influence of the learned Greeks who spread themselves, after the conquest of Constantinople, over the southern portions of Europe. Those faithful pioneers in the cause of learning, were, in a great measure, the founders of that stupendous work. Imbued with the precepts of the great models of Grecian philosophy, they gradually disseminated the sublime truths obtained therefrom; which, kindling a spirit of inquiry in the mind of the Northern Europeans, paved the way for the labors of those illustrious reformers, Huss and Wycliffe, Luther and Calvin. Some of these great men were, themselves, able scholars and profound theoretical thinkers. Luther and Melancthon had tasted deeply of the fruits of Grecian philosophy, and to this may be attributed much of the success with which their labors met in combating the opinions of the learned Legates of the Pope.

It has been the province of theoretical speculations to draw forth from the world of mind and matter the great general principles or laws that regulate physical and intellectual existence; to seek out the reasons of things; to furnish lights to society; to be the true benefactors of our race.

BOYD WINCHESTER.

## GRADUAL DEVELOPMENT OF THOUGHT IN HINDU PHILOSOPHY.

BY KANNOO MAL, M. A.

Amid the extensive and varied fields of Sanskrit Literature, the six Philosophical Systems called the Shastras occupy a position of their own. In loftiness and grandeur of thought, they may well vie with any other system, ancient or modern. In comparison with them, I do not think that Plato, Aristotle, Spinoza, Kant or Hegel will rank higher. While every phase of philosophical thought that has found expression in the domain of either empirical science or metaphysics in the West is embraced in the Hindu philosophy, it possesses much of its own for which one may ransack in vain the treasures of the Occidental wisdom.

The six Shastras under consideration are the standard works of our philosophy, but they are not all alike. They seem to be gradually rising higher and higher in thought till they all find an acme of perfection in the Vedant—aptly called the “Final Goal of Knowledge.” The names of the other five are, Nyaya, Vaiseshika, Sankhya, Yoga, and Pûrva-Mîmâmsâ. Of these, the Yoga and the Mîmâmsâ fight shy of the real philosophical problems raised in the others and gradually solved in so masterly a way; and hence I shall leave them out of consideration on the present occasion. These problems relate to God, Soul, and the World—the problems which have exercised the intellect of wise men in all times and in all climes, and which have been left but imperfectly solved.

Our systems, Nyaya, Vaiseshika, Sankhya and the Vedant concern themselves with the elucidation and explanation of these grand topics, and the nicer and more profound the speculation they bring to bear upon the solution, the higher and nobler the position they respectively occupy.

We must now begin with the Nyaya and examine the conclusions arrived at by it on the subject.

The Nyaya and the Vaiseshika are rigidly complementary to each other, and the views entertained by the two on the subject under consideration do not differ materially, or to any appreciable extent, from each other. Gotama, the author of Nyaya, and Kanada, the author of Vaiseshika, speak of the human soul as follows:

“Desire, aversion, volition, pleasure, pain and cognition; these are the characteristics of the soul.”

“Exhalation, inhalation, closing of eyes, opening of eyes, mind, motion, senses, internal affections (hunger, &c.), pleasure, pain, desire, aversion, volition; these are the characteristics of the soul.”

These characteristics of the Atma from the points of view of the Nyaya and the Vaiseshika, coincide with those of what is called the Soul or Ego in western philosophy. As we proceed, we shall find that the Indian mind at a later stage of its development considered this Ego as only a phenomenal entity, and placed the essence of the Atma in something higher, nobler and sublimer. But we should not look upon this conception of the Atma with any feeling of contempt and disdain, because it marks a decided improvement upon other theories on the subject. The Charvaks believed that the soul was nothing, separate from the body, and that it lived or died with it. Some other philosophers held that the organs of sense were the Soul, or the organs of action or the intellect alone. In refutation of these shallow views, the Nyaya comes forward with an idea of the self which is by far higher and nobler. Next, these two systems believe in a personal or Saguna God. He possesses in infinite degree the qualities of goodness, mercifulness, power, intelligence, &c., and is the ruler and sustainer of the world. He judges the actions of men and rewards or punishes them according to their deserts. To Him our prayers are lifted up and our worship proffered. The human soul in fulness of its devotion to Him, stands to Him in the relation of a servant to a master, a subject to a ruler, a son to a father, etc. The human souls are



always separate from Him and from each other. With everyone the soul is separate, and there is nothing like link-to-link connection among them. Now we have seen that the personal God set forth by Nyaya is an objective Being. It, no doubt, represents an advanced view of God when we take into consideration the extremely absurd ideas of the Godhead among earlier thinkers. And this conception of God answers all practical purposes of mankind, and in fact, if we look around us, we do not find a better notion of the Deity set forth in any of the religious creeds of the world or in any philosophical school uninfluenced by the Indian thought.

To the people at large this ideal is all that is desired, but it does not satisfy the philosopher, and so the inquiry was pushed further and further still till the Brahma of the Vedant was the result.

Now, in respect to the world, Nyaya believes in the atomic theory which has long since been exploded both in India and Europe. Either in Greece or in India, it was an early attempt at the explanation of the world. It seemed so natural because it entailed little difficulty on the part of the thinkers, to resolve a solid substance into its component parts, and these again into minuter ones, and so on, till the notion of an "atom" was arrived at. An atom is an unextended, indivisible, invisible something, the binary, triple and four-fold combinations of which appear as the objects of our Universe. It is something childish on the very face, because if the atoms are indivisible, simple and unextended, no amount of them in combination will result in a compound that is visible and tangible; but if they are not so, they can never be simple and indivisible. This is a stock argument against the Atomic theory of the Universe, which was valid when first advanced as well as now.

Reviewing the ground traversed by us, we find that the Nyaya and the Vaiseshika believe in individual souls, in a personal God and an Atomic theory of the Universe. These three views, though highly advanced, in comparison with the other crude and unshaped theories on the subject, are but representations of the infancy of the Indian philosophy, which in its highly evolved aspect in the Vedant

does away with all these early and primitive speculations, as it were, and proclaims truths which stand high, scintillating in their undiminished grandeur to the admiration of the world.

Let us next turn to Sankhya. From Nyaya the philosophy of Sankhya is an abrupt and long stride. It represents a decided improvement upon the other. In fact it reaches *per saltum* the highest limit of speculation, only below the one other school, and that the Vedant. At a single stroke, so to speak, it has torn off all the adventitious wrappings of the soul with which the earlier thinkers had invested it, and placed the essence of the Atma in something overwhelmingly nobler and grander. The Atma in Sankhya phraseology is rendered by "Purusha"—the ancient one. This Purusha is without beginning, without qualities; it is subtle, omnipresent, perceptive, an eternal seer, not an agent—spotless, unproduced and unproducing. It is absolute, eternal, immortal, and unconditioned. Beyond senses, beyond mind, far away from the sweep of intellect lies the realm of the Purusha. Time, Space and Causality which form the warp and woof of the mosaic work of our phenomenal world, do not touch Him. Thus Purusha does not feel pain or pleasure, nor is it afflicted with the misery of the world, nor subject to any actions, good, bad or indifferent. It is a passive spectator of the scenes conjured up by the magic wand of the Pradhana. Now, it must be noticed that the idea of the Atma put forth by Nyaya is altogether swept away by the tide of philosophic speculation here. In order to have our Ego, we must depend on the Prikriti, which is nature or matter. These Purushas of the Sankhya, though being such wide generalizations of truths, are many; and hence it does not all at once break up its connection with the Nyaya.

Next, as to the question of God, Kapila, the founder of this system, contents himself simply with asserting that the position maintaining Ishwar, personal God, is untenable. And well might he say so, because an objective or personal God can scarcely be demonstrated by a strict and rigid ratiocination based on the data furnished by his system. This has, as he might have perceived, led

to the suspicion that the Sankhya is an atheistic system, while in fact it is no more so than the Vedant. The Sankhya simply denies the existence of a personal God—or such a conception of God as was most popular at the time. It really overlooks this question either from its inability to push it further or from its irrelevancy to the inquiry it undertakes. The next step it takes is towards the explanation of the Universe. It is thousands and thousands of years since the Sankhya theory of the world was aniled, yet so wonderfully was it wrought, that the advance of modern science only brings its beauties to view, without contradicting it in the least. It is a great credit to Kapila to have formulated in so masterly a manner and so perfectly the theory of Evolution, long, long centuries before the birth of Darwin and Spencer. The Prikriti, according to the Sankhya, is an objective substance, which by the disturbance in the equipoise of the three gunas, Raja, Tama and Sattava, changes itself into many conditions before coming out in the form of the creation as it is. While according to the Nyaya it was the innumerable atoms which went to form the Universe, with Sankhya it is one original substance called Prikriti which accounts for the Universe. The stages through which it passes in order to appear in the form of our Universe, are various, Buddhi (intellect), Ahamkar (“I”-ness) Tanmatrathes (essences of the individuality), &c., &c.

This Prikriti is responsible for all physical manifestations that we observe. It begins its trend from the intellect to the highest faculty in man, and passes to the crudest and most unevolved mass of matter. It may be interesting to know that what we call the *Ego* and what was confounded by the Nyaya and the Vaiseshika with the Atma, is from the point of view of this philosophy, merely a refined evolute and outcome of matter. It is, in brief, a conglomeration of 18 components, Intellect, Ahamkar (“I”-ness), Mind, five Tanmatras, essences of Ahamkar (*i. e.*, the essence of sound, contact, color, savor and odor), five organs of sense (ear, skin, eye, tongue and nose), and five of action (voice, hands, feet, excretion and generation).

The combination of all these is technically called “Lingasārīr”

and is tantamount to the individual soul, subject to pain and pleasure, actions and its fruits, and to the round of transmigrations. The Atma is quite indifferent to all these worldly concerns. It is a passive spectator to the thousand and one performances of the Prikriti. The connection, whatsoever we may fancy to exist between the Purusha and the Prikriti, is solely due to the influences of Avivreka—the want of discrimination. As soon as, by the torch of knowledge, we have discriminated between what is real and ever-enduring, and what is not, this fancied relation forever ceases to exist, and the Purusha is free. Now, one thing important to be noticed here, is, that Kapila assigns to this Prikriti *a real objective existence*. Notwithstanding any imperfections that later on may be pointed out in this system, it marks a splendid advance from the theories of the Nyaya, either in respect to the Soul or the World. As has already been shown, Nyaya did not go beyond the stage of an Ego, which is, from the Sankhya standpoint, an evolute of the Prikriti—nature, in respect to the former, and gave us only an atomic theory as to the latter. While this atomic theory has long since been abandoned, the evolution theory initiated by Kapila to such a perfection, stands to-day as one of the most enduring and convincing truths of the time.

We shall proceed a step further and see whether the system of Kapila is perfect or is capable of further improvement. A close study of this philosophy will show that it has not yet reached the highest stage of evolution and that there are several things in it left unfinished or only half done. It has asserted certain premises which lead to a bold conclusion; but it has failed, either from lack of knowledge, or moral cowardice, to arrive at that conclusion. Whatever was left unfinished, is brought to completion and perfection by the Vedant, as will shortly be shown.

Now, turning to the Vedant—the final Goal of Knowledge as it literally means, let me remark at the outset that it fulfils and accomplishes what has been left unfinished by the Sankhya or other equally noble systems of thought. The conception of Atma put

forth by the Vedant coincides to a great extent with that of Sankhya. It has been said of it: "It is destitute of all characteristics, is subtler than the subtlest; it is far beyond the sweep of senses, mind, and intellect. Unstained, ever-refulgent, sustaining and underlying the Universe, it standeth. It does not walk on the earth; it is not blown about by the wind; it does not wet in the water. It standeth, ever-refulgent, unaffected by the impurity of the world." Indeed it is unconditioned by the actions of the doer; nor does it stoop to become cribbed, cabined and confined within the narrow bounds of his individuality. Well might it say of itself, "Since I am so, how can 'I' or 'thou' be predicated of me?"\*

The Ego is the work of Prikriti or Maya, as has already been observed in connection with the Sankhya philosophy. This function is assigned to the Sukshma-Sarira in the Vedant, as to the Linga-Sarir (subtle body) in Sankhya. It consists, according to the former, of seventeen parts, five organs of sense, five organs of actions, five pranas or vital airs, mind and intellect. This description corresponds in the main to that of the Sankhya Linga-Sarira.

So, on the whole, we perceive that the Sankhya and the Vedant have similar conceptions of the Atma, but there is on this point involved in the former system one fallacy of a great magnitude which the latter has boldly pointed out and discarded. It will be seen that both Sankhya and the Vedant recognize the Atma as absolute, eternal, immortal, unconditioned and unstained; in other words, they assert that the Atma is beyond the meshes of Time, Space and Causality, which form the warp and woof of the mosaic work of our Universe. Now the question arises whether the Atma, of which such attributes have been predicated, is many or one. The Sankhya adopts the former view and the Vedant the latter. It is boldly and intrepidly asserted by the Vedant that such an Atma can be one and one only, as it is extremely absurd to conceive two notions equally stripped of Time, Space and Causality. It is these

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\* The I-ness or Thou-ness.

three things which generate the idea of division or separation; things which are unaffected by them cease to be apart from each other; they become welded into one homogeneous and harmonious One. If the Atma is eternal, immortal, absolute, unconditioned, it must be one, and the proposition that it is many is absurd on the very face of it. Consequently, the Atma is one, and it is in reality the error of Kapila to assign to it the character of manifoldness. The Vedant adopted wholesale the idea of the Atma as developed by Sankhya, with this distinct impress of its own—that it is One and not many. This is indeed a decided improvement upon the other conception.

Again, with regard to the question of God: Sankhya had advanced only so far as to make it admit the untenability of the idea of a personal God as held by Nyaya and Vaiseshika (the earlier schools), and then had left this question untouched. This probably gave rise to the suspicion that this philosophy advocates atheism. The position of the Vedant on the question is pronounced and so has become familiar. The Sankhya no doubt showed the later philosophy the way to advance toward the highly philosophical conception of Brahm. It had already been shown with a demonstration of truth that the duties which the earlier schools, Nyaya and Vaiseshika, assign to their personal God, could as well be discharged by the Prakriti or Nature, and the doctrine of Karma. Therefore there was no room for a personal God to exist. The Vedant again adopted this view of Sankhya and advanced boldly and undauntedly onward till it arrived at the idea of "Brahm"—a highly abstract and generalized notion. It admitted that an objective and personal God could be dispensed with, but showed it was an impossibility to escape the conception of a highly subjective Deity—the Deity which is woven and interwoven with our very existence.

It is "without sound, without touch, without form, which does not waste, which is without taste, which is eternal, without smell, without beginning and without end, higher than the highest." "It is subtler than what is subtle, greater than what is great." "It is

unbodily among the bodies, firm among the fleeting, great and all pervading." "It does not approach the eye or speech or mind." The Brahm is the innermost essence of all that exists—it is the underlying life of the Universe, the *ne plus ultra* of being. No positive attributes can be predicated of It. It can be indicated only by such terms as "not this." Nothing is there that resembles It, while It is the very essence of all that is. Time, Space and Causality are left far behind it, yet we live, move and have our being in it.

But philosophically viewing the matter, what else could this be, if not the Atma, which has already been set forth? One might say that it is highly lowering the idea of a Godhead to identify it with the human soul; but the Vendantist has explicitly defined this soul, and, on the contrary, sees that the conception of the soul has been so ennobled as to be lifted up to the height of God. The words "God" and "Soul," which mean "a personal God" and an "Ego," are exceedingly ill-chosen when employed to translate "Brahm" and "Atma" of the Vedant philosophy. This mistranslation is really one of the fatal errors which have led to such an enormous amount of misconception and misrepresentation as that investing the Vedantic theory of the identity of Atma and Brahm. Perhaps what has already been stated as regards the identification of the Supreme Being with the Atma requires a little explanation to make the matter clear, and I shall, therefore, attempt to offer a bit of it here. We have learned that the Atma is absolute, eternal, immortal, unconditioned, beyond Time, Space and Causality, and rigidly one.

The description of Brahm as already given is tantamount to the same notion. So we have two entities, absolute, eternal, immortal, *unconditioned*, etc., which is absurd; there cannot be two such notions, as was proved on a former occasion, and, therefore, they must be one, and the *Brahm* cannot be other than the *Atma*.

Turning to the third question—the World—we again observe that the Vedant finds in the theory of the Cosmos propounded by Kapila a ready-made pedestal upon which to erect its splendid superstructure of the doctrine of Maya. In fact, the Vedant recti-

fies the fallacy attaching to this theory of the Sankhya, as it did on the former occasion. It believes in the evolution as theorized by Kapila, and in fact subscribes, *mutatis mutandis*, to his cosmology, but with one important reservation, which at once raises the later philosophy to a higher rank. It asserts that the Prikriti, which exists by means of the action of the three gunas (Sattava, Raja and Tama, which are ultimate forms of matter) and which has been alleged to have an eternal objective existence, is no other than Maya,—something which is real and unreal—something the nature of which cannot be positively explained—something that cannot be proved to have a real objective existence if you pursue Matter scale in hand—something that we feel and experience yet cannot explain. It is better to call it a net of contradictions or puzzles, such as we live through, than positively to assert what it is. And this is so because every time we make an attempt to explain it our arguments, though for the time-being considered ingenious, are eventually refuted by other theories based on a wider observation and science. In the present times, we find that notwithstanding the ever-changing definition of Matter, a true conception of its nature is always receding further and further away from our mental grasp. There are indeed very few materialists who can prove to satisfaction that there is such a thing as “inert, dull, extended and divisible matter,” or any such substratum underlying the world. The “atoms” or the “molecules” have resolved into “forces”; and forces are by no means Matter, in the sense just now stated,

So the Vedant philosophy from that lofty pinnacle of transcendentalism, proclaims that it is absurd to assign an extra-mental existence to Matter or Prikriti. In a dream we perceive as solid and tangible a world such as we live in, yet it is without its most important substratum, the Matter. Does not this philosophy wisely throw out a hint that since we consider a dream to be a reality while it exists, it may be possible that the world we live in is a protracted dream, to be banished away on the awakening of our real nature? The theory must sound odd and strange to some



people, but for all that it has been cherished by most of the earnest and real thinkers throughout the world. Plato, Plotinus, Pythagoras of the ancient Greek Philosophy take almost the same view of the world. As recently as the present time, one of the most illustrious poets of England, Tennyson, has said: "Dreams are true while they last, and do we not live in dreams?"

"We are such stuff as dreams are made on," is a well-known quotation from Shakespeare, who saw things as they were, and was not deluded by their outward show. So the Vedant holds that the Prikriti is only a mental representation, though it adheres to its evolutionary stages put forth by Sankhya. It may not be out of place to state here that in modern times this truth has been demonstrated by Kant and his school. Kant assigns, for reasons stated at length in his Critique, a *mental* existence to Time, Space and Causality—the three ultimate factors of the Universe. These three things had been from time immemorial assigned an extra-mental and objective existence, but Kant pointed out the error and showed them what they are. If these three notions, Time, Space and Causality, which form the kaleidoscopic scenes of the Universe, are only in the mind, the Universe has no other existence than a mental one; and hence it is Maya. The Vedant holds that the world is due to our Avidya, ignorance, and that if ignorance is annihilated, as it can be, we shall cease to see the world.

Now let us see what the Vedant has done in the way of improving upon and developing the ideas of the Sankhya. It improved upon the notion of the Atma. It advanced the conception of the Deity. It eradicated the fallacy which attached to the theory of the world, as thought out by Sankhya. Hence it has a better claim to our respect and esteem.

To recapitulate: the Nyaya and Vaiseshika distinguished the soul from the body and gave it a spiritual existence, though their idea coincided with the individuality of man: the Sankhya advanced it to a loftier view, but retained the blemish which the Vedant swept away with its fearless hand. Again, the personal God of the early

school was rendered superfluous by the Sankhya, but the Vedant gave us a Deity which rendered our philosophy pious and holy.

As to the third problem, Matter—Nyaya and Vaiseshika came forward with an atomic theory which the Sankhya improved by the idea of an original *Prikriti* and a real evolution of the world; but here again a fallacy was left, and the Vedant again did away with it. The *Prikriti* was objective, but the Vedant made it subjective and called it *Maya*—the Unexplainable Something. Hence we see a gradual development of thought throughout these Indian philosophical systems, out of which the Vedant represents the highest stage of evolution. There is no need to view these systems separate from one another. They can be better studied, considered as fulfilling and complementing each other. The Nyaya and the Vaiseshika stand on the lowest rung, the Sankhya occupies the middle one and the Vedant shines forth in its overwhelming refulgence from the topmost position of the ladder of philosophical thought.

The following diagram explains the different stages of the development of these three philosophies through the Shastras:

(1) NYAYA AND VAISESHIKA.	(2) SANKHYA.	VEDANT.
{Soul.) Ego (Jiva), subject to pain and pleasure; the enjoyer and sufferer of the fruits of actions, etc. Souls are separate and are many.	"Purusha," not subject to actions but absolute, eternal, immortal, and unconditioned; they are many.	"Atma"—just as the "Purusha," excepting that it is <i>One</i> and not many.
(God.) Personal and objective God, called <i>Sagun</i> .	Personal God, that cannot be proved.	Highly impersonal and subjective and underlying "Brahm."
{World.) Atomic theory.	Evolutionary theory. <i>Prikriti</i> objective.	Evolutionary theory, excepting that the <i>Prikriti</i> ( <i>Maya</i> ) is subjective.

KANNOO MAL.

## THE MAKING AND DECAYING OF THE CREED.

BY THE REVEREND HENRY FRANK.

(V.)

### "THE CRUMBLING CREED OF CHRISTENDOM."

The Presbyterian Creed is the most thorough-going and logical exposition of Christian theological thought. It is the most spectacular theological landmark of the ages. It is the effectual form after which all the creeds have been finally patterned. I do not mean to assert that it is historically the most ancient, for that were false; but I do mean to assert that it has outridden and overtopped all other formularies, and stands to-day as the most complete and absolute expression of congealed theological definitions.

Therefore, when the Presbyterians begin to revise they will surely engage in a Sisyphean task. Conflict on conflict will ensue; and this very proposed act of revision may become the particular rock on which the Presbyterian system may split. If they should undertake to revise the Creed, at what end will they begin?

What single link can they remove from this thoroughly welded chain of logic, and yet suffer it to remain intact? John Calvin was a logician more than a Christian, a philosopher, or a reformer.

His genius all must admire. He stood head and shoulders above his age. Surrounded by great and mighty men, where is one who has left so firm an intellectual impress on the world as he? Not Luther, Erasmus, Melancthon, Zwinglius, Savanarola, and Servetus or Arminius. I look upon John Calvin as an Agamemnon among the intellectual giants of all time. He ranks greater than Moses, and equals, if he does not surpass, Paul in the grip he secured upon his age and the power he exercised. Yet for all that, who of us does not to-day regret that John Calvin ever wrote and taught and led?

The world was then blind enough and he was blind too, and together he and the world fell into the ditch.

To see how impossible it is to modify this Creed without breaking it into atoms, let us study its logic.

It begins by picturing God to us as an arbitrary, distant and self-complacent tyrant. "God from all eternity did by the most wise and holy counsel of His own will freely and *unchangeably* ordain whatsoever comes to pass; yet so as thereby neither is God the author of sin, nor is violence offered to the will of these creatures," etc. (West. Conf., Chap. III., Art. 1.)

So God creates all things—yet He *doesn't* create them. He knew all the things that were to come to pass before the beginning of the world; yet when they came to pass, He suddenly became oblivious of the event. He established Adam in Eden, that he might enjoy it and be blessed; yet he meant that Adam should be tempted and fall. He prearranged the machinery of the plot, shifted the scenery, built the stage and put the actors on it; yet when Adam was tempted and fell, He suddenly "disremembers" everything about it, and thus escapes the burden of culpability.

He comes down out of his oblivious realms and walks in the garden. He says to Adam, "What hast thou done?" Adam says, "I ate an apple." "Well, why did you eat the apple—did I not tell you not to?" "Yes," says Adam, "but the woman Thou gavest me tempted me and I did eat." He asks the woman why she ate and tempted Adam, and she replies that the hissing thing that He put in the garden to prowl around and frighten them tempted her and she ate. Now, this God, who had "freely and unchangeably ordained" that all this should come to pass, walks into the garden, hypocritically pretending ignorance (just as the Presbyterians pretend ignorance about their Creed) and throws all the responsibility, blame and consequence of this sin on these poor creatures whom He foreordained to sin; and yet, though before they sinned He foreknew it all, nevertheless, after they sinned He knows nothing about it whatever!

Again, "By the decree of God some men and angels are predestinated unto everlasting life and others *foreordained to everlasting death.*"

Now as God can foreordain everything without foreordaining it, and can foreknow everything without foreknowing it, of course He can forever damn inoffensive angels, infants and other non-elect, and still escape the blame and responsibility of such damnation.

This singular feature of the Creed sustains the position of the ridgepole to the house. Take it away and the whole Creed tumbles to the ground. The Presbyterian God foreordaining and foreknowing everything, of course must have foreordained just who should be saved and who should be eternally damned. Hence, if you take away a single iota of God's infinite foreknowledge, of course, He would cease to be a thoroughly satisfactory God; therefore it is necessary that His foreknowledge should be absolute. But if it be absolute, then of course there can be for Him no surprises in the whole round of human transactions. But if that be so, then, of course, He must have known from before all time—while yet he sat in the complacent solitude of His own unattended presence—just who would live forever and who would burn forever. Therefore, that the absoluteness and completeness of this Calvinistic God might be maintained, the Creed declares: "*These angels and men thus predestinated and foreordained are particularly and unchangeably designed; and their number is so certain and definite that it cannot be either increased or diminished*"! (Art. IV.)

The logical deductions of the Creed hang upon the premise of God's foreknowledge and on predestination. This granted, and all the repulsive conclusions of the exact foreordained number to be saved and the exact number to be damned must of course follow. So, of course, logically the Creed was constrained to introduce the clause about infant damnation or deny its pivotal premise that God was omnipotent and omniscient—foreknew and foreordained all things that come to pass. But to do this would be to destroy God himself. Hence every feature of that Creed must remain as it is, or

the existence of the Presbyterian God denied. Ay, this will result, even if you alter that ugly clause asserting the irresponsibility of man in his eternal fate, declaring "*Those of mankind whom God hath predestinated to life, according to His Eternal and inimitable purpose, He hath chosen without any foresight of faith, or good works, or any other thing in the creature, as condition or causes moving him thereto*"!

The delectable, but only legitimate, conclusion to be drawn from this clause is that though this Presbyterian God foreordained and caused a devil in human form to be born into the world, and wrote opposite his name, long before the world begun, that one little word "elect," this human devil would forever abide in the golden bliss of paradise; whereas if an infant came with "reprobate" opposite his name in that "*ante mundi creationem*" book, though his life proved to be the paragon of all purity, and the elucidation of every principle of truth and virtue, yet, because John Calvin's God had so foreordained it, the flames of hell were already hungry for his assured reception!

Now, if I were a minister in the Presbyterian church, I would declare without a qualm of fear or the glimpse of a gloss, that the honor and reputation of the Presbyterian church, the "praise and glorious grace" of the Presbyterian God, common-sense and nineteenth century justice demanded the immediate and unconditional demolition of this putrescent Creed, till not a vestige of it were left in the churches.

Of course I would not have this Creed destroyed as an historical document—as a landmark of the past, and a woeful warning for the future, but I would have it swept out of the churches absolutely; obliterated from the mind; never studied in our seminaries except as a musty relic of a controversial past, to be reviewed, if at all, casually, as one would notice the armor of the days of chivalry. But to modify, revise, alter or transform its phraseology or its sentiments, merely to resuscitate it and put it again in authority, is an insult to the intelligence of the age; is an unmitigated affront to

the popular conscience; and is enough in itself to relegate forever to oblivion the ecclesiastical organization that would permit it.

Nor can the general Creed of Christendom ensconce itself behind the Presbyterian Creed, with the hope of escaping the denunciation of the age. The logic of Orthodoxy is identical with that of Calvinism; although this may not be as grossly revealed in the established formularies to which she gives her consent. Orthodoxy, like Presbyterianism, postulates the existence of an all-powerful and all-good God, who created the universe and caused this planet to be populated by the human-kind. It insists that this all-powerful God suffered the very children, whom out of love he had begotten, to be subjected to inescapable temptations and entrapped in the wiles of one "Devil," whom he also had created for the sole purpose of "devouring" all human beings who fell within his grasp. At length the whole human race having thus fallen, because of the transgression of its original progenitor, is eternally damned to the tortures of Hell, redemption from which is alone possible through the sacrifice of the most holy and righteous Being in the universe, without faith in whose sacrifice the individual must forever burn and burn in the material flames of perdition, or the spiritual torment of a peaceless conscience, whose "worm never dieth."

Calvinism is not more cruel than modern Orthodoxy—it is simply more logical. The former ushers man into this world already guilty and damned—guilty without sinning, damned without a trial.

The latter denies that man comes already guilty from before the foundation of the world, but insists that he is tainted throughout his being—totally depraved—and through no effort of his own can he either think or perform a righteous deed—aspire to or attain a noble life. While he is not damned by the decree of God, he is nevertheless cursed in the very quality of his nature. By indirection modern orthodoxy casts the responsibility for human guilt upon God, whereas Calvinism did so with undisguised directness.

According to the modern Creed, man, being thoroughly evil in his nature—totally depraved—cannot by any effort of his own

become righteous or pure in thought or deed, but receives his inspiration to goodness from God himself who through "grace" prompts man to every exalted effort. But here enters a logical dilemma which is very embarrassing to orthodoxy.

If man is totally depraved and cannot by his own choice or power perform any good deed—then how is it possible for him to accept through his own choice the sacrifice of another—even God himself—for his salvation? The exercise of such a motive is the sublimest and most righteous of all human promptings. How could tainted, accursed, sinful, totally depraved humanity ever acquire the capacity to exercise such a high hope and noble purpose, if man can exercise no good thought or deed by his own will unaided by divine grace? The overtures of Jesus, of a pleading, dying Savior on the "accursed tree," to such an incapacitated and unresponsive race must needs be as ineffectual as the songs of the Sirens in removing mountains from the Ægean shores. If man is incapable of a good thought, a lofty aspiration, a noble deed, by virtue of the exercise of his own choice, unaided by divine grace, then he must needs be wholly irresponsible for the rejection of all the overtures of divine grace, and the God who condemns him for rejecting that which he is incapable of receiving is indeed a monster as repulsive as Beelzebub.

But, at this point, modern orthodoxy seeks to relieve itself from embarrassment by insisting that the grace of God is freely given through the Holy Spirit to all who desire to receive it; and if they refuse they do so at their own peril. But seed cannot take root and spring up in a rocky soil. Of what avail were climate and atmosphere, and rain and sunlight to seed planted in such a barren soil? The heart of a rock is not the womb that generates a flower. Thus, if the nature of man be as the rock, unreceptive and unresponsive, then, though "grace" were infinitely and eternally poured out to him it would avail nothing—for he receives it not, nor can respond to its overtures.

Therefore, modern orthodoxy, which postulates a totally depraved race, incapacitated from choosing, of its own free will and unassisted



by divine grace, the overtures of love and mercy, and yet condemns that self-same race to eternal torture because of rejecting that which it is inherently incapable of accepting, presents a Supreme Being as repulsive and despicable as Calvinism, which is less hypocritical because more candid, and apparently more repulsive because less deceitful.

"But," exclaims the defender of orthodoxy, "God chooses to save all and freely diffuses his grace for the salvation of every human being; he only is lost who refuses to receive."

While this reply does not in the least relieve the force of the above exposed inconsistency of modern orthodoxy, it introduces still another embarrassing feature. If God is all-powerful, and all good, and his "grace" is infinite and universally diffused, then why is not the whole human race saturated through and through with this divine afflatus—and why is it not by nature pure as Deity and radiant as the beams that emanate from his bosom?

Can light and darkness mingle? Can truth and error be the same? Can "grace" and "guilt" exist in one and the same being? If "grace" is goodness, then there can inhere in it no jot of evil. If "grace" is light, then in the soul in which it exists no shade of night can ever enter. If "grace," emanating from an infinite and all-powerful Being, is infinite, then its goodness must be all-effectual; then there is no darkness, no death, no damnation. Then all are saved already, because of the superlative power of the all-pervading spirit of Deity—and man is by nature not only not "totally depraved" but he is essentially and inherently pure, truthful, divine and exalted. *The logic of modern Orthodoxy drives it as irresistibly into optimistic Pantheism as the logic of Calvinism drove it into fatalistic materialism.* Here is the dilemma to which its own logic arrives: Either God is too feeble by his power or grace to save the human race, in which case he cannot be the Creator or Sovereign of the universe; or his grace, being infinite and supreme, necessarily pervades all sentient beings who reflect his divine nature and essential radiance. There can be no neutral ground: God is either All or Nothing.

Modern Orthodoxy in seeking to escape the Scylla of Calvinistic fatalism has rushed into the Charybdis of philosophical Pantheism. This the defenders of the Creed know all too well. Hence their ardent and determined effort to thwart all attacks of revision or annihilation of the Creed lest they surrender the very fortress of authoritative Religion to the Arch-foe of the Centuries.

I claim that creeds have ever been the dam stopping the free flow of religious earnestness. I claim that they have ever shrouded the glow of spiritual enthusiasm with the gloom of confusion and despair; that they have substituted distortion for harmony, insincerity for honesty, ignorance for information. They have been the vestal robes of virgin innocence in which priestly chicanery has ever disguised its true nature and eluded the eye of the unwary.

I fail to see where a creed has ever caused one forward march in the progress of religious or secular knowledge. I fail to see where a creed has ever ennobled a single life, embellished a hope, or glorified a character. I see in creeds only darkness, ignorance, superstition and intellectual distress. I see in creeds the secret caves where priests are manufactured and hurled full-tonsured on a world of dupes; where ignorance is crowned with authority and the simpering of metaphysical nonsense palmed off for oracular wisdom. Creeds have ever been stultifying, atrocious, tyrannical, enthralling. A creed is a culprit's chain and ball; a barred dungeon cell; an inescapable cave of darkness and despair. Once in, you are the slave of fear and the tool of superstition. You cannot escape without a mental rupture and a moral battle.

The creeds have ever been the slave-masters of mankind; and priests the slave-drivers of the masses.

"A death to all creeds" is the cry of the age. The outmost sentinels, few in number, are firing the signal of the advance, and the battle is already on. The days may be numbered when the written and enslaving creed shall be no more.

HENRY FRANK.

## THE FAMINE IN INDIA.

BY PAUL AVENEL.

### I.

Famine and plague have left their scourge on India,  
A cloud obscures her light and in its wreathing myriad-fold her fat<sup>ed</sup>  
children lie;  
Vulture-like it hangs between the hearts of men and all that m<sup>e</sup>  
hold dear,  
Its warp is made of human life, its woof of human happiness, a<sup>nd</sup>  
both are deeply dyed in pain;  
Impoverished India, thy pedigree is proud,  
The blood of sages courses in thy veins and on thy brow the<sup>e</sup>  
magic seal is set,  
Their canticles are written in thy heart, their mystic lore inscrib<sup>ed</sup>  
upon thy brain, for thou art Erudition's child.

### II.

Alas, what wretchedness is thine!  
Thy haughty lineage, thy poetry, thine arts, thy long-historic fame  
avail thee not;  
Sired by seers, reared in the affluence of mental wealth, where are  
thy sacred legacies?  
Where thine ambition, where thy zeal, where all the broad dominion  
of thy thought?  
Too long thy life was spent in indolence, too long seducing eas<sup>e</sup>  
consumed thine energy, too long thy vigor slept;  
Too long the sorcery of caste beguiled thy soul, too long thy senses  
rioted, too long thy nature sacrificed to self;  
Too long the pomp of heritage enthralled thy will and stultified thy  
heart!

## III.

Dark is thy night, O India!  
 thy passion for thyself has turned upon itself to prey;  
 thy volt sits brooding on thy breast and in thy heart its fangs are  
 festering;  
 the terror lurking in thine eyes is born of grief—the grief of  
 penury;  
 thine azure skies, thine ardent soil, thy balmy atmosphere, thy  
 dreamy days and soporific nights,  
 thy dusky throngs, thy homes, thy shrines and all thy broad domain  
 are shadowed by a devastating plague.

## IV.

Thy children weep and cry for bread,  
 they clutch thy ragged skirts and clamor for the food thy poverty  
 denies;  
 their gentle eyes are hunger-wild, their hollow cheeks pale with the  
 pestilence;  
 Ount famine's brood! in shivering groups they hide themselves to  
 die,  
 their shrunken limbs refuse their weight and fever ravages their  
 blood;  
 their wailings perish in their throats, starvation's awe has paralyzed  
 their tongues,  
 the plague has marked them for its own.  
 Their baby heads, like blasted fruit, are pillowed on the stony floor;  
 their shriveled fingers, locked in pain, grow stiff and motionless;  
 the dew of dissolution chills their brows, and fluttering sighs—  
 O frail to stir the silence with their feeble pulse—escape their  
 pallid lips.

## V.

Livid they lie, the living mingled with the dead!  
 Nor mother-love nor father-pride can stay the fatal flood,  
 It rolls its blighting billows into every home, and casts its deadly  
 spray alike on young and old;  
 Its waves are pitiless, its poisoned waters strangle every hope,  
 envenom every joy;  
 They mock at misery, they seethe and boil in every brain, and  
 rankle in the soul.

## VI.

Benighted India! Death is thy truest friend.  
 His visage grim and melancholy mien belie his sympathetic heart;  
 Only the fragile falter at his glance, the sturdy stand like oaks nor  
 bend a knee at his approach;  
 He prunes thy flocks and sifts thy precious wheat, he weeds thy  
 fields to give thee better fruit;  
 Decry him not! he serves thy future fame and purges thee to foster  
 latent strength;  
 The seeds of greatness slumber in thy mind, they cannot germinate  
 till he has purified thy veins;  
 When he shall stay his hand thy task begins; arouse thee then to  
 greater diligence.  
 Bestir thy will! Let sinew glean thy wealth and thrift preserve it  
 for the day of need.

## VII.

Mourn not the dead who fall like autumn leaves about thy  
 feet in vast unnumbered heaps,  
 Thine oracles remain—the noble few who constitute thy worth—  
 They hold the treasure of thy past and conquer wisdom by a law to  
 thee unknown,

By secret paths they mount the peaks and scale the pinnacles of truth;  
The ways are arduous and full of dauntless toil, too full of self-forgetfulness to lure thy multitudes from careless ease.

## VIII.

Where are the laureates who sang thy palmy days?  
Where are the conquerors who framed thine ancient laws?  
Where thy philosophy—as staunch as granite cliffs?  
Where are the looms that robed thy kings in cloth-of-gold?  
Where are the purple dyes that made thee peerless in thy royalty?  
Where thy transcendent galaxy of seers?  
They live in monuments beneath the sod,  
Their deeds are graven in the breast of Earth  
On monolith and temple walls, in crypt and catacomb,  
On screed of stone, in agate tomes,  
And in the living mental streams that filter through the brains of men.

## IX.

Achievement never dies, the victories of intellect are never lost.  
The mental harvests of the past lie fallow till the future learns their need;  
Tradition guards their sleep, the sands of Time refine their golden grains;  
A million years will crystallize the jeweled thoughts of ages gone,  
A million revolutions of the sun will educate new minds to estimate their worth,  
Resplendent they will shine again in other hearts;  
Revolving years will wear away the rust of ignorance,  
Enlightenment will dissipate the fumes of sense,  
And Erudition light again its beacon-torch in India.

## X.

When Egypt built her pyramids and reared her monumental  
Sphinx,  
When her archaic life was young and every nation paid its tribute to  
her fame,  
When learning rose to zenith-height and prowess was a cultured art,  
then India stood without eclipse;  
Twin sister to the Nile's proud queen she shared the prestige of that  
occult clime;  
The phalanxed centuries had filled her treasuries with gold,  
With grain and wine, with spice and jewels rare,  
With textile fabrics and perfume, with priceless tapestries,  
With legendary cipher scrolls, with porphyry and bronze,  
With amber oils and quaintly chiseled urns.

## XI.

Now she sits hemlock-crowned,  
The yew has cast its mournful shadow on her heart,  
The doom of desolation clings about her like a shroud;  
Her temple-lights are dim, her faith obscured,  
Her groves complain and lamentations issue from her hills.

## XII.

Where lies thy fault, O India?  
The fault of all who live upon the fruit of other lives, in self-  
indulgent ease,  
Who through long mellow days and sentimental nights have let their  
talents waste,  
Who drone when they should work, and slumber while their facul-  
ties decay.  
The factions of the soul revolt against the sacrilege of sense, and rise  
in mutiny.

Satiety is father of Recoil, and Apathy prolific mother of Disease,  
Their children breed a progeny of vice and crime;  
Labor begets the flush of health, the brawn of energy;  
Vigor is the sturdy son of Toil, he never thrives in pampered  
luxury.

## XIII.

Then rouse thee, India!  
Anoint thy bleeding wounds with myrrh and pour the oil of consolation on thy fevered head;  
Drink from Nepenthe's potent cup, a drowsy draught to lull the rancor in thy brain—  
Drink long and deep of sparkling hope, and soothe thy heart with invocations to thine intellect;  
Life's sentient keys will sound again Love's melodies,  
Thy haggard eyes will smile, and all thy pulses thrill anew at his entrancing tones;  
Sorrow will flee at his approach, and all the legions of Despair will hie them to their Stygian home—  
Love will requite thee for the irony of Fate and teach thy soul its nobler destiny.

## XIV.

Time is compassionate; he veils the gulf that yawns between  
thine ancient self and thee,  
He pales the fires of memory, and in oblivion hides thy patriarchal name,  
He screens thy past in hoary mists, and down the long defile of thy decline he hangs a cloudy canopy of years.  
Thy benefactor he, devoted most because he pities most;  
His even pace along the ebbing days will guide thy tottering feet,  
His steady hand will never swerve, for he is calm and passionless; he  
will not yield himself to thine appeal—



He hears thy moans and feels thine agony, but he will never sway to  
human sentiment ;

All sentiments are his, all loves, all joys, all rapturous delights,

All life is his, all death, all fates, all destinies,

The blended pulse of all created things throbs in his breast and  
nerves his resistless will ;

Prodigious strength is his and what stupendous energy !

He rules the moods of men in every age, himself forever uncon-  
trolled ;

Lean on his arm, O India ! and he will lead thee down the vista of  
the dawning years to cultured life,

'T is his to guide thee to thy lost inheritance,

'T is thine to hew thy pathway to thine old renown.

PAUL AVENEL.

## DEPARTMENT OF PHILOSOPHY.

DEVOTED TO

Art, Literature and Metaphysics.

EDITED BY C. H. A. BJERREGAARD.

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### LIGHT, VISIBLE AND INVISIBLE.

The universe of visible things has no speech, yet we know it better than the facts just related by our friend. There is something, Light, which reveals it.

There is an existence besides the visible one, yet none of us have seen it. We affirm it on the strength of something, Light, which reveals it.

Both the visible and the invisible universe come to us on the waves of light; yet we know not what it is. It is as Tennyson wrote it: "God and Nature meet in Light." We realize one mystery by another.

Of visible light it is said that without it there can be no vision. Such is the dictum of science. The poet, however, is as positive that the light by which we see this world comes out of the observer. Both seem to think that Light is dual. A great soldier, Alexander, thought that "not every light is in the sun"; and Quarles speaking for the theologians affirmed that "the best way to see Divine Light is to put out thine own candle."

But others hail light as "only the shadow of God," as the first and only born of heaven and agree with the Veda that "light is God's first law." Evidently these three, Sir Thomas Brown, Milton

and the unknown Eastern sage, had the idea of unity in mind. Light was One, wherefore also the Talmud held that "a single light answers as well for one man as for a hundred."

It is on the lines of these latter thoughts that the occultists and mystics have searched, and, as it would seem to the Inner Eye, found the Light that created and illumines the world. In general it may be said that they found a light diviner than the common sun, a light which is penetrating, stirring, and shaping everything, even the soul.

We may not be able to penetrate the mystery of light but we can observe some phenomena of light; they may be few, but nevertheless they give us the richest insight into the mystery of a Mystery. One of the first facts that the "every day" forces upon us is the dependence of life upon light; or, in other words, the impression that light is of a higher order than life.

Plant-breathing, or the decomposition of carbonic-acid gas, can be accomplished only by the assistance of solar light. It is also light that produces color in plants, their perfumes and delicious flavors; it exerts mechanical influences too: it bends their stems, it regulates their sleep and nutrition, it acts upon the inter-cellular movements or chlorophyll, etc. That which light thus does for plants, it does in a general way for all organic existence. In fact, as Lavoisier said, "without light, nature was without life; she was inanimate and dead. A benevolent God, bringing light, diffused over the earth's surface organization, feeling, and thought."

The ancients knew this, though the experiments that prove the above facts to us, are but of very recent day. The Hindu worshiped "the golden-handed, light-bestowing, well-guarding, exhilarating and affluent Savitri." Savitri or Surya was Light, the classical Helios, the Norse Balder, "the white light" or all-producing and all-preserving care, which, like Being, penetrates, stirs and shapes everything.

The soul feels itself a beam of light, and hence light comes easily to be a symbol of the Highest, of Truth. To Plato, for instance,

the Idea is a light—a light that is a surety of conviction. The modern idealist scarcely ever thinks of light as an astronomical centre of unity; it is to him almost a conscious being. He instinctively salutes it in Milton's words, "Hail, holy light! offspring of heaven, first-born." He inscribes on his altar of truth the invocation of Dante :

O eternal light!  
Sole in thyself that dwellest; and of thyself  
Sole understood, past, present, or to come!

He lives permanently in a solarium, a solar-air-bath, and, like many of the ancients finds "earth not gray, but rosy," and "life not dull, but fair of hue," all because he lives in his true element, the Light. He is not disturbed by "the world, sin, time, which are interpolations into the authentic scripture of the soul."

The temple which humanity has built to Light, resembles a building of many stories. On the lowest floor live the matter-of-fact men, who see, hear and feel. Light is so common to them, that they never think of it. In the next story dwells the idealist. He is raised above the crowd and sufficiently distant from the noise of the street to contemplate the reasons of some of its life. In the higher following stories live various classes of idealists, the distinction between them arising from the degree in which they identify themselves with light. Above the idealists come those who are "living lights." It sounds paradoxical, but it is true, that they live in so much light that they cannot be seen. Light cannot be seen in light, and, the blazing brightness in which they live ultrahumanizes them. They follow

"The ultimate angels' law,  
There, where love, light, joy, impulse, are one thing."

They speak "silence, the dialect of heaven." Their souls do not "chronicle her age." Things to them are but "memoirs of ideas."

C. H. A. BJERREGAARD.

## PESSIMISM, AN AFFIRMATION.

All the large philosophical systems and schools have been abused and misrepresented, but none more than Pessimism. The main cause for this is to be sought in the deep nature of these systems and schools. They rise from one of the great roots of the tree of Knowledge, but the superficial critic is either unable or unwilling to dig into the soil for the tap-roots. Another reason for the unfavorable reception of these systems lies in the poor presentation they often make of themselves, being only too commonly formulated in ambiguous terms and expressions that carry many and various meanings. Pessimism especially has suffered on account of its verbal clothings. It is also a most singular fact, that such forms of thought as Idealism, Pantheism, Materialism, Transcendentalism, Pessimism, &c., have in them a certain deceptive light, which draws the unwary, the ignorant and the crank to them; and these bring only discredit upon them.

I shall not dwell upon all the mistakes known as regards Pessimism. I will state the reasons that justify it, and, the truth of it.

The tap-root of Pessimism is the mutability of things:

“ The flower that smiles to-day  
To-morrow dies;  
All that we wish to stay  
Tempt, and then flies.  
What is this world's delight?  
Lightning that mocks the night,  
Brief even as bright.”

Mutability with its inherent law of rejuvenescence is part of the order of existence; it must therefore be complied with cheerfully and ought not to give rise to the morose temper of a Byron or the liver-colored sadness of a Leopardi, or the blasphemy of Omar

Khayyam. We ought rather take the view of Taubert that "the much descried cheerlessness of pessimism transforms itself on closer inspection into one of the greatest consolations which are offered to mankind; for not only does it transport the individual beyond every suffering to which he is destined, it also increases the pleasures which exist, and doubles our enjoyment. It is true that it shows us the illusory character of every joy, but it does not thereby touch pleasure itself, but simply encloses it in a dark frame which makes the picture stand out with the greater advantage.

We ought to view the *Weltschmerz* (world-pain) of Heine and Lenau as affectation or rooted in disease, because they are unphilosophical or unreasoning. The same view ought to be taken of Leopardi's words, "All around passes away, one thing only is certain, that pain persists." This is simply jaundice.

Life is two-fold in nature. It is both beginning and end. Life admonishes us to sing, "Let the heavens rejoice, and let the earth be glad!" at the same time as it forces us to see that "Man is like to vanity; his days are as a shadow." It is his nature to be double, and we have no right to complain. Its very nature is so transparent that even the blind can see it and its purpose thereby is to teach us to turn beyond itself. Its very cry is "Not in me! Seek beyond!" It is only doubt created by a disordered brain or despair fostered by reckless living which can not accept this view. Even great minds are at times or in transition periods of their lives subject to some such despair. Schelling is an illustration.

Curious as it may seem, it is nevertheless true that we must accept all the statements made by the pessimists before we can enter the Path. We must do away with all separateness and live in universals, and, this must not be merely a reasoned creed, it must be so real that our thoughts do not run to the subject. And we must not even know of things, so complete must be our realization of the *vanitas vanitatum*. But such laws take away from us all that which the ordinary man considers worth living for and produces in him a philosophy of what is usually called pessimism and despair

and hopelessness. Not till we have passed through such vastations do we really begin to live.

Let us therefore welcome such pessimism; it is a heavenly teacher, though the name may be antagonistic to us. The teacher does not deprive us of pleasure as Taubert told us, nor of intellectual insights. It only removes the illusions that attach themselves to these. Let us learn to say with Wordsworth:

" If life were slumber on a bed of down  
Toil unimposed, vicissitude unknown,  
Sad were our lot."

The mutability of things is "the faith that makes faithful"; and, it puts us in sympathetic union with the real core of things.

" Wings have we,—and as far as we go  
We may find pleasure. . . . "

But our wings have not their full power till they have been developed in "storm and stress" of pessimistic deliverance.

C. H. A. BJERREGAARD.

### JOHN BURROUGHS IN "THE LIGHT OF DAY."\*

John Burroughs belongs to a new class of men known to history only in the last half of this century. They are poet-naturalists, and though but a small school of writers, they are brilliant and exert a great influence. They are authors to whom "the man behind the book" is of more account than the book itself, and all have started their studies with nature and not in the studio. Among them are counted Gilbert White, whose famous "Natural History of Selborne" is even earlier than the period already named. It was issued first in 1788; and it may well be called the father and mother of many similar and better ones. In England we also count Richard Jefferies as

\* The Light of Day. Religious discussions and criticisms from the naturalist's point of view. By John Burroughs. Boston and New York. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 1900.

belonging to this charmed circle. Who does not know his "Wild Life in a Southern Country," and "The Story of My Heart"? Among ourselves we have had Thoreau, and we still hear from John Burroughs.

Burroughs is less mystical than Jefferies, not so self-conscious and philosophical as Thoreau, but as simple as White, though less sympathetic. He sings the glory of the Hudson and may well be said to be a watch-tower on the Hudson. There is more of the human nature in him than in White.

It is Nature in the human form that attracted him to Walt Whitman, that "broad, powerful, opulent, human personality," and it is that which gave us the rich and exhaustive study of the Camden Sage, published in 1896. Burroughs admires Thoreau but does not follow him in his desire to avoid men; Burroughs has sought men, and wishes to influence them. As a master of the Human he is incomparable. He is more of a rationalist than Jefferies; more of an observer and less of a poet than he. The Englishman hunts for nature's retired scenes to make them shrines; he sees and hears the secret rhythm and mystery. The American has more science and thinks that "the great lesson of nature is that a sane sensuality must be preserved at all hazards."

It is with some hesitation that I write "less of a poet," for I am going to take his introductory poem as a key to my analysis of the book before me: "The Light of Day." In it certainly burns a passion "which itself is highest reason in a soul sublime"; and the expression of such a passion is poetry. Aside from a comparison with Jefferies, John Burroughs is a poet in his own right.

The poem is entitled "Waiting," and the title, as well as the poem itself, is singularly expressive of moderation and spiritual self-control. It has its complement in the Preface to the book in which the author claims no more for his production than that he has "urged the sufficiency and the universality of natural law," viz., "the light of day."

The meaning of this phrase and its bearing upon this volume of essays will appear from the following story: In Central Asia, near the river Oxus, there is said to be a famous rock, called the Lamp Rock, from a strange light that seems to issue from a cavern far up on the side of the mountain. The natives have a superstitious fear of the rock, and ascribe the light to some dragon or demon that lives in the



cave. Recently an English traveler climbed up the mountain to investigate, and it was found that the light was after all only the light of common day that penetrated from the other side. John Burroughs may moderately claim that he has only thrown such a "light of day" upon the subjects before us, but he has really done more. "The light of day" becomes under his treatment the Universal. It will be interesting to the reader to see how the sentiment and feeling of the poem correspond to his intellectual statements of similar or parallel ideas. The comparison offers an admirable opportunity to see which is the stronger in the author: his life of feeling or his reasoning.

The opening stanza runs thus:

Serene, I fold my hands and wait,  
Nor care for wind, or tide, or sea;  
I rave no more 'gainst Time or Fate,  
For lo! my own shall come to me.

This is more than common nature-study can say. It is himself, and expresses exactly what he says about Matthew Arnold in the fifteenth essay. We need only read "John Burroughs" instead of Arnold. "I think Arnold must be classed among the men who, like Wordsworth, Coleridge, Carlyle, Emerson, are essentially religious, men who reach and move the spirit and help forward the higher life. . . . His mind glows in presence of the great facts of life, death, and eternity. Its yearning, spiritual aspiration, and penetrating insight are remarkable. It is the soul that feels and responds to them, and not merely the esthetic and literary faculty."

John Burroughs strikes the chords of spiritual-mindedness. It is most interesting to notice how strongly this sentiment is re-stated in the last lecture, "The Divine Ship," after he in several other places—for instance, in the fourth lecture—has been carried away with the false reasoning of much of to-day's so-called science. The pseudo-scientists reason that man is nothing and not worth considering because in weight and measure he disappears utterly in comparison with the immensity of universal mathematics. They ignore the depths that open up inwardly and they deny *a priori* that man is the manifestation of that very creative principle which is the cause of the material universe.

Listen to the enthusiastic and the poetico-prophetic utterances like these :

"Do we realize the amazing grandeur and beauty of the voyage we are making,—all the more grand and beautiful because on so large a scale and in so vast an orbit that none suspect it, none witness it ; speeding with more than the speed of a rifle bullet, and the fact patent only to the imagination, not to the senses? In the heavens, among the stars, separated from the nearest by measureless space, yet related to the farthest by the closest ties, upheld and nourished by a power so vast that nothing can measure it, yet so subtle that not a hair loses its place. . . . It fills me with awe when I think how vital and alive the world is ; how the water forever cleanses itself ; how the air forever cleanses itself, and the ground forever cleanses itself,—how the sorting, sifting, distributing process, no atom missing or losing its place, goes on for ever and ever ! Perpetual renewal and promotion ! "

I stay my haste, I make delays,  
For what avails this eager pace?  
I stand amid the eternal ways,  
And what is mine shall know my face.

He further elaborates this thought in the seventh essay, "The Modern Sceptic," where he maintains that "faith in one's self and in the justice of one's cause is always half the battle." The mystery of self-realization (for good and bad !) is hinted at in this sentence : "Curses, anathemas, tend to fulfil themselves when the imagination is impressed by them." Has not some one of my readers experienced the dark side of "what is mine shall know my face"? There is a "white magic," but there is also a "black magic."

Asleep, awake, by night or day,  
The friends I seek are seeking me;  
No wind can drive my bark astray,  
Nor change the tide of destiny.

In a different way, the same thought is expressed in the second essay: "The priest with his magic and the doctor with his nostrums have had their day. If natural goodness will not save a man he is lost, and if his innate powers of recuperation will not cure him he must die, just as has always been the case." In a similar strain does the author speak in the eighth and tenth essay, but I regret the emphasis laid upon the law of necessity. Our author forgets his own philosophy, so forcefully stated in the closing lines of his book : "In the open air I know what the poet means when he swears he will never mention

love again inside of a house, and that he will follow up these continual lessons of the earth, air, sky, water,—declaring at the outset that he will make the poems of materials, for only thus does he hope to attain to the spiritual." He forgets the law of freedom, a law constantly in co-operation with the law of necessity.

What matter if I stand alone?  
 I wait with joy the coming years;  
 My heart shall reap where it hath sown,  
 And garner up its fruits of tears.

This is Burroughs's Point of View (Chap. XI.), as distinguished from that of "science or the intellect or evangelical religion." This, the eleventh essay, is religious in the best sense of the word and understands religion as "spiritual attraction, as faith, hope, love." We must "feel, in some measure, the Mystery and Spirituality of the universe and the presence of a power in which we live. . . . Religion has reference to action, conduct, life. The will, the heart, the imagination, must be enlisted, the moral nature aroused." It is the same note as before, but in a minor key. The essay preaches a sort of meliorism and closet philosophy and night-twilight, but intellectually it falls far behind the sentiment of the stanza.

The waters know their own, and draw  
 The brook that springs in yonder heights;  
 So flows the good with equal law  
 Unto the soul of pure delights.

This stanza pleases the determinist. This thought is further elaborated in the twelfth essay, God and Nature, where we see how utterly Burroughs abhors the anthropomorphic god. "There is no God," but "all the forces of nature are going their own way; man avails himself of them, or catches a ride as best he can. If he keeps his seat he prospers; if he misses his hold and falls he is crushed." Nature fills the office of "the good with equal law," and is "the nearest and greatest fact of all." Here again John Burroughs moves in shadowland. He rests in a determined order of things, only.

But aside from the intellectual puzzles, the book has an undertone of faith and hope in a great and grand order of things.

It is that law which, for instance, can be seen in the arrangements of plant leaves. Plants with tap roots, such as the beet and radish, have leaves sloping inwards, so as to conduct the rain towards the

axis of the plant and the root; in plants where the roots are spreading, the leaves slope outwards. In that law lies Burroughs's "my own."

With indomitable optimism he sails *The Divine Ship* (Chap. XVI.) to meet "his own." And what is this "his own"? "Does this power with which I move my arm begin and end in myself? On the contrary, is it not the same or a part of that which holds the stars and the planets in their places?" "His own" is the Universal manifested as Mind and Will; yet it cannot be said that his "knowledge is *touched with wonder*," it is more sane, more reasoning, more philosophic. To be sure his bird books are products of intense devotion, but here we first and foremost hear the student; it is only later that we discover the secret rhythm in all he says and feel that the author is a man and a poet. The book before us is by reason of its plan necessarily more argumentative than some of us might wish; but it meets the demand of a very large public, which is struggling to free itself from a traditional theology. It does throw "the light of day" upon many religious questions, and the light is often so ethereal that it lifts us into visions of that Light which never was on sea or land.

C. H. A. B.

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#### THE TRUE PHILOSOPHER.

One sat and mused upon the things of earth,  
 The mighty problems wont to vex mankind;  
 And on his brow sat dire perplexity.  
 He longed for light to solve these questions vexed,  
 And render to his weary fellow-man  
 Fine strains to soothe the state of wild unrest  
 In which a sinning, saddened world seemed plunged.  
 All wearily he sighed, then raised his eyes,  
 And upward bent an earnest, anxious gaze.  
 At once a low and heavenly music stole  
 Adown the realms of space and touched his soul.  
 It seemed an angel ministrant had seen  
 The stress upon his soul, and brought a boon  
 From heaven, that on the waves of that blest sound  
 His weary powers should rest. Yet, upward borne

On billows of sweet sound, his soul seemed loth  
To lie recumbent for a selfish ease.  
His powers were by mighty force renewed,  
And as his ear was quickened to receive  
The music blest of sphere beyond our own,  
The limitation of his vision seemed  
To withdraw suddenly. A mellow light  
Streamed down and softly fell upon his soul;  
And in that light he took his pen and wrote:  
"The true philosophy, O Brother Man,  
Is that which precious meaning deep divines  
In things of common life—of every day:  
Which finds a cause and end for all that comes."  
Behold, in regal majesty sublime,  
Events occur. The record of all time  
Is record of this common daily life.  
Each day's experience doth tell and consummate  
A conquest or defeat on shores of time.  
Each day, each act is fraught with meaning strange.  
And who divines the trend of every act,  
And reach sublime of grand intent divine,  
He is the Seer inspired that this world needs.  
Let course and source of every act be true,  
And all the grand summation will be true.  
But earth is sad; the sons of earth are mad,  
As low they kneel and strive at Mammon's shrine  
And barter all their soul for worthless gold.  
The true philosopher must through the shades  
Invoke a melody of spirit-life,  
Which shall in clearness clad, endowed with power  
From God above, fall on the ears of man  
To win him to the pure and true—to God.  
His realm is greater than the realms of kings  
For he with God-given vision e'er beholds  
Above the falseness of this world, Heaven's Truth."

ELIZABETH PERRY HOWLAND.

# THE HOME CIRCLE.

OPEN COLUMN.

EDITED BY ELIZABETH FRANCIS STEPHENSON AND EVA BEST.

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## NOTE TO OUR READERS.

In this Department we will give space to carefully written communications of merit, on any of the practical questions of everyday life, considered from the bearings of metaphysical and philosophical thought, which, we believe, may be demonstrated as both a lever and a balance for all the difficult problems of life.

Happenings, experiences and developments in the family and the community; results of thought, study and experiment; unusual occurrences when well authenticated; questions on vague points or on the matter of practical application of principles and ideas to daily experience, etc., will be inserted, at the discretion of the Editors, and in proportion to available space. Questions asked in one number may be answered by readers in future numbers, or may be the subject of editorial explanation, at our discretion. It is hoped that the earnest hearts and careful, thinking minds of the world will combine to make this Department both interesting and instructive, to the high degree to which the subject is capable of development.

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## THE VALUE OF CONFIDENCE.

The Fidelity Branch of the Theosophical Society, which has its headquarters in the great Ellicott Square Building, at Buffalo, N. Y., deserves more than passing mention in that it has the distinction of proving by its unique methods the belief of its members in a living existence of the Brotherhood of Man.

We wonder if any other society has done or is doing what this particular Society has given and is giving proof of—what may be done in a practical showing of a, we fear, rather rare exhibition of faith in their fellow-men.

It was our pleasure to visit this Branch recently—to experience the delightful sensation of being “trusted” ourselves.

So, one morning, when we turned the knob of the door leading to a certain room in the immense building, our delightful sensation began. It was unlocked, as we had been promised it should be at all times, and unguarded by any member of the Society or any one else.

We found a long, rather narrow room furnished with a study table, and rows of hospitable chairs placed back against the walls which were covered with appropriate charts, pictures and portraits of those interested in Theosophy.

On each side of the room, near the window, stood two bookcases upon whose well-filled shelves were to be found all the Theosophical literature of the day, from Blavatsky's *Secret Doctrine* to the latest leaflet from the pen of the modern mystic.

To this wealth of learning any one may have access, and visitors may avail themselves at any time of this unique privilege. The doors of the Society rooms are unlocked every morning and left so during the day. The world is welcome, and all that is theirs is their brother man's as entirely as they can make it so.

No smallest pamphlet has yet been missed from table or shelves, and it is safe to presume that none ever will be. If such a thing should occur it is the tenet of the members that that appropriating person had a right to the book in question paramount to their own, and he or she was welcome to so much of their store.

The faith of the Fidelity Branch in their fellow beings is a practical, *working* faith, which has never been abused, and which (we feel safe in prophesying) never will have occasion to be other than the great and beautiful thing it has proved itself to an interested and admiring world.

## THE PASSING PILGRIM.

Again I come to earth in human guise  
To play upon the harp of seven strings—  
The grief-stretched strings of this poor human heart  
Which throbs in low-pitched cadence as I touch  
The instrument I've fashioned for this day—  
This one brief day of my imprisonment.

The god I am—the wisdom-seeking self—  
Bound in these fetters forged by my own hands  
In ages past, now humbly takes its place  
To learn the lessons taught by need; to learn  
The alphabet of pure self-sacrifice;  
To solve by means of mortal agony  
The problems of a life's experience—  
Its present anguish and its future joy.

These earth-blind eyes through which the god-man looks  
See sorry sights and things which rend the soul—  
See misery and want and woe and crime,  
And all the hideous, unlovely things  
With which this saddened, suffering world is filled.  
And yet, the while he gazes, back of this  
The eyes of the glad spirit greet the light  
That shines in all its tender radiance  
About the Man Divine. And back of all  
The din and uproar of an earthly strife,  
The dreary discords of a joyless world,  
The jarring dissonances of despair,  
The clash and clatter of a thousand tongues  
That greed hath made to clamor loud for self,  
The cries of those in pain, the savage shouts  
Of horrid monsters in the guise of men,  
The moans of victims they have made their prey  
By right of might, the breath of agony  
Deep drawn, and cutting like a blade



Into the tender, pitying human heart—  
The while this discord falls on mortal ears,  
My listening spirit hears the harmonies  
Of worlds in motion; answers to the thrill  
Of vibrant sounds too sweet and high and pure  
To be aught else save silence to the sense  
Belonging to the tenement of clay.  
Upon the sound-waves from far fairer shores  
The essence of all harmony is borne,  
And, listening to its mighty thunder-tones  
That roll in music throughout endless space,  
The earth cries are subdued, the moans of pain,  
The sobs, the sighs, the groans of mortal men  
To faintest echoes do resolve themselves,  
And the imprisoned god gains strength to move  
Along the path of ignorance and woe.

In me the Absolute, the Undefined,  
The Only, the Eternal, Changeless One  
Hath found a consciousness. I breathe, inspired,  
Informed and quickened by the LIVING LAW  
That doth propel me onward for all time.  
And, though I tread this little earth, I live  
In regions where the stars hold holy court  
Within the spaces of the upper world!

The while my human hands touch grief-bowed heads;  
The while my human heart is wrung with all  
The miseries of earth; the while I weep  
Salt tears of sympathy with all my kind—  
The while I clasp my arms about the forms  
Of brother pilgrims fainting by the way,  
I live in worlds so full of peace and light,  
And love and joy and bliss ineffable  
That the deep contrast of my life with that  
Of these, my brothers, is—must ever be—  
The hardest lesson that this world can teach!  
For until they, too, see the light of truth,  
Hear less of discord—more of harmony;

Live in that perfect peace itself alone  
Can bring to human hearts; until they joy  
In all the glad unendingness of life;  
Can read the tender mystery of pain;  
Can recognize the holy law of love;  
Can grasp as real the dignity of self;  
Can realize their oneness with their kind  
And **THAT** which thought them into being—then,  
And only then, can my own spirit know  
Untroubled peace or pure and perfect joy.

The sorrows of my brothers are my own.  
Though bliss itself lie like a sun-kissed sea  
That waits to lave my bruised and weary feet,  
I may not leave the stony mountain-path  
Where brother pilgrims need my willing aid,  
And I may never shut my mortal ears  
To any cry for help; for by these cries—  
The fierce, discordant clamorings that rack  
The human senses may the spirit hear  
The music of the singing spheres in space—  
The beat of vibrant Nature's rhythmic rune—  
The modulations of those melodies  
That keep the flying worlds in perfect tune!

And I, a note in all this harmony  
Which needeth me to make the perfect chord—  
Must ill or well, as I shall freely choose,  
Add to the music of the rolling spheres.  
My little voice shall swell the ceaseless sound  
That down the ages must forever roll,  
And if its sweetness, purity and strength  
Be added to by means that are my own,  
I shall climb upward, and my kind be helped  
To higher planes. Thus only can I climb—  
*One with my brothers*—toiling side by side,  
Advancing only that I may turn back  
And reach a hand to help them on their way  
To loftier planes. Why, what would it avail—

What lasting peace could be my portion if  
I stood alone and lonely on the heights  
The while my brothers wept in grief below?

Who are my brothers? All things that do live—  
Since life itself doth come from one pure source  
Whose ideation hath conceived all worlds—  
Whose intuition hath informed the souls  
Of god-men with its power. Each and all,  
The monads human and terrestrial—  
The man; the beast; the bird; the worm; the tree;  
The helpless insect crawling underfoot;  
The silver thistle and the sweet-breath'd rose;  
The chaliced lily with its heart of gold;  
The tiny mote that dances but an hour  
In all the warmth of noonday's summer sun;  
The patient boulder biding its own time  
Throughout the countless ages it must take  
To turn it into dust again, and free  
The spark so housed within the tenement  
Built for its use, and which, thus freed at last,  
May take its little, halting step along  
The upward spiral of eternal life.

Bound to them all by Love; nor counting all  
My many lives too much to give to these  
Who are myself, and for whose good I live  
These brief and happy days of helpfulness,  
Content to be, since by my being I  
May add one little, vibrant, joyous note  
To that eternal, glorious melody  
Life plays upon the harp of seven strings!

EVA BEST.

## THE WISE MAN AND THE SEA URCHINS.

(VII.)

Night is at hand. The quiet sea has dulled to a thing of darkness. Above the dusky waves, from the sable waterline cutting sharply the deep blue of the sky to the zenith overhead, the stars are leading high carnival.

The Urchins and their friend are spending the early evening at the lighthouse, the keeper having been invited to invite the little party of eight. The kind thought prompting this rare pleasure was born in the heart of the Wise Man, and the little thought grew to mighty proportions by the time the landlord of the nearest hotel had managed to send up a basket of refreshments fit for a royal family.

A telescope small enough to be carried about had been brought down from the cave, and one by one the Urchins had taken peeps into space. It all ended by the seven children clustering close at the teacher's feet as he rested comfortably on a wide, flat ledge projecting conveniently from the base of the great stone tower.

"Begin," suggested Violet softly, placing the telescope in Rowie's outstretched hands.

"First, tell me what the starry night says to you, Violet?"

"'The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament sheweth His handiwork.'"

"That's a beautiful thought for a bonnie lassie! The heavens above us are a book written by the Creator—a book He means every child of His to learn to read. Was ever a page so dazzlingly illustrated as this one spread wide open to our gaze? A glorious alphabet to learn—a celestial language set for us to master, each glittering symbol awaiting intelligent interpretation at our hands."

"Suppose there were no stars up there at all," suggested Ruddy. "How queer it would all look!"

"Suppose there were none, Ruddy, and you had been given the

task of filling space with these silver orbs. How would you like the placing them in position?"

"I could put the sun in the centre, couldn't I, and the moon off to one side, and the earth and Mars and Venus and Hercules and Regulus and Jupiter and Saturn and Mercury and—and—oh, all of those I learned the names of at school, just where they are on the charts?"

"Granted you could do that, my boy; but after you had placed your paltry hundreds in position, how are you going to plan—intelligently plan, mind you—all their orbits so that none may clash or interfere with each other, although they are all attracted and repulsed and set spinning—by Law—at a speed as swift, almost, as thought itself?

"And there are millions of millions of lesser or greater stars you will have to look after—stars beyond and outside of our own particular system, yet connected with it (as are comets, for instance, which fetch their fiery trails to amaze us after years upon years of swift journeying beyond all visible boundaries) by the Law which governs the whole universe. Each tiniest star-dot yonder is held in its pilgrim's path by a wisdom so great—so inconceivable—that we are filled with awe at our first, faint, *unrealizing* thought of it! To comprehend, even thus faintly, the existence of such a mighty Intelligence is to prove ourselves conscious of the existence of far grander things than belong to 'earth-bound mortals,' as some think us to be. Imagination is our best friend, my children; it helps us to a realization of that which, without it, could not reach and touch our consciousness enough to produce any impression.

"You, my little ones, feel the truth of the existence of That which holds the stars yonder in the blue-black sky. You know that Intelligence sends the planets in safety upon their thousand different ways, and feel positive of the existence of that Ruling Love that sways this mighty—this stupendous Intelligence."

As often chanced to this little band of Learners of the Law a silence fell upon them for a while. Below, far below them, washed

the gentle, restless waves; above them gleamed a host of dazzling stars; around them blew the softest summer breeze that ever fanned young faces.

"How different the night is from the day," began Snowdrop, at length. "There's nothing that seems to be the very same; and yet it *is*."

"*Is* it, Snowdrop?"

"Why everything's exactly what and where it was, or *isn't* it? Now could anything be different just because it is in the dark instead of in the light?"

"The dark and light, my Snowdrop, are 'a pair of opposites' whose influences are as different as—well, let's say day and night."

"A pair of opposites," wondered the girl; "what does that mean, sir?"

"Once upon a time, my child," began the Wise Man, "in the midst of a garden more beautiful than any we could imagine grew a wonderful tree called the Tree of Knowledge, and on it grew the fruit of good and evil."

"The Garden of Eden!" this in chorus.

"The Garden of Eden. Now, good and evil are 'opposites'—without one we could not know, could not realize the other. If it were always night like this, Snowdrop, do you think you would be able to imagine the day?"

"No-o—I don't think I could, sir."

"If it were always warm could any idea of cold—keen, bitter, biting cold—be made clear to us? That's a third 'pair of opposites.' Who'll furnish me with another to hang upon my Tree of Knowledge?"

"Will sweet and sour do?" ventured Goldie, shyly hesitant.

"And black and white?" asked Blackie boldly.

"And strength and weakness?" suggested Brownie.

"Glad and sorry?" inquired Ruddy.

"Love and hate?" this from Violet, whose gentle voice was as musical as the wash of the waves upon the shingly beach below.

"Thank you, my Urchins; all of them are excellent and true 'opposites.' Now, of what great good to us are these attitudes of theirs? Unless we can make use of a thing it has no excuse for being at all. Snowdrop, you who have started this subject must tell us what we are going to do with our fruit. How can we make use of it? What do we usually do with fruit, my lassie?"

"Eat it, sir."

"But," interrupts Blackie, "the *Bible* says that if you eat of the fruit of the Tree of Knowledge you shall surely die."

"A dark and dismal saying, Blackie, to the ignorant ear; yet one full of fair meaning to those who comprehend its real import?"

"That verse always sounded so terrible—so *unjust*," cried Snowdrop. "One wishes to be wise, and yet one is promised the awfulest punishment ever known for trying to understand things. Is it fair to have to die just because we want to know things?"

"Let me try to let a little daylight into this dark saying. We have found out that all that exists in the universe is created from the very same material—the new world whose formation we have been following, and Man who is to inhabit it. All material, all spirit and all Intelligence that thinks worlds and men into being and fills its creatures with itself, all this comes from one Great Source. So we, who to ourselves seem to be such different individuals, are all made of the same essences, informed by the same Intelligence, and are really one with each other and with the Creator of creatures. We haven't thought about this quite enough to comprehend it at once, and are in ignorance concerning the truth of this fact. Hence, as I have said, we seem to be altogether different, one from another."

"You're different from John O'Connell," cries the loyal Goldie. "There's a 'pair of opposites' for you, sir!"

The Wise Man laughed softly as he drew the speaker close to his side in the darkness.

"I suppose I should take that as a genuine compliment, my lad! But I couldn't do that, you see, for I am going to show you that I am *so much John* that what he suffers I must suffer, too.

"Now, if we eat of the fruit of the Tree of Knowledge we shall become wise, and, becoming wise, we shall be able to comprehend the truth that we are all one—that the 'I am I' and 'you are you' part of us will perish. We shall feel and know our kinship to one another, and bury out of sight the selfish interests we allowed ourselves to set up between the atoms we know ourselves to be. Like the little molecules that go to make up a big body, we shall know ourselves as parts, only, of a great and glorious Something which needs every one of us to make it perfect. The Self, or Person of us dies as we gain wisdom, and we realize that we are one with our brothers and sisters; that their sufferings and joys, their hopes and fears are ours. We live in their lives and do for them, dead to all thoughts of self or anything they may not share with us. Imagine what the world will be, dear children, when people have eaten enough of the fruit of the Tree of Knowledge to know that all the unhappiness that fills their lives to-day comes of their selfish greed!"

"Will folks ever eat enough to know that?"

"In the glorious past, Blooy, lived noble beings who were so wise with the wisdom of unselfishness that they died to prove their love for their dear brothers. To-day there live grand souls whose lives are devoted to others. Who toil and build and plan and think for the benefit of humanity. Whose every act is a practical doing of good, without a thought of any richer reward than lies in the happiness that is in such doing; whose every deed is a generous giving of self; whose only thought is the lifting of the heavy burdens, which, because of the ignorance of the race, make life for their brother men so hard to bear. They have eaten of the fruit of the Tree of Knowledge and know the bitter from the sweet."

"But children can't taste the fruit, can they, sir, or learn to be wise?"

"Why, Blooy, you are tasting it every hour of your life. Experience is the tongue that declares to us the quality of our 'pairs of opposites'; and even you, my boy, have doubtless already passed



through many a bitter and sweet experience, and made its wisdom your own."

"Awhile ago you asked me, sir, if I thought things by day or night were the same. I said I did. Will you tell us what *you* think?"

"Nothing is ever the same, Snowdrop, not even for the space of a moment, for changes are taking place in everything all the time. Your young body, which is gaining perfection, is being built to larger, nobler uses every hour—is changing to full, physical life; while my mortal tenement which has been used so many years—is slowly losing its perfectness. Even this massive lighthouse is invisibly crumbling into dust; this ledge of weather-beaten rocks is softening to decay—even yonder brilliant planets are gradually 'going out.' By day certain forces play upon all material things; by night a different energy is active, the sun-ray's heat using a power unknown to the moisture of the dewy darkness."

"Tell us more about space, and why it seems so big and—and *empty*."

"'Empty,' Brownie? Why, it is as full as it can possibly be filled; there is no vacuum anywhere."

"What fills it where there *isn't anything*?"

"But I assure you there isn't any place where there 'isn't anything,'" declares the Wise Man smiling. "That our eyes fail to see it, or our hands to touch it, argues nothing against space being filled with what we call intangible stuff that is as real, *more* real than what we see and touch, since that which we see and touch is an eternally changing, perishable material; whereas the other is changeless and enduring."

"You mean the little dancing atoms you showed us in the sunny streak in the cave?"

"No, lad; for you could see those lively little particles. That to which I now refer cannot be seen by mortal eyes, as it is the finest known matter through which pure force or energy can manifest itself."

"And force is used by Intelligence, just as you threw the stone the other day?"

"Just as I threw the stone. We, who are a part of that Intelligence, may be able (when we've eaten enough fruit from the Tree of Knowledge) to send—instead of a little stone—a baby world spinning into space."

"Oh!" this in wondering chorus.

"Come, let us go back to our little new globe. Around and about it and in it is this space-filling stuff Blooy has just asked about, a fine, *elastic* sort of material more nearly resembling air than anything else, you know, and to which we apply the general term Ether."

"Where does it *start to be*? Where does Ether come from?"

"It '*starts to be*,'" answers the pleased teacher of truth, "just where we start to be, Ruddy—in that divinely mysterious Somewhere in the heart of the Creator. And it comes to us directly from a great reservoir of the material lying outside and beyond our heavier, denser atmosphere."

"Why, sir, doesn't one atmosphere just go on and on, clear up to the stars?"

"No, Brownie; it extends (so we are taught by those learned in natural philosophy) about forty miles from the earth. Only forty miles, my boy, and the stars are hundreds of thousands of miles away. You will remember that we found that the air contained oxygen, nitrogen, hydrogen and carbon. You will understand me when I tell you that Ether is so fine, so elastic a material as to be almost like a fluid flowing in currents everywhere?"

"Yes, sir; we understand."

"There are five different (if I may be allowed the expression) modes of etheric motion, each moving Ether having a special duty to perform. They come to us like a breath, each of our five several senses recognizing and making use of that which is peculiar to its own special needs.

"There's the Sound Ether; by it we are enabled to hear. Then

the Touch Ether, by which we feel. Next the Color Ether; by this we see. The Taste Ether follows, and last of all the Odor Ether.

"As I have said they are like a breath being forever breathed upon our world, producing that which I am going to call a *life wave*, since it gives vitality to all it breathes upon. I'm wondering if you understand all this."

"I think I do," declares Violet. "The idea of these Ethers being breathed upon us makes me think of a little quotation I remember learning at school. 'There is a breath of Spring in all the air.' It would take the five Ethers to make that lovely 'breath,' don't you think, sir?"

"It would indeed, dear Violet, to make a thing so perfect as a day in Spring. I think you grasp my meaning, and I am greatly pleased at the thought."

Silence; then a noisier splash of water on the shore. "The tide is coming in, children. What do the sea waves say to you?"

EVA BEST.

(*To be continued.*)

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Love thyself last, cherish those hearts that hate thee;  
Corruption wins not more than honesty.  
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,  
To silence envious tongues. —*Shakespeare.*

He is a simpleton who imagines that the chief power of wealth is to supply wants. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred it creates more wants than it supplies.—*Zimmermann.*

Earth-life is a privilege and not a penalty. The purpose of earth-life is not to find a heaven but to make one. Religion is not a matter of duty to God, but of duty of man to himself and to his fellow-man.—*Florence Huntley.*

A man must reverence only his ruling faculty and the divinity within him. As we must reverence that which is supreme in the universe, so we must reverence that which is supreme in ourselves; and this is that which is of like kind with that which is supreme in the universe.—*Marcus Aurelius.*

# THE WORLD OF THOUGHT.

WITH EDITORIAL COMMENT.

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## MR. LEADBEATER'S LECTURES.

We understand that Mr. Charles W. Leadbeater is to lecture in New York City during October.

Mr. Leadbeater is not well known as a lecturer or writer outside of Theosophical circles, and yet he is one of the advanced explorers of what is literally the "metaphysical" world. Until very recent time in the West, scientific pursuit of knowledge has been wholly through experimental research conducted by the physical senses. But of late, and this in part because of disclosures as to facts long known in the East, science has begun to suspect that the region of physics is the least important of all regions, as well as the smallest, and that the realm of the unseen is the realm of real fact, of incomparably larger range and of vastly deeper interest. But evidently its contents can be expounded only by those who know them through the use of trained faculties which insure entrance and exploration, faculties becoming serviceable only through evolution and discipline. It therefore follows that the most important of all truths, truths relating to the physically-unseen universe, to the character of life beyond death, to the source and nature and effects of such forces and laws as are only in part manifested on a physical plane, come to us as revelations and frequently in the sense of being disclosures from those who have had experience. This knowledge will be attained by all, in the progress of evolution, but at this stage many can best receive it from those who have already evolved.

Now it is precisely an exposition of this super-physical universe, and most particularly of after-death states, which is craved by the wisest thinkers, but it can have no value unless acquired and authenticated by these powers, latent in all men but only evolved by the training decreed from immemorial antiquity. Occult science cannot be properly defined as clairvoyance or second sight, much less as spiritualism or mediumship. It explains the phenomena in all these, but it is itself the full science of the unseen. Its experienced votaries enter at will the occult realm and study it with their trained faculties, as truly and more accurately than those who alone study the plane of matter. From them we may learn of psychic worlds and entities, most of all, of death.

Mr. Leadbeater, formerly a clergyman of the Church of England, has been for eighteen years one of these students, enjoying the instruction of others far more advanced. He has been much in the East, though of late years engaged in literary work in England. Among his works are *Invisible Helpers*, *The Astral Plane*, *The Devachanic Plane*, *The Christian Creed*, *Some Misconceptions About Death*, *Clairvoyance*, etc. His exposition of "after death" states is perhaps the most interesting, because it discloses the perfectly natural process of death, stripping it of its terror and its gloom.

The spreading of knowledge about this period of transition must be of great benefit to an almost terror-stricken humanity, and we wish Mr. Leadbeater the best possible success in reaching the minds of the American people.

#### INDEPENDENT THOUGHT.

"If a man does not want to think," says Schopenhauer, "the safest plan is to take up a book the first spare moment." The man who reads many books may know a great deal of what other men think, but nothing that he can call his own; for except as the result of thought men cannot know anything.

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Every language is a temple in which the soul of those who speak is enshrined.—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

## SUPERIOR FREEDOM ENJOYED IN CHINA.

Speaking of the state of freedom in China Mrs. Isabella Bird Bishop says:

“The masses of the people are very free in China, and rarely come in contact with the official world except when they pay their taxes. With regard to his family life, his business, his pleasures, his daily wants, the Chinaman is the freest citizen of the freest country in the world. Were there half as much interference on the part of the government or the police in a Chinese city as we stand in Western countries, the people would rise in open rebellion.”

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## MARIE CORELLI TO CARDINAL VAUGHAN.

The summary treatment meted out to the late Doctor Mivart encounters disapproval in intelligent circles. Several Catholic journals have already signified their dissent. The author Marie Corelli addresses a letter to the Cardinal remonstrating against his intolerance. She speaks plainly:

“As a humble student of a creed which lays down its laws to be strictly maintained by its disciples through all life and conduct — first, to love God with all the soul and heart and mind and strength; and secondly, to love one's neighbor as one's self — I would venture to say to many who are finding their way upward by a noble effort to nobler things, the tolerance and patience of a priest of the ever-tolerant and patient Christ would furnish forth a finer example to the world than the condemnation of new and helpful truths by old and worn-out edicts.”

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Logical consequences are the scarecrows of fools and the beacons of wise men. The only question which any wise man can ask himself is whether a doctrine is true or false. Consequences will take care of themselves.—*Thomas H. Huxley.*

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The official designation of Sunday as a sacred day was first made by the Emperor Constantine in the year 321. The Emperor was a *Comes Solis* or Soldier of Mithras, the Sun-god of the Occult Rites, prior to his profession of Christianity and the decree specifically named the Sun as a Divine Being.—*A. W.*

## THE DIVINE ORDER.

Providence is divine order. All things in heaven do profit and advantage the things upon earth. The vision of God is not like the beams of the sun, whose fiery brightness blindeth the eye by excess of light; rather enlighteneth, and so much increaseth the power of the eye that any man is able to receive the intelligible clearness. For it is more swift and sharp to pierce, and harmless withal, and full of immortality, and they that are capable, and can draw any store of this spectacle and sight, do many times fall asleep from this body into this most fair and beauteous vision.

The knowledge of it is a divine silence and the rest of all the senses. Striving steadfastly on, and round about the mind, it enlighteneth all the soul and changeth it wholly into the essence of God.

For it is possible for the soul, O Son, to be deified while yet it odgeth in the Body of Man if it contemplates the beauty of the Good.

—*Homer's Trismegistus.*

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The religious currency of mankind in thought, in speech and in print consists entirely of polarized words. The argument for and against new translations of the Bible really turns on this. Skepticism is afraid to trust its truths in depolarized words, and so cries out against a new translation. I think, myself, if every idea our Book contains were shelled out of its old symbol and put into a new, clean, unmagnetic word, we should have some chance of reading it as philosophers, or wisdom-lovers, ought to read it, which we do not and cannot now. When society has once fairly dissolved the New Testament, which it has never done yet, it will perhaps crystallize it over again in new forms of language.—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

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## CONTENTS:

	PAGE
TEACHING OF REBIRTH IN INDIA, CHARLES JOHNSTON, M. R. A. S.	295
ANT, THE FINAL GOAL OF KNOWLEDGE KANNOO MAL, M.A.	309
PHILOSOPHY OF TRUST LEGISLATION, HY. NELSON BULLARD	323
SCRIPTURE HABIT - - - - - REV. CHARLES FERGUSON	328
ERN MADNESS (Poem) - - - - - PAUL AVENEL	333
ATURE, A MYSTERY AND A REVELATION C. H. A. BIERREGAARD	339
TERS AND SOUNDS - - - - - " " "	342
THINGS TO ALL MEN - - - - - " " "	346
S AND REALITY - - - - - C. H. A. B.	348
HOOD DEVELOPMENT - - - - - (Editorial)	350
HOOLAX AND THE WONDERER - - - - - Eva Best	352
MASTER'S MESSAGE - - - - - ARDIE WALKER GOULD	360
WISE MAN AND THE SEA URCHINS (VIII) - - - - - Eva Best	361
OK BEAUTIFUL THOUGHTS (Poem) - - - - - " "	368
WORK AND ITS PURPOSE - - - - - (Editorial)	370

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THE TEACHING OF REBIRTH IN INDIA.

BY CHARLES JOHNSTON, B.C.S., RETIRED ; M.R.A.S.

"If I were asked to describe the western world," Schopenhauer is reported to have said, "I should have to say that it is the benighted region where the idea of rebirth is unknown."

True enough, perhaps, in his day, this is now altogether false; for the western world has caught the idea of rebirth with marvelous quickness spreading it far and wide, as on electric nerves; absorbing it, dissolving it in thought, putting it forth under new lights; so that very soon the time will come when any mind not receptive of this idea will be of interest wholly archæological.

Coming to us from the East, through eastern messengers, the idea of rebirth will one day be made our own — altogether ours; then it will wear a new face vivified by our new, strong life, and expressing that new spirit in us which no other race or nation ever had,—the new spirit, latest birth of endless being, that is our warrant for separate existence.

But at present, and for a long time yet, the idea of rebirth must remind us of the East, carry us back to the East, and the long past ages and races that have left us our earliest records of the eternity of life—life eternally changing, eternally one. And indeed everyone in dwelling on the idea of rebirth, has thought of the East and spoken of the East very abundantly, often eloquently. Yet, after all

this eloquence, there is still a great need that someone should try, earnestly and with knowledge, to find out and record precisely what the Eastern teaching is; neither blinded to grand old truths through lack of sympathy, nor, through excess of enthusiasm, tinging them with new life of our own.

To do this for Chaldæa and Egypt will soon be possible, though not completely possible yet; to do it for India is not only possible, but comparatively easy, for we have abundant records, we know their meaning fairly well, and even their relative age, though we can as yet only guess at their age in years.

Here, then—as far as our best knowledge goes—is the oldest passage in all the vast records of India that speaks quite clearly of rebirth. It has a historical atmosphere of the greatest value, to the significance of which we shall presently recur.

We are told, in this very ancient passage, that a young Brahman, the son of priestly ancestors, came to the gethering of the Panchâla nation, to the court of King Pravâhana son of Jîvala, the seer and sovereign of the Panchâlas.

The King, seeing the yong Brahman, greeted him; then asked him whether his priestly father had handed on to him the traditional sacred teaching. The youth, Shvetaketu, proud in his Brahmanical knowledge, replied with a simple affirmative, which was the sacred syllable, probably the password of initiation.

Then the royal sage asked him five questions, deep and searching, not at all touching the lesser mysteries of the sacrificial rites, but concerned with the profound realities of life: “Do you know how these beings, on going forth from life, separate, and pass on in diverging ways? Do you know how they come back to this world again? Do you know how the other world is not filled to overflowing by the multitudes that ever go forth from life? Do you know after the offering, of what offering the waters, taking human voice, rise up together and speak? Do you know the approach of the path of the gods and the path of the fathers,—or, through doing what, men approach the path of the gods or the path of the fathers?”

The confident affirmation of the young Brahman, proud in priestly knowledge, turned to as brief a negative—a negative five times repeated, we may guess, with growing bitterness and confusion, but not, the old record tells us, with growing humility. For when the kingly sage, gently rebuking his ignorant assurance, offered to teach him the more excellent wisdom, the young Brahman, quaintly says the text, “ran away.”

Coming home to his father, he said bitter things of the king, told about the five questions, and reproached the old priest for not handing on to him the whole teaching, thus letting his vanity be wounded by one of the kingly race. We cannot but admire his father's answer: “You know us, dear,—how, if I was learned in anything I told it all to you; but let us go to the kingly sage and become his pupils.”

But Shvetaketu had had enough of the Panchâlas and their lord, and told his father to go himself. So the old Brahman went alone to ask for wisdom. The king received him well, and hospitably entertained him; then after the manner of the “tempter” in all allegories of initiation, offered him a wish.

The old man rejected the things his fellow Brahmans prayed for—“Enough of gold and cattle and horses, slave-girls, tapestries and robes! But be not ungenerous of the great, the endless, the everlasting.”

The king's answer to this prayer for wisdom is remarkable—almost startling. He consents to teach the old man the way of rebirth and of freedom from rebirth, but adds this notable caution: “Henceforth be free of offence towards us, thou and thy father's fathers, since this wisdom never before dwelt in any Brahman, but was, in all lands, the mastery of the warrior Kshattriya, alone.”

Here then, at the very outset, in the very first passage where the teaching of rebirth occurs, we are quite distinctly told that this teaching was then utterly unknown to the Brahmans, though versed in the Vedic hymns; that, on the other hand, it was handed down as a mystery-teaching among the Kshattriya or Rajputs, the warrior

This history of the king of the Panchâlas,—a race whose descendants are almost certainly found in the Rajput warriors of today and whose ancestors were called Rajputs as far back as the Vedic age, comes down to us by three distinct channels, one of which is evidently independent of the other two.

This very remarkable conclusion has never before been stated in so many words; yet it would be quite easy to shew that all the best Vedic scholars have been feeling their way in the same direction. If this teaching were taken away, the heart of Indian wisdom would be lost; and yet this crown of "Brahmanical" philosophy, as it is called, belonged not to the Brahmans at all, but to the Rajputs, the warrior-Kshattriyas, from whom the Brahmans learned it, humbly sitting at their feet.

\*Shatapatha Brahmana; XIV. 9, 1, 1. †Brhad-Aranyaka Upanishad; VI. 2, 1. ‡Chhandogya Upanishad; V. 3, 1.

leading questions, these are. Let us supply the young Brahman's short-comings, and turn the five questions into affirmations: These beings, the souls of men, on going forth from life, are separated and go onward in divergent directions; souls come back to this world and enter it again; and because the souls of men come back to this world again, the other world is not filled to overflowing; but the souls of men do not immediately come back to re-enter this world, for we hear of two paths, not of this world, that they approach, in the way of the fathers and the way of the gods. It must be at the dividing of these two ways that they separate and pass on in divergent directions—some to the fathers, the souls of dead ancestors; some to the gods, the shining immortals.

Here then, in the questions themselves we have a perfectly clear picture of the teaching that was in the Rajput sage's mind; if we had nothing but these questions, no answers nor anything else in all the Upanishads, we should yet have a lucid outline of the doctrine, enough to serve as a clue to the mystery of death. But we have his answers fully recorded, and much more of the same teaching in other parts of the same and other Upanishads; and these teachings, when brought together, enable us to fill in the outline with wonderful richness and completeness.

To begin with the Rajput sage's answers. In order to insist on the interdependence of immortality onwards and immortality backwards, the thing begins, not, as we should expect, with the moment of death, but with the period before birth when the soul is getting ready to enter the world.

In the great All, he teaches, there are three manifested worlds; the divine, the mid-world, and this earth. The divine is as a fire that illumines; the mid-world of passion is as a fire that consumes; this wholesome earth is as a fire that warms. The soul that is to enter the gates of birth is resting in the divine world; how it came there, we shall shortly see. When the time of birth comes near, it dies out of the divine world, to be born into the world below, the world of passion and desire, the midway between earth and heaven.

When the soul dies out of the celestial world, it is reborn in the mid-world in a lunar form; that is, a form of waxing and waning, of changefulness and desire, that is likened to a white mist gradually darkening to cloud. Then it gradually takes on the materiality of the earth and approaches a father and mother to be born.

The three worlds were likened to three fires; the same image is applied to the father and mother; so that after the offering of the fifth fire, after the mother has given birth to her child, "the waters"—the gradually materialized form already likened to a mist condensing into cloud—"rise up and speak with human voice" the voice of the new-born man.

His fate in this solid-seeming world is described with striking brevity; "he is born, he lives as long as he lives, then dies." No epitaph could be briefer; the driest human record would give more facts than this. But the Rajput seer deals thus summarily with the facts of life because he wishes to pass on the more swiftly to the weightier facts of death.

After death, the soul rises up from the pyre, "reborn, of the color of the sun; then comes the dividing of the ways. Those who have lived in pure spirituality, shining intuition, spotless truth, pass onward along a luminous path through shining worlds to the divine sun, the Self of all beings, the perfect Eternal. "For them there is no return;" they go not out any more.

For the others, those who sought not the inner spirit but the outward forms of things, praying for "gold and cattle and horses, slave-girls, tapestries and robes," worshipping through rites and ceremonies, "sacrifices and pious gifts," "approaching God like a cow to be milked," hoping to win, not God but the gifts of God, in this world and the next—for these there is a lower way.

They enter paradise, the "lunar world," where all things are reflections, not realities, as the moon reflects the light of the sun. Here "in the world of good works they enjoy bliss in the upper half of the life-circle" in the words of another Upanishad.\* The Rajput

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\*Katha Upanishad; III, 1.

sage, in speaking of the paradise of reward, uses a strange expression which he does not fully explain. The souls of men, he says,—that is, their life-experience—become “the food of the bright powers” in paradise.”

To understand what this means, we must turn to another passage of the same Upanishad—a passage full of magnificent color and beauty, where the life of the paradise of reward is made conceivable by the analogy of dreams. This passage teaches that the great reality is the Self, “the inner light in the heart, consciousness, spirit;” that the Self ever remains the same, though it seems to enter both worlds, as if thinking, as if moving.

When the man falls asleep, the Self transcends this world, transcends the forms of things that die. For when at birth man enters into a body, he is enwrapped and involved in perishable things, but ascending again when he dies he puts off evil things.

For there are two dwelling places for the spirit of man; this world and the other world. And the world uniting these two is the dream-world. And when he is in the world that joins the other two, the spirit of man beholds both this world and the other world. And according to what he has attained in the other world, coming to that attainment he beholds things perishable or things blissful.

When he “falls asleep,” taking his materials from this all-containing world, himself having cut the wood, himself the builder, by his own shining, by his own light—when he thus “falls asleep” he is his own light.

There are no chariots there, nor horses, nor roads; so he himself puts forth chariots and horses and roads. There are no joys, rejoicings, nor enjoyments there; so he himself puts forth joys, rejoicings, enjoyments. There are no springs or streams or lakes there; so he himself puts forth springs and streams and lakes. For he is the maker, the creator.\*

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\*Brhad-Aranyaka Upanishad; IV. 3, 1-10.



This is as close a rendering of the original Sanskrit as the greatest care can make it. In the answers of the Rajput seer, and in one of the questions, the symbols are required to be interpreted in the light of other passages; but here are no symbols—only the most lucid and vivid teaching, the like of which we might seek in vain elsewhere, throughout all the books in the world. The teaching is this: Life after death, for those who are to be born again, is a bright and radiant dream; a fairy palace, of which each one is the builder, “himself having cut the wood;” and just as in dream “things seen as seen he beholds again, things heard as heard he hears again, and what was enjoyed by the other powers he enjoys again by the other powers; things seen and unseen, heard and unheard, enjoyed and unenjoyed, real and unreal,—he sees all, as all he sees it.”†

The magician in paradise, as in dream, is the spirit, working through the creative, formative imagination; the magician's materials are drawn from the experiences of this all-containing world.

“According to his spiritual attainment,”—to use the excellent phrase of the Upanishad,—according to the measure of his aspirations is the scenery of his paradise; if his spiritual unfolding was meagre, he will be surrounded by sensuous delights; if richer and higher, he will rise above them, “going back to the higher divinity.”

All his spiritual aspirations, all the divine movements of his life, where he has risen above the perishable longings of the perishable world, to something higher, holier, more real; every act of gentle charity, high heroism, self-forgetfulness,—this is his “attainment in the other world” his spiritual earnings, his treasure laid up in heaven.

These fair aspirations and intuitions are forces, the most potent forces in the world; they are quite strictly guided by the law of conservation; quite strictly work themselves out to their fullest fruition. In dream, it is exactly the same; as a man's imaginings, so are his dreams—for the sensual, sensual; for the pure, pure. And

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†Prashna Upanishad; IX. 5.

those whose aspirations are high and shining, do really reach a higher world, and come back to waking life radiant with a light that never was on land or sea.

After sleep comes waking. The shining aspirations and intuitions have reached their fullest unfolding and fruition. The shining powers of the spirit have feasted on the spirit's experience; the man is ready to be born again. "Therefore he whose radiance has become quiescent is reborn, through the impulses indwelling in mind." \* Here is the second great truth bound up in the teaching of rebirth: the man's soul comes back, not fortuitously, but quite strictly guided by forces of his own making; his new life is as much his own work as was his paradise. He is reborn by law, not by luck.

This truth is conveyed in an admirable series of similes in the great Upanishad from which we have quoted so much already: "What a man has known,—we are told,—what he has done, and the insight he has already gained, take him by the hand. Then, just as a caterpillar, coming to the end of a blade of grass, lays hold on another and lifts himself over to it, so this Self, after laying aside the body and putting off the perishable things of this world, lays hold on his attainment and lifts himself over to it.

"And, just as a goldsmith, taking the gold of one fair work, makes of it another new and fairer form, so this Self, after laying aside the body and putting off the perishable things of this world, makes for itself another new and fairer form, like the form of the souls, of the celestial singers, or the gods or the lord of beings, or even the great Evolver, or some other form."

"According as a man has walked and worked, he comes to being; he who has worked highly, comes to lofty being; he who has worked evil, comes to evil being; through holy works he comes to holy being, through evil to evil."

For they say indeed that "the Spirit is formed of desire; and according to his desire, is his will; and according to his will, are

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\*Prashna Upanishad; III. 9-10.

his works; and whatever works he works, to that he gives." As the verse says "he, enmeshed by his works, goes to whatever form he has intended his mind on." And after gaining the reward of his work, of whatever he has worked here, he returns again from the other world to this world of work.\*

In the answers of the Rajput sage, the return to rebirth is described in the same words as the first birth of the soul, with which his teaching opens. After telling how their experiences become the food of the bright powers in a paradise that has its waxing and its waning, he teaches that, when their life-cycle there is fully run, they descend again, through spheres less and less ethereal, toward the earth, "are sacrificed once more in the fire of man, again born in the fire of woman, and come forth again into the world. Thus, verily, they go on along their cyclic course."

The version of the Chhandogya Upanishad runs more to precise detail; thus, for instance, when birth is spoken of at the beginning of the Rajput's teaching, we are told that the man to be born "wrapped in the womb, lies there as an embryo, and is born at the end of the tenth lunar month, or as long as it may be."

The same instinct for detail appears when the causes of rebirth are spoken of. We are told that "having dwelt in paradise according to the length of their treasure, their accumulation of aspiration, they return again by the same road. They become ethereal, then breath-like, then smoke-like, then vaporous, then cloudy, descending like rain toward the earth. Then for those whose walk in life was happy, there is the prospect of a happy birth, as a knower of holy things, or a warrior or a man of wealth; but for those whose walk in life was foul, there is the prospect of a foul birth, dog-like or swinish or outcast. But these mean creatures, who are perpetually returning, for whom it is "be born, die!"—they go by neither of these two paths. This is the third way—beware of it! As the verse says: "the stealer of gold, the drinker of spirits, he who

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\*Brhad-Arayaka Upanishad; IV. 4, 2-6.

dishonours his teacher's household, he who slays the saints—these four fall; and fifthly he who walks with them!\*

This last teaching is logically necessary to complete the whole. There are three alternatives. Those who at death have spiritual attainment, only, no earthward impulses indwelling in mind, and cannot be drawn back to the earth; all their tendencies are spiritwards, so they themselves go spiritwards along the path of freedom, to the perfect oneness with the Eternal. Those who have a "treasure in heaven," a spiritual attainment, an "accumulation" of moral force, aspiration, intuition, and, side by side with this, have also earthly impulses indwelling in mind, are prevented by these earthly impulses from reaching perfect freedom; yet they cannot be prevented from enjoying their spiritual attainment to the full; they reap their perfect reward in paradise, dwelling there as long as their accumulation lasts. Then the earthly impulses re-assert themselves, their higher radiance has become quiescent, and they are re-born through the tendencies indwelling in mind. But those who have no "spiritual attainment," no "accumulation" at all; who have only earthly impulses and nothing else, cannot enter the reward of paradise, much less the path of liberation. The earthly impulses reassert themselves immediately, unchecked, and they are at once reborn.

To show that this interpretation of the threefold alternative is no gloss on the old mystery-teaching of India, we may add here the same doctrine in a slightly different vesture, from another of the Upanishads. A word or two as to the symbols used in this slightly veiled teaching. The mystic syllable, which represents the Eternal, the All,—conceived as unconditioned or conditioned, as higher and lower,—is divided into three measures which stand for the three worlds: this earth, the mid-world, and the divine. Therefore to meditate on the first measure of the mystic syllable, is to be busy with the things of earth alone, to have no hold at all on the two higher worlds.

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\*Chhandogya Upanishad; V. 10, 7-9.

To turn to the text: A question has been asked as to what world he gains, who meditates on the mystic syllable until the day of his death. The answer is, that the mystic syllable is a symbol for the Eternal, the All. That "he who meditates on the first measure only, vivified by it, is quickly reborn in the world of men." But "he who dwells on it in his mind with two measures, is led to the middle world. He wins the lunar world, and, after enjoying brightness in the lunar world, he returns again, while he who, with three measures, meditates on the mystic syllable, and thereby reaches in meditation to the highest spirit, enters into the radiant, the divine sun. As a serpent is freed from its slough, he verily is freed from the perishable. He beholds the indwelling spirit above the highest assemblage of lives." \*

The first alternative is that of the "mean beings who are perpetually returning," who meditate only on things of this earth. The two latter are, of course, the path of the fathers and the path of the gods, of which so much has been said already.

The tract we have just quoted says of these: "They who follow ritual, thinking sacrifices and gifts are the perfect way, win the lunar world; they, verily return again. This is the path of the fathers. But they who seek the Self by fervor, service of the Eternal, faith and wisdom, these verily win the divine sun. This is the home of lives; this is the immortal, fearless, supreme way. From it they do not return again, for this is the perfect goal."

So we have traced the fate of souls, according to the luminous wisdom of the Upanishads, from the divine world downward into birth; then through life to death, from death upwards again through etherial spheres to the divine world; thence again, when their spiritual energies are spent, downward through the etherial world, through the gates of birth to this world again; for thus, verily, they go on along their cyclic course. We have seen, further, how their ways diverge, according as divine or earthly energies hold sway, or are in equal balance. But, as it must be as

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\*Prashna Upanishad; V. 2-7.

rare for a soul to go forth with tendencies wholly earthward as it is for a soul to go forth with tendencies wholly heavenward, we must believe that, for the vast majority, there is the rest of paradise between death and birth; a long shining dream, where all the bright energies of their spirits work out their perfect fruition.

There is one problem that irresistibly presents itself, though perhaps it is hardly a profitable one: How long does the soul's rest in paradise last? How soon is the soul reborn? One is led to imagine that there is a clue to this in a dark saying concerning the divine word in the Indian books—the word that became flesh and dwelt among us. We are told that a fourth part of the word is manifest on earth, while three fourths are invisible in the heavens. May we take this to mean that the life-span in paradise is thrice as long as the life-span on earth, three times our earthly three-score years and ten? That our spiritual energies are thrice as potent as our earthly, and thus require thrice as long for their unfolding? This may be so, but we had better leave these high problems with the gods.

Only one thing remains to be said, to make this teaching complete. The paradise where the soul lingers between death and birth has been spoken of as a world of dream, where the spirit puts forth from itself joys, rejoicings and enjoyments, itself the magician, "having cut the wood itself, building itself."

We shall fail entirely of understanding, if we think that this earth, the world to which the soul returns, is of different texture, of other origin, than the world of paradise. Here too, in this world, the soul, the spirit, the immortal Self is the only magician, weaving the worlds from his own self "as the web-wombed spider weaves his web." Both worlds are equally real, equally unreal. "He goes from death to death who sees a difference; what is here is there also; what is there, the same is here." For here, as there, is the infinite Self only, the one and all: "the spirit that wakes in those that dream, moulding desire after desire, is that bright one, that Eternal that they call the immortal one. In this all the world rests, nor do any go beyond it. The one ruler, the inner

Self of all beings, who makes one form manifold; the wise who behold him within themselves, theirs is happiness, not others. The durable among undurable; the soul of souls, who though one, disposes the desires of many; the wise who behold him within themselves, theirs is peace everlasting, and not others. This is that, they think, the ineffable supreme joy. How then may I know whether this shines or borrows its light? No sun shines there, nor the moon and stars; nor lightnings, nor fire like this. All verily shines after that Shining; from the shining of that, all this borrows light."

CHARLES JOHNSTON.

## VEDANT—THE FINAL GOAL OF KNOWLEDGE.

BY KANNOO MAL, M. A.

It is not wonderful that the Vedant, an outcome of the ripest and profoundest speculations of the Genius of Philosophy, is, as it is termed, "the final Goal of Knowledge." The sublimity, nobleness, and grandeur of this philosophy have elicited unbounded raptures of admiration from the most learned philosophers. Orientalists have gone into ecstasies over its greatness, or have been overcome with astonishment at the height which it has reached in the domain of thought. It is not my intention to illustrate this assertion by a number of quotations from these several admirers, for most of them are well known to the students of this philosophy; yet I should like to give one or two such expressions, which are of recent date.

Professor Max Müller, who has devoted his life to the study of the Vedant, writes, in the "Six Systems of the Hindu Philosophy":

"It is surely astounding that such a system as the Vedant should have been so slowly elaborated by the indefatigable and intrepid thinkers of India thousands of years ago—a system that even now makes us feel giddy, as in mounting the last steps of the swaying spire of an ancient Gothic cathedral. None of our philosophers, not excepting Heraclitus, Plato, Kant or Hegel, has ventured to erect such a spire, never frightened by storms or lightnings. Stone follows on stone in regular succession after once the first step has been made, after once it has been clearly seen that in the beginning there can have been but one, as there will be but one in the end, whether we call it Atma or Brahma."

Mrs. Annie Besant, in one of her lectures on Hinduism says: "The Vedant—the end of the Vedas—seeks the cause of the manifested universe, cannot rest content with an analysis that stops at Purush and Prikriti. It is, in fact, the most splendid and philoso-



phical expression of that ineradicable yearning of the human heart for God, which may be denied, distorted, thwarted, but ever rises from its seeming death, the eternal witness of something in man that is his innermost self, his inalienable life, and that finds its noblest outcome in the triumph cry of the Advaitism, 'I am He', when the long-sought, under many veils is found, and Deity stands revealed as the very self of man.' "

These two extracts among others, might serve as examples to show to what extent this philosophy is appreciated and eulogized by some of the best writers and orators in Europe. In fact, the system of the Vedant, though appearing to be adumbrated in the many theories of the early Greek philosophers Heraclitus, Parmenides, Plato, or in the school of the Neo-Platonists of Alexandria, or in the writings of the sage-thinkers of early Christianity at Antioch, or the intrepid philosophers of the middle ages, Spinoza, Bruno, or the recent savants of Germany from Kant downward, yet, it is so very bold, so unique, so characteristic of its own, that none of these approach it in its sublimity, magnificence and nobleness. Thought here seems to have reached its highest stage of development; in fact it has penetrated beyond the mists and clouds of the phenomenal intellect, and shines with a lustre so refulgent that the eye of the mind can but turn from it for fear of being blinded. Nothing in the immeasurably sweeping fields of our Literature is so splendid and noble as the Vedant.

Could we efface it from our literature—such a task being well-nigh impossible, since it permeates our very existence—we should have forfeited our claims to the respect and esteem of the civilized world.

With these few preliminary observations, I proceed to deal with the subject itself, and, though I am fully conscious of the impossibility of expounding this vast system in the limited space of a magazine article—for even the voluminous books written on it do not suffice—yet it is a remarkable truth, that the philosophy can be stated in a word as well as in a book. In fact, our own Rishis of

old, who worked so assiduously at it, and carried it to the highest acme of perfection, have, with their master genius, condensed this whole philosophy into a sentence of three simple words.

Well might Professor Max Müller exclaim in wonder, "this fearless synthesis, embodied in the simple words *Tat tvam asi*, seems to me the boldest and truest synthesis in the whole history of philosophy."

Succinctly expressed, the salient points of the Vedant are God, Soul, and the World. I purposely employ these three English words God, Soul, and World, to denote Brahma, Atma, and the Maya, to show that they do not in the least approach the latter expressions in meaning. Perhaps the most of the misconception and misrepresentation that the Vedant philosophy conveys to the English reader, owes its origin to these three English words. To express the idea of the Vedantic Brahma by "God" is as though one should express the idea of the greatness of the Himalyas by the word "Molehill". The term lags so far behind the fact. So with the words Atma and Maya—the soul and the world—especially with the former, Atma. I think I shall have done much in clearing a way to the comprehension of the Vedant if I explain the differences that lie in the signification of the three words under consideration.

God, in English, means a personal Deity, an objective conception. He is the Creator, Governor and Ruler of the Universe. He has power, justice, righteousness, goodness, mercy, and the qualities of omnipresence, omniscience and omnipotence. Infinite in Him are all those qualities which in man find but a very inadequate expression. This God is separate from the human soul, which stands to Him in the relation of a beloved to a lover, a servant to a master, a son to a father, a friend to a friend, and so forth. He views us from His lofty heavens and rewards the good and punishes the guilty. Our prayers for mercy are raised to him, and listened to, if we deserve it. He has planted in us a principle to guide us in our actions, and this principle is

conscience—a subdued voice of the Almighty God. While to a certain extent, united with the man, since no place and no time is without Him, He is beyond, emitting divine influences in His infinite lustre of mercy, love, and goodness. We kneel to Him in prayer, and even believe that, when the checkered scene of our life is over, we shall have to face the Eternal Judge for our actions.

Such, in brief, is the notion conveyed by the word "God." The most important matter to be noticed in this is that it furnishes us with an objective notion; that is, it gives us the idea of something that is separate and outside of us, possessing, though in infinite degree, the virtues which find expression more or less on the plane of human existence. This conception, strained to the utmost, approaches that of the Vedantic Ishwar, between whom and Brahma the Vedantist makes a sharp distinction. While Ishwar is objective or personal, if we can use the word, and concerns Himself in the Evolution and the Dissolution of the world, rewards or punishes men—if there is room for such a notion in the extremely rational system of the Hindu philosophy in any of its various aspects—one to whom our prayers are sent forth, and all devotions and love proffered. Brahma, on the other hand, is quite an abstract notion. The triple strands of Time, Space, and Causality which form the checkered panorama of the world, have no application to this conception. Speech turns back dumb from it, the mind dares not soar so high; in vain do the subtle wings of thought attempt to rise into the essence of its existence.

The Vedantists do not call Brahma He or She, since such terms indicate a notion of sex, while sex is without relation to Brahma, which is aptly termed "It." No positive assertion can be made of Its attributes; in fact, no attributes are linked to Its name. Yet there is nothing without It, or beyond It. Reduce everything to its ultimate residuum, if such a thing is possible, and you arrive at the conception. All that strengthens, invigorates, illuminates, imparts lustre, enlivens, is Brahma. From

the amoeba to the angelic being of highest divinity, all live, move, and have their being in It.

Within that subtle Essence, all that exists has its Self. It is the True. It is the Self. The sun shineth not there; there the heavens, with their myriad lights, shed no lustre. All struggles, emotions, hopes, every happiness and every misery that affect mankind are no more there. Standing ever alone, uncreated and uncreator, in its dazzling refulgence, magnificence and lustre, sustaining and supporting the huge delusion-fabric of the universe, ever beyond the sweep of time, space, and causality, ever inaccessible to the leaps of the intellect, ever beyond the mighty grasp of imagination, never expressible by the pen of the poet; yet ever in inalienable union with us, nourishing the very roots of our existence; ever glorious, ever calm, ever unapproachable; *that* It is. The most we can say of It is that "It is not this, not that," as was told by a Rishi of old to a Raja curious to know the nature of the Brahma.

The German philosophy in its Titanic attempts to probe the mystery of the Universe, has ultimately arrived at the notion of an Unconscious Will, which expresses itself in all the varied phenomena of the Universe, from the bioplasm to the highest stage of evolution in man. This Unconscious Will in its ever-climbing evolution, expresses itself more and more in beauty as it ascends, until it finds its highest form in man. All the empirical sciences which concern themselves with nature, express only the outward changes and modifications of the phenomenal forms of the Unconscious Will, while philosophy with its metaphysics treats of this Will expressed in human form. Well might Duessen attempt to identify the Unconscious Will with the Brahma of the Vedantists.

Let me proceed to our second notion, Soul. The English rendering "Soul" for Atma is extremely unfortunate and positively prejudicial to the understanding of the real significance of the term Atma. Soul, hints at the individuality of man. It is the volition and thought of man with all his individual conceptions. Take

the soul out of man and he is no more, because man exists through his individuality. From the old, old days of the Greek philosophy to the palmy days of science, these our own days, the word "Soul" has always been employed to signify something that is distinctive of man. In this entity, mind, intellect, memory, and like faculties play a great part. If I am sensible of pain or pleasure, it is the Soul that causes the sensation, for the body is material and only the vehicle of the commands of the Soul. If I love or hate, it is the doing of the Soul. In fact, whatever I am cognizant of, whatever I feel as pain or pleasure, whatever I do, all is the act of my Soul. Such is the notion of the Soul, obtaining throughout the world, and even in India four out of the six systems of philosophy do not rise beyond this conception of the soul. Only the Sankhya and the Vedant go farther. What the Sankhya leaves imperfect is completed by the Vedant. The Sankhya philosophy calls the Soul by the term Purush, which is conceived as a passive spectator of all the acts and movements of the individual apparatus. Purush is not concerned in feeling pleasure or pain, or doing anything of the sort; it simply, as we may say, watches the performance of the actress Prikriti. Just as the spectator watches, calmly and passively, the performance of a juggler, so does this Purush. All that the Prikriti does is individual, does not concern Purush. Yet the Sankhya philosophy, in spite of such a rigidly unindividualistic notion of the Purush, ventures to say that these Purushas are many. It was reserved for the Vedant to step forth and complete the edifice left unfinished by the philosopher Kapila. With a boldness and intrepidity born of consistency, the Vedant proclaims with divine voice that this Atma is one, and cannot be many. This may sound strange and incomprehensible, yet it is the only legitimate conclusion to be drawn from the given premises. The Vedantist declares of the Atma that it is not the body, not the mind, not the pranas—vital airs—not the intellect; they all are of a different nature. It is some-

thing beyond all these. The very ultimate essence of all things that are, is It.

Well might It say of Itself: "I neither act nor enjoy, nor am I bound by actions now, or was ever before. I am neither corporeal nor non-corporeal; how can egoism be predicated of strictly unindividualistic being? I am not contaminated by passion and affections, nor subject to any worldly affliction, being free from any corporeal bondage; know ye me the One Atma, boundless like the ether. I am destitute of all characteristic attributes, smaller than the smallest; I am beyond the sweep of the senses, mind and the intellect. Stand I ever-glorious, ruling the world."

Again it might be said of It: "Walketh not It on the earth, flieth not It on the wind, wetteth not It in the water, standeth It ever refulgent in Its untarnished glory. Encompasseth It the Universe, but Itself ever unbound, without and within, permeateth it all, invisible to the senses."

From these premises the poet might well make the reflection, "Since it is of such a character, how can there be room for individuality? There is neither 'thou' nor 'I' nor any specified species of sentient being there." We thus arrive at the notion of an abstract Being which is destitute of all individualities, yet, being their very life, sustaining them all. To put the matter logically, I may say that the Atma is beyond Time, Space and Causality, seeing that It is never old and never young, being bound by no space and never having been born. These three negative qualities have been predicated of the Atma, not only by the Vedantists, but by other schools of Indian philosophy, too; but it is the Vedant alone which is bold enough to draw the conclusion irresistible from these premises. Intrepid and undaunted, the Vedant proclaims, consistently with its logical reasoning and undefied by the storm of opposition, that such an Atma can only be one. It is impossible to conceive many existences which are equally free from time, space, and causality. All distinction and differentiation spring from these three attri-

butes, and, so soon as these conceptions are stripped off, all merge into one. Hence, you see that the Atma is one, that an Atma of which such negative attributes are predicated, cannot but be one; the inference that it is manifold is preposterous, unless you may deny its attributes. The Sankhya system affirmed these three negative attributes of the Purush, yet it flinched from drawing the only legitimate conclusion that It is one, and cannot be many.

— Now, having demonstrated that the Atma is one, the Vedantist, in consonance with his theory, takes another step, which completes his edifice. He has already stated that Brahma is devoid of qualities, and that the utmost that can be asserted of It is comprehended in negations. It has been proved to be beyond time, space and causality, the three threads which form the warp and woof of this checkered web of the Universe. Now, if the Brahma is beyond time, space, and causality, and the Atma also is unfettered by these shackles, then it would be moral cowardice to shrink from identifying the one with the other. There can not be, unbounded by time, space, and causality, two existences which are not one. The Unity of the Atma and the Brahma is the logical inference from our data, and it is either cowardice or the lack of a logical mind which keeps us from accepting it.

We now come to the third point—the Maya or the Universe. The word “Maya” has a long history behind it, and diligent are the researches made and being made by Oriental scholars to unravel its mystery. It has been hunted down back to the Vedas, and then chased backward again to the present time. Maya is Delusion, and Maya is this world. Though not inclined to enter into an elaborate exposition of its history, yet I can not refrain from saying that it has, in fact, been employed to convey two distinct conceptions—one the practical existence of material forms; and the other, their delusive existence; an apparent existence such as can be produced by a juggler's art. The former view is more enduring and substantial than the latter, but both

are ultimately perishable. To be clear, let me say that the Vedantist believes phenomena to be *real* when they are eternally real, imperishable, beyond the sphere of time and space. Such a real existence, in other words, is possible only to the Brahma or the Atma. All other objects which, though appearing real to our eyes, are yet of a perishing nature, such as the world, are therefore unreal. The reality that we attribute to external objects is reality only in this sense, that we see them, can touch them; notwithstanding this, they are not, from the standpoint of a Vedantist's definition, eternally real.

It may be highly interesting to study the writings of both schools—those that take the world as practically real, and those that consider it in the light of a delusion. They are both strictly Vedantists. So far as my knowledge of the subject goes, I can say that in olden times of the Vedant, the world was regarded as a practical reality, but in modern times this practical reality has come to mean a delusion. But, whatever the fact may be, the two theories are not irreconcilable, since from neither standpoint can the world be called *real* in the Vedantic sense.

Let me explain here the Vedantic terms Maya and Avidya. Maya is a world-delusion—say, the cosmic illusion; while the Avidya is an individual one. The Avidya can be annihilated, the Maya can not. Now, let us define this Maya. From a Vedantic point of view it is something that in one sense is, in another is not. Contrasted with the reality of the Brahma it is unreal, but compared with ourselves, it is real. It is real as we are minus our Atma. Hence this apparently contradictory nature of the definition.

This Maya, through the instrumentality of time, space, and causality, brings into existence our world-phenomenon. Whatever we see, hear, feel and think is all contained within the Maya. Now, the question arises, whence came this Maya, and when? From the most ancient times in all countries, in Greece, in Egypt and India, the wisest intellects had been devoted to the solu-



tion of this problem, but still it eluded them, because it involved a fallacy that escaped the detection even of the keen Indian eye. And it was thought that such a question was absurd and that the inquiry could not be pushed further without involving us in a logical impasse. It has been said that the Maya comprehends time, space, and causality. These three ultimate producers of our world are within the Maya; wherever we find any one of them, it is sure the Maya extends so far; but to expect to discover the origin (or *cause*) of the Maya is absurd, because causality itself is contained within the Maya and does not exist outside of it. How, then, can we consistently ask for the cause of the Maya?

The credit of such a setting at rest of the mystery belongs to Kant, who has placed mankind under deep and enduring obligations by his original and bold researches in philosophy.

So, now, one thing is clear, namely, that we cannot dare ask the question, "whence came the world-illusion, and when?" unless we involve ourselves in a position of inextricable difficulty and absurdity. Now, this world-illusion of the Maya assumes an infinity of varied aspects. It appears as the individuality of the man; senses, mind, intellect, and vital powers being all evolutes of it; it appears also as the highest mountains that push their hoary heads into the company of the clouds above. All that surrounds us, all that shines, moves, rushes and smiles, is the work of the Maya—with this exception: that the ultimate principle of life is Brahma. The forms and names belong to the Maya, the reality to the Brahma.

Now we come face to face with a problem which has given rise to unreasoning argument. People say, if material objects are not real, how can we see, touch, and feel them? The Vedantist never denies the reality of the perceptions, but what he says is, that the only true existence is Brahma, that, *in comparison with it*, the world is nothing. He says that we ourselves are of the same stuff as the outward world, plus the Atma; accordingly

that it is no wonder that existences which are of the same nature should have a sympathy toward each other. The Vedantist says that inorganic matter is as real as are our own bodies. In fact, he makes no distinction between the two; nay, he goes so far as to say that even the mind, intellect, and senses are of the same nature. Admitting this, I cannot understand how the objection above advanced can hold good. If we make distinctions between our bodies or our senses and inanimate objects, i. e., assigning reality to the former and denying it to the latter, then, naturally, it would be absurd to say that the world is not an actuality; but we boldly assert that, apart from our Atma, we are all of the same stuff—the organic and the inorganic nature—though differing immensely from one another in degree of evolution.

I may say that we live, move and have our being in the Maya, though there is, perhaps, no such apparent contradiction as may be suspected by a critical reader. True, in one place I say that we live, move, and have our being in the Brahma, and here I remark that “we live, move and have our being in the Maya.” Critics who are prone to deliver their trenchant judgments against others, without having the patience to understand thoroughly, will come forward, and in large letters inscribe the words “contradictory” upon my assertions; but I shall here try so to explain my meaning, that they shall have no excuse for misunderstanding me.

“We live, move and have our being in Brahma” from the point of view of our *real* existence. So far as concerns the inner essence, the ultimate principle of our existence, in virtue of which the whole creation lives, we are right in saying so; but in so far as we are the evolutes of Maya—from the intellect downward, in which our individuality is also comprehended, we live, move and have our being in the Maya.

Now, to illustrate the significance of the Maya, I shall adduce an example. Everyone must have had experience of dreams. While fast-locked in the arms of Morpheus, with eyes closed to the mighty

world around, ignorant of all its struggles and commotion, we see a world of our own imagining. As solid and as real that which lies about us in our waking state, is the world called up by the genius of dreams and imposed upon us with such a convincing show of realism. We feel that we are reading, talking or employing ourselves in manifold ways, and this without the faintest suspicion that it is all illusion. Mighty mountains with their hoary heads peering into the secrets of the celestials above; noble rivers flowing in majesty; still nobler and wider oceans sweeping around us in their grim grandeur and weird immensity, playing with its toys, the strongest ships, the pride of man's art; extensive and vast tracts of fertile land smiling in the beauty of luxuriant vegetation; the unmeasured heavens studded with their luminous myriad lights, those silent witnesses of the acts of humanity—in short, mountain and valley, desert and forest, land and sea, light and darkness, wind and wave, all that form the world of nature, rise up before us as it were from the grave, in the dream-visions. The mind appears to be loosed from its earthly bonds, and flies untrammelled throughout the vast realms of its own creation. How could a world like that presented to us in our dreams come from Matter; so solid and tangible is everything we perceive, yet all without reality? Facts like these have impressed all great and genuine thinkers in all times and in all countries, but the humdrum conventions of life have driven the philosophical to compromise with their inquisitiveness, and they have rested contented or have become stultified with what has been offered them by others in the way of explanation of this universal experience. It is not my intention here to give extracts from writers and philosophers who have raised a dissentient voice amid the general suffrage of mankind on the subject of the nature of dreams and of waking perceptions, yet it may not be out of place to insert one or two brief extracts.

Speaking of the delusive character of this solid-seeming world, let us see what the real thinkers have said.

Plato remarked that our world is a world of shadows, not of reality. Later, Plotinus observed, "The external world is nothing else than a mere phantom, a dream, a hallucination, pure and simple." The ancient Greek philosophers to a great extent believed in the illusive character of the world.

Poets, philosophers and prophets have, from time to time, proclaimed, as with a trumpet-blast, the unreality of the world; these were men who had seen the visions of the Real from their glimpses behind the deceptive veil of nature. Even so recent a poet as Tennyson has written:

"The sun, the moon, the stars, the seas, the hills and the plains,  
Are not these, O Soul, the vision of Him who reigns?  
Is not the vision He? though He be not that which He seems.  
Dreams are true while they last, and do we not live in dreams?"

But it is superfluous to multiply quotations. The student of philosophy is well acquainted with the views of all such thinkers. The general conclusion which the unanimous voice of all great thinkers declares, is, that the world, seemingly so solid and tangible, is at bottom nothing but a conglomeration of ideas emitted by our own intellects. Kant, the father of modern philosophy, has done a great service to humanity, by scientifically demonstrating the truth of these views, so long existing in vagueness. He first proceeds to analyze the world, and, after intricate and elaborate reasoning, comes to the three ultimate ingredients that form our world, which three ultimate fundamentals are time, space and causality. The entire Universe is a constitution of these three. Now, from time immemorial it has been believed that these were objective entities, something that is outside of us; but it was reserved for Kant to demonstrate lucidly to the world that these are only the intuitive forms of our intellect; they are in the mind rather than outside of us. Startling and strange this may sound to us, yet if we follow the extremely elaborate and ingenious reasoning of Kant, we shall find his conclusion irresistible. I shall

not attempt to prove here that they are not extra-mental entities, but within us, for it would make this article too long. If the reader cares to pursue the subject, he can refer to Kant himself.

Now, since these three ultimates, time, space, and causality, form the Universe, and are only in the intellect, ergo, the Universe is in the mind and not outside of us. In other words, what we see around us are the embodiments of our own conceptions, rather than actual objects. If you pursue matter, scale in hand, as one of the modern philosophers observes, you will ultimately arrive at the conclusion that nothing is solid but force, and that force is not matter—an extended, inert, tangible mass of matter. This force, under the triple forms of time, space, and causality, reveals itself as the grand and mighty universe. The Vedantist says nothing else. He holds that the variegated garb of Nama-Rupe—names and forms—is the Nature veiling an Ultimate Reality, which is untrammelled by the triple links of time, space, and causality.

Such is the view of the Vedantist on the Universe, and, having been weighed in the balance of Science, the view has not been found wanting. It is the only view which harmonizes with the latest results of Science—the Science that with a mighty force has broken down so many creeds and faiths.

To recapitulate the whole: There is but one Reality, and that is Brahma. It is another name for our innermost essence, called Atma—the Self of the Creation; the individuality of the man (called Ego or Soul) is an evolute of the Maya which is something indefinable; the net of contradictions by which we are enmeshed is the Maya; it is a conglomerate of time, space, and causality. All that is formed, is of this Maya.

Such is, in brief, the rationale of the Vedant.

KANNOO MAL.

## THE PHILOSOPHY OF TRUST LEGISLATION.

HENRY NELSON BULLARD, PH.D.

The trust is the natural result of the development of our industrial laws. There are certain fixed paths along which all progress must needs proceed. As each great improvement has come, making possible a more rapid progress, there has been a great outcry, and many have been over-anxious to throw themselves into the breaches in the bulwarks of our country's safety. At certain times the utter overthrow of customs and methods has seemed inevitable to many. This has been true to the largest extent among the working-classes; and the man who sees a new invention taking away the bread-earning power of his training is not to be blamed for holding pessimistic views. No change giving improved methods and quicker processes has come without an accompanying distress to some. In time a new and proper adjustment is made, but there must be temporary antagonism.

There have been few cases of these changes where injury to the former worker has not passed over the line dividing the necessary from the really unjust. And it is but natural that the workman, with the loaf of bread snatched from his outstretched hand, should be unable to distinguish between necessary hardship and that which he clearly sees to be unnecessary. Is it a wonder that his hand closes round the stone that he finds instead of the bread, and that he makes it a weapon, as nature has taught him to do? The conflict between labor and capital has been embittered right here. The real danger is not in the introduction of the changes, but in the often real (while often exaggerated) injustice on the part of the employer. The problems on each side are equally real, though each group seems unimportant to the other man.

Competition is the basis of all industrial progress—or our entire system is wrong. If the principle were proved to be wrong we

could not to-day make a radical change, even if the authorities in such matters were agreed on a better system. Whether the present system is good or bad the past has devoted us to the competitive system for at least many years to come. To-day competition has passed the limits of individual relations. It is an age of combination and organization. A good organizer, a good organization, is praised without a voice of dissent under all other names, but on all sides the "trust" is illogically excepted. There has been so much of injustice connected with these great business combinations that the very name has become among the people a synonym for financial corruption.

There is no need to define the trust. Authorities will not agree upon the wording for the definition. But we all know what a trust is. The great question to-day is in reference to legislation against trusts. State political-conventions of both parties are hastening to nail down a plank against trusts. Some deep scholars are giving out their carefully prepared decisions that trusts must be conquered or they will dominate our nation along all lines of its progress. There is at least enough weight to the arguments on the other side, however, to keep the balance even. By the careful study of certain relations of legislation to industrial progress, and of some of the facts about these trusts themselves, we shall throw much light upon the vexed question.

Can legislation interrupt or direct industrial progress? History gives few, if any, facts warranting an affirmative answer to this question. There are on the statute books of several States, laws enacted to attack certain institutions; but these laws remain absolutely dead. Attempt after attempt of this kind has failed. Over the injustice to the laborer caused by mechanical inventions, there was as widespread agitation as there exists now over trusts. To-day, as we look back, no one can believe that a law against the introduction of any labor-saving machines could have delayed but for a very short time the adoption of really helpful invention. With competition as the method of our industrial

evolution, the trust is a natural growth. We can no more stop the progress of combination than we can stay the rushing of a mighty river at its greatest depth, though had we been at its source a moment's work might have changed its course.

The question whether we ought to oppose this new and rapid development is more important than whether we can stop it. That which is wrong may attain such a growth that it is almost impossible to uproot it. It may be that the trust is like the many-headed monster against which Hercules fought. Each apparent gain on his part only increased the power of the enemy. If the trust is wrong in principle, perseverance, and ingenuity of plan will win the day for us as for him.

It is impossible in this article to go into detail of proof. We can spread before us only a summary of the available evidence. The origin of the trust lay in the fact that concentrated capital saves waste. In the days of less perfect communication, capital was widely distributed, not only in ownership but in business. To-day, combinations before impossible not only save much of the former waste but by economy in the directing and planning of business insure a very material gain. The natural results of these combinations are, a saving of expense in the mechanism of the business; a possibility of obtaining the best and most costly machinery; and the precision and possibilities of a more perfect organization. These changes, with others perhaps equally great, have cheapened the cost of production in a marked degree. The selling price is lowered, and at the same time the quality of the goods manufactured is very much improved. Many things now regarded as necessities of life have been brought within the reach of those who are not rich, only by that combination in capital which has of late been named the trust.

Such is the theoretical view; and the practical view does not differ except that many abuses must be recognized. The great danger in such combinations lies in the increased possibility of corruption and injustice where power is so centralized. The greater



the power brought together, the greater is the chance of victory in a struggle with another organization. And the contest of two great organizations in industrial annals is a conflict terrible beyond compare. This condition of affairs has given us certain overgrown and dangerous combinations, both of labor and of capital. Unscrupulous labor-unions and selfish monopolies could easily be named in illustration. If we are to settle the question in view of such evil-disposed bodies alone, all fair-minded persons would agree in their verdict of condemnation. By the actual mixture of fair and unfair we are perplexed.

Still, as the trust is a natural outgrowth of accepted laws, our purpose should be to attack the corruptions, and, stripping these off by legislation, to bring out the best there is in the trust-principle. Anti-trust legislation is not what we want. There is in the trust a strength and virtue which we cannot deny, and to destroy the elements of true strength were folly—if, indeed, it be not impossible. We should, by appropriate laws, make the most of that strength, while guarding against the excesses which turn that strength against our welfare and stability.

Mr. Bryan's plans of legislation against trusts have not proved successful in Missouri and other States where they have been tried. Unreasoning antagonism toward an organism in which are germs of true life only makes more insidious the evil which has grown up in it. Where we have attempted to crush out the trusts they have but resorted to more secret methods, and we know that the greatest danger from such organizations lies in the power for evil which secrecy gives them. We have had the most difficulty with the largest combinations. The power of money is such that almost any shady transaction can be hushed up. In proportion as the trust increases in size, its chance to keep secret its mechanism becomes greater. So it appears that, with business methods as they are at present, a limit should be placed on the growth of any particular trust, and laws should be passed making possible free access to the books of the trust, and mak-

ing necessary frequent supervision of their condition. With legislation along these two lines the evils of the trust would be under control, and there would still be free opportunity for the development of the rightful and beneficial powers inherent in organized combinations.

We may conclude, therefore, that the present antagonism to trusts has arisen from unwarranted and unfounded attacks, from exaggeration of conditions and tendencies, and also because of acts of injustice on the part of the trusts. The problems which arise from the first of these three classes are the hardest to solve. The real flaws in the present system could be easily remedied if it were possible to go directly at the work; but the wrongly directed agitation of those who really know nothing about the matter complicates the settlement. In the trusts themselves the great danger lies in overgrowth and secrecy. It is logically our policy so to mold legislation as to correct these tendencies, and at the same time to protect the trust in its natural and legitimate condition. The past has proved our economic system to be founded on necessary principles, and surely it would be folly to overturn the established system—especially when no other is at hand. The trust-problem is vital, but much of the complication found in it has come from the blundering way in which it has been handled by certain politicians and alarmists.

The solution of the great problem lies with our scholars and statesmen; and we may rest assured that with such pilots as guide our ship of state the vessel will not be cast upon this reef.

HENRY NELSON BULLARD, PH.D.

## THE SCRIPTURE-HABIT AND THE STRUGGLE FOR REASON.

BY THE REVEREND CHARLES FERGUSON.

When, in the long process of evolution, the first of creeping things felt the first impulses to those adventures that resulted in the production of a backbone, it may readily be imagined that he dismissed the sacrilegious prompting from his invertebral heart with the reflection that he was but a worm of the dust, and must not traverse the tradition. However, there were heretics and "higher" critics in those days, as always, and things went the other way. The whole march of evolution has been aflouting of "tradition" at every step; and every gain of a faculty or a franchise has been won in the teeth of the established order. Every profitable variation has been a disobedience of the authorities, and an attempt at something that never had been tried before. The conservatives have all died on the march; the survivors are radicals and revolutionists, and the place of the orthodox is in the unbridged gaps between the species that have prevailed.

The secret of survival is not passive conformity to environment with an energy from within. Life is not a being-held, but a holding; and the perfection of passive obedience is simply death. The conservative product is not conserved, but is the waste and refuse.

From the beginning, the difficulty has been to produce a creature that would not flatly submit to its surroundings, but would have something of a will and way of its own. And the constant sag and discouragement of nature has been the tendency to reduce everything to mere habit, custom, authority, and reflex action. It has been the hardest imaginable thing, an age-long aching thing, to find here and there a bit of protoplasm that had any sort of originality or self-respect. Nearly every living thing has preferred to "quote scripture," and settle back upon the precedents.

The history of the human race is most distinctly a contest be-

tween the scripture-habit and the claims of reason. Men will do anything rather than think, and having thought they will suffer anything rather than act upon their thought. It is astonishing how difficult it is to discover an idea; the armies of the nations will trample over it for ages, and nobody will stoop to pick it up. And it is still more astonishing how reluctant men are to put to the test of practice the ideas they have discovered, and in which they take the keenest contemplative delight. The utterly disproportionate power of the few over the many, in all times and under every kind of social constitution, can be understood only by those who have pondered well these twin astonishments.

It has been very hard to find a man who would both think and believe his thought; and such a man up to this time has seemed a kind of god or devil to other men. The crowning achievement of history is to be the production of a whole society of such men—a democratic, self-governing society; but meanwhile the scripture-habit is, as it always has been, truly the greatest of the great powers, close akin to gravitation and the chemical affinities.

Nothing is more influential in human affairs than this merely negative and morbid tendency which disposes men to relax the tension of thought and will, and to submit their minds to any external influence—a creed, a book, a social constitution—that seems established and safe. It is the extension into the sphere of biology and psychology of the principle which in physics is called inertia. It is simple “not doing anything”—the giving over of one’s mind to whatever external claim may happen to be strongest or most insistent.

The tendency, in its origin, is a mere elemental languor—the deep brooding of the universal death. In its extension into the realm of humanity it becomes a definite shrinking from the practical difficulties of living—from those risks that the world is ever calling upon a man to make if he would be true to himself and to the demands of his essential nature. By an inversion of language, which has its parallel in an extensive vocabulary of like words, we

call that faith, which is really the opposite of faith—a sinking back upon what we suppose to be settled and assured—upon the things that make no demands upon our faith. And men have called that religion which in reality is the rejection of the liberty of God in favor of the paddock-pen of their own superstition and distrust.

The whole world is an invitation to the liberty of God. And it is like the invitation of a king: it is a command, and must not be refused. There is but one law in the universe that is despotic and absolute; every other is statutory and subject to repeal. The despotic law is this: that every living thing must strike out into the world and live. Every law may be broken except the law of adventure and prodigality, and every sin will be forgiven except the sin against the Spirit of Life. Everything in the cosmos is in motion; it is impossible for anything for a single moment to stand still; the primary obligation is to move on. And everything that has life must move on according to its own internal law and not according to the law outside. It must move according to the law in the heart, and not according to that on the stone-tables. If it should abrogate its own internal law and, in the center and citadel of its life, submit to the external law, it would become inorganic—a dead thing. To trust the promptings of one's own nature is dangerous, of course; but the other way is sure death. There is no obviously safe way; the inevitable law of life is that whatever would live must take risks.

Through all the ages the hunger of the faithless, cowardly heart of man has been to find a means of escape from the risk and cost of moral adventure—from the necessity of actually *doing* the dangerous things that it seemed reasonable and right to do. Men have quite generally been more ready to do a little violence to their reason than to their vested interests or the social calm. And it has always been possible to render homage to conscience in a comparatively inexpensive way by the worship of a superior quality of ancient maxims.

Religion—the God-thirst in a man—is in its essence revolutionary; it is the power of progress. But the religious cults and schemes of dogma are the bathos and anti-climax of religion. What are called the religious faiths of the world are in the main an assortment of devices for doing away with the need of a living faith by drugging with dead certainties the ache in a man's heart that should have driven him forth to perilous enterprises of hope and love.

The sufficient condemnation of the various religious systems of salvation is that they are systems and that they profess to insure salvation. The systematization and insurance are fatal, because their effect is to transfer the soul's center of gravity from an internal to an external law—and that is the distinction of all honesty and virtue, and opens the door to every wrong and folly. It is the discrediting of conscience; and a man without a conscience is, it would seem, a spectacle sadder than a man without a country or without a specific religion.

The principle of religious authority comes near to being the sum of all immoralities, for it is the abrogation of the interior law of life. It matters not whether the authority be lodged in a Pope or a parson, in a book, a cultus, a social usage, or a commercial custom—the principle is the same; if the criterion of right and wrong has passed out from one's own mind, over into the circumstances and influences by which one is conditioned, then is he no longer a man but only a bundle of proclivities and sensibilities, and he will do whatever he is prompted by his surroundings to do. That becomes good which is authoritatively sanctioned or commonly practiced in the time and place where one may happen to stand. It may be proper to drown one's children in Hindustan and proper to brain the aged parents in Papua—or somewhere else. Everything becomes a question merely of the climate and the calendar. To give in one's adherence to the most exalted scheme of doctrine not because it is felt to be exalting, but because it is

authoritative, is to poison the wells of one's own veracity and to offer hospitality to every highly recommended lie.

The scripture-habit begets a submissive spirit. It is therefore the stronghold of tyrannies; slave-drivers cannot do without it, and modern emperors, as they smooth the way for a career of talent, would have to invent an infallible Pope or Bible if none were in existence.

None of the pre-eminent crimes of history could have been committed by men acting frankly on their personal responsibility. They have always been prompted by one phase or another of the scripture-habit—by the demands of an authority whose seat was not in the souls of the actors but in the supposed necessities of civilization or of a church or state.

It is especially easy for the devotees of spiritual authority to be reconciled to the hardships of their neighbors. Having established their standard of what is reasonable and just, outside the boundaries of their own sense and feeling, it is difficult for them to regard the miseries of the poor and the inveterate wrongs of society as other than matters of course, and the dispensation of God.

If I dare not think in the presence of Peter or Paul, who am I that I should challenge immemorial custom or question the natural laws? If so many millions are in wretchedness, if the very stones of the street sob under the carriage wheels, doubtless it is fate and cannot be avoided. One may get used to anything if one has ceased to think and feel with simplicity of heart and self-dependence.

It would hardly be true to say that the operation of the principle of spiritual authority has been chiefly instrumental in producing the fatalistic feeling that has so generally prevailed during the present century. The converse of the proposition is nearer the truth—it is the prevailing fatalism, traceable to other causes, that has brought about a revival of outworn theories of the divine right of emperors and the infallibility of bibles

and priests. So far as our fatalism is more or other than that under which the world has groaned from the beginning, it is probably traceable to the popular interpretation that has been put upon the century's extraordinary acquirements in the sphere of physical science.

Now, the spirit of science as a confident explorer going forth to meet gods and devils in the open air and wrestle with them for their reasons, is perhaps the sublimest thing in the world, and it holds the promise of the great day that is about to dawn. But the savants have not always played the man; and the people have seen their leaders tremble and have themselves been smitten with that cosmic fear whose other name is fate. Truly, the universe is awful and stupendous, and one must not lean over its breathless chasms or break the silence of its solemn ages unless his head is steady and his heart pure.

The explorers must go forth in the name of humanity to the uttermost verge of the abyss and wherever they discover new lands they must plant the standard of humanity, and for everything they must demand reasons that are human reasons.

The sane mind of a living man is and must be the measure of all things; the attempt to find another measure, to vacate one's own consciousness, or to construe things from the thing-standpoint is both faint-hearted and futile. But this is precisely what the men of science have, to a very serious extent, attempted to do. The on-lookers have been dismayed by their abandonment of the human and personal point-of-view, and by their tacit admission that humanity, and personality itself must be subjected to the awful authority of Things.

The simple truth is that the men of science have fallen into the old traditional way of the scripture-habit. Their attitude of utter mental passivity is altogether theological and orthodox, and they owe their full acknowledgment to the reverend clergy. They have treated the open volume of nature as if it were an inspired and infallible scripture which it were impious to chal-



lenge from the warm, red heart of a man. They have tried to interpret love and fear and hunger in terms of mass and motion. They have given us a topsy-turvy science where the last is first and the first is last.

Of course this is a rough generalization. There are all kinds of men of science, and as a class they certainly are abreast of their contemporaries in every moral quality; but the fact remains that they have not been able to humanize their discoveries, or to present science to the people in the terms of faith and hope. And the cause of their failure is closely allied to the cause of the notorious failure of the theologians to reach the common-sense of men. The scientists and the theologians alike have despised human nature and human reason, and have called in question their deepest intuitions at the dictation of an external authority.

It is an axiom of mental and moral health that whatever is hopelessly discouraging cannot be true. And by this test we ought to have been assured that the fatalistic interpretation of the facts of evolution must be a false interpretation. The notion that environment and heredity are everything and the spontaneity of life nothing, or next to nothing, is a notion fit to paralyze the nerve-center of the soul; and if for another generation, this notion were to stand or to seem to command general scientific approval, it would go far to defeat the hope of democracy, and desolate the beauty of the world.

But the only chance of having the theory discredited and put out of the way lies in an appeal to reason, and to that untheological faith which is the basis of reason. What we need most is that some word shall come that shall give us moral elation. The age is low-spirited and lacks self-respect. We really need to be assured that tigers cannot teach us ethics or monkeys manners, and that the principal thing in an entomological investigation is not the bug but the man. It is one thing to say that a man is anatomically like a pig, and quite

another and more cheerful thing to say that a pig is in certain physical aspects somewhat like a man. Everything depends upon the type and the standard. It is no disparagement of the beauty of Aphrodite and Apollo that the whole world of nature yearns toward it and mimics it; but it is a disparagement of human beauty to think of it only as an improvement on the beasts—founded upon an aping of the ape.

Now, the grand postulate of literature and of all the humanities is the absoluteness of human nature. The poets and the artists will not undertake to prove that reason is reasonable; they assume it and summon everything to the test; that is why they are poets and artists. If for a moment they should admit that there is, or can be for them, an external logic alien and superior to their own inner law of taste and reason they would be put to endless confusion, and could never sing another song or paint another picture.

Nature seems a shrewish step-mother to those that are timid and give in, but really she is an indulgent old dame and loves to be bullied and teased by the spirit of a man. That the generation that is passing has regarded only or mainly the forbidding aspect of the natural world, and has seen in evolution a law not of liberty but of fate, is chiefly due to its own faint-heartedness and to a dire lack of religion, attributable to the multiplicity of religions. What the age needs most is unsophisticated faith.

For the strength and establishment of reason, the spring of its right arrogance and self-sufficiency is in a childlike faith that it is of God, that it antedates the cosmos, and so need not yield the right-of-way to mere star-dust and commotion.

CHARLES FERGUSON.

### MODERN MADNESS.

They call me mad,—

They say I am of reason void

And that my brain is overshadowed by a cloud!

    If madness wears such philosophic guise as garbs my mind,

    If lack of reason means such wealth of intellect——

    Then would I madness choose above the world's best gifts!

Nor fame nor fortune could bestow such happiness;

Nor honor nor renown could so enrich the heart with joy;

Nor friends nor learning could endow the soul so lavishly.

    If it be madness to discern the secret thought of human minds,

    To read the innermost intent of human hearts,

    To know the end of every aim, to sift the true and false;

To see with telescopic eye the farthest future of events,

To hear the sound of voices yet unborn,

To understand what written law has not revealed,—

    Then am I mad indeed, and glory in insanity!

    Then am I mad, thrice mad! and richer in my madness

    Than Ramses when he ruled the prehistoric world.

If boasted reason cannot scale the narrow precincts of a brain,

But must confine to limits forged by civil law;

If she must wear a cloak of frayed and threadbare precedents,

    And has no loftier office than to follow in a beaten path;

    If she must stultify her faculties to magnify a scientific code,

    Then I renounce both reason and her sophistry!

If it be reason's province to obey the ancient edict of the classic  
    schools;

If she can gauge the present only by the past, and build the  
future but upon the circumstances of to-day;

If she can neither think nor act without a monitor,  
Then I divorce my brain from paltry reason's sway,  
(I scorn a custom-made device for framing thought!)

And in insanity will seek and serve an abler counsellor.

If reason has no sterling logic of her own, then is she desti-  
tute indeed!

If reason is too blind to see without a lens, the *certain* sequence  
from a given cause,

But must be led by rule and plummet on a stipulated plan;

If she must go to school to learn the laws of intel-  
lect,—

If she must con by rote the time-worn primers of the  
dead,—

Then reason is too fallible to counsel me!

If it be reason's part to cringe and fawn before the dusty  
shelves of history;

If she must homage pay to every fossilized and musty fact;

If to acumen she can raise no higher claim than this,—

Then dull and commonplace indeed is she;

Too mediocre to command contempt,

Too shallow to provoke disdain!

If reason must restrict her searching to a formulated scale;

If she is impotent to hew alone a self-appointed way;

If she cannot conceive and execute original designs;

If she must tread a course of automatic trend,

And prune and chisel what she finds to fit conservative  
conceit,—

Then let us be insane! O let us be insane!!

Insane enough to vary from the ruts and furrows in time-trodden fields;

Insane enough to follow where the soul-illuminating beacon leads;

Insane enough to fashion self-invented modes of thought!

It may be reason is herself insane, insane from overlong constraint;

It may be reason is herself of reason void, and of beclouded intellect;

In very sooth she is bereft of strength since she must needs support herself upon a staff.

PAUL AVENEL.

# DEPARTMENT OF PHILOSOPHY.

DEVOTED TO

Art, Literature and Metaphysics.

EDITED BY C. H. A. BJERREGAARD.

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## LITERATURE, A MYSTERY AND A REVELATION.

(II.)

In his "Primer of English Literature," Stopford Brooke defines literature to be the written thoughts and feelings of intelligent men and women, arranged so as to give pleasure to the reader. Arrangement accordingly means form or style. Style, again, he divides into two divisions: prose and poetry. But not all prose is literature; for instance, a ship's log is not literature, he holds. The prose must be arranged so as to give pleasure, "it must have *style* and *character*, and must be written with *curious care*."

Unsatisfactory as this definition is, it serves, nevertheless, my purpose. The main characteristic of literature is, according to it, not the substance of "the written thoughts and feelings," but "the style and character" of these. Hence the Rig Veda Hymns and the Psalms of David are not literature; all philosophy, etc., would also be excluded. If we accepted the definition, we would be limited almost exclusively to what is commonly called light literature. Against such limitations we protest. The so-called sacred books cannot be excluded from general literature, nor can philosophy, etc. We acknowledge that

the sacred books contain peculiar forms of psychic life, but instead of excluding them and leaving them in a separate and non-classified group, let us apply their peculiar psychism to all other written forms, and *vice versa*, let us read those very books by the same standards by which we read other writings. The gain in truth will be immense, because we shall come to a realization of the enormous extent of the human mind in its expressions all the way from fluid and evanescent feelings to cold and bare mechanical formulas. We shall learn to put life into mechanical terms and we shall see how we create emotional expressions. The music there is in the soul will transform mathematics to light and color forms, and fix the emotional vibration so that it will be seen and can be studied.

We are at present not doing anything in such a direction, viz., outside occult circles. Within occult circles, the secret of liquefying verbal forms is beginning to be known. Numerous symbolical explanations of common facts are appearing. Nature's transparencies are being read, and progress is being reported. One of the methods pursued in the occult fraternities is to seek for the sound which is represented by certain letters. When these sounds have been found it is easy to determine what emotion is their innermost. An emotion is a vibration or a world-force; that found, we are in possession of the power conveyed by the letters. We can not only read what former occultists knew and reported, but we can convey our discoveries to posterity, and none but the wise read them. By such a method it is possible to write, for instance, a story which may literally read intelligently enough and convey both beautiful and true thoughts, yet read by the sound-key will be no mere story, but will convey a magic transformation, burst all limitations, and reveal the Real. In fact, such writing will not be a writing, but will be what the ancients called *vach*, the Word, a "living presence" or "the first of speaking-beings, celebrated in the Rig Veda and represented as saying:

"I am queen and mistress of riches; I am wise. . . . He who is born, who breathes, who hears, feeds with me on this sacred food.\* He who knows me not is lost. Listen then to me, for I speak words worthy of belief. I speak good things for the gods and for the children of men. Whom I love, I make terrible, pious, wise, bright. . . . I traverse heaven and earth. I exist in all worlds, and extend towards the heavens. Like the wind, I breathe in all worlds. My greatness extends beyond this world, and reaches even beyond heaven itself."

The way to read is to image the sound or the light conveyed by the composition before us. If there is anything in it, it will be found that in the image lies a whole world, of which we may take possession. But most people do not read intently enough. That thrall there is upon them after reading (what they call) something fascinating, is only a fugitive breath, and is seldom clothed with body by retirement into silence and solitude. They lack *la grande passion*.

Why is it that we remember certain sunsets and not others? Why is one human form so charming and another is not? Why does one note call forth "the deepest deep" of the soul and others not? Why does one color send a thrill through us and not another? Why is it that we call one event momentous and not another, though it seemed exactly similar? The reason is "the glow of it" in that sunset; "the ideal stamp" upon that human face; "the pure tonality" of that note, coming, as it were, from that Simplicity which lies at the root of existence, etc. There was the Image, the living Presence, the *Vach*, the Word in these manifestations. If we had been conscious at the moment of that fact and had held on, we would have been transformed to its likeness. The same influences that come to us in free nature, may come to us by literature. Literature is as much a mystery as nature, and as much of a revelation; and literature demands the same devotion as nature.

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\*The burnt offering.



Professor Huxley, in speaking of the Witch of Endor and the theology of ancient Israel refers to "the stratified deposits" of many ages "left by the stream of the intellectual and moral life of Israel," in which are to be found "numerous remains of forms of thought which once lived," and which are of "priceless value to the anthropologist." Such a fossil was to him the Witch of Endor. It is to these "stratified deposits" of literature to which can go he or she who cannot meet Nature in the open. There they may quarry and find precious metals and seek out a path to the Real, or that Ideal we are seeking. It is in this sense that literature is a mystery and a revelation.

C. H. A. BJERREGAARD.

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#### LETTERS AND SOUNDS.

In another essay in this department I have spoken of the efforts of occultists to discover the sounds represented by our letters in order to attain a control of the vibrations created. As a help to the uninitiated, I now supplement that essay with some extracts from an ingenious pamphlet on the origin of our alphabet, published by J. Enthoffer, in Washington, 1875, and announced to be on sale at the store of B. Westermann & Co., in New York City.

The author's object is to show that the position of the organs of speech is the basis on which the letters of the alphabet are constructed. He examines our own, the most developed, alphabet and pays no attention to cruder ones; and, singularly enough, he finds it similar to the original Shemitic letters. But he has nothing to say on the occult significance of the positions of the speech organs and how these physiologically express psychological states, which again correspond to cosmic vibrations. That is not his field of research. But his services in showing what a conventional letter-sign really is are most valuable. His work

enables us to reproduce the vocal vibrations they originally stood for, and thus to set in motion a biological sphere which means power and cosmic influence. Such reproductions give us the possession of the mystery of literature and reveal its secrets. Literature not used by such a method is to us no more than the stones and other material objects of nature; these may be useful for mechanical and industrial purposes, but not as spiritual teachers and mediators of power.

The different signs expressing sounds in the order handed down to us by the Shemites is as follows:

A, the first letter, is the principal and fundamental sound of the human organ. The mere act of opening the mouth and letting the voice go forth produces the sound "A." That the position of the letter in writing it is A and not  $\triangleleft$  is conventional usage merely.

B, the second letter, is the sound produced by firmly closing the lips after the emission of the A sound. The figure of the letter is a profile representation of the closed mouth.

C, the third letter, is in our way of writing the Shemitic G, which we turn upside down. If the reader will turn it upside down ( $\nabla$ ) he will see it to be the conventionalized figure of an inside view of the mouth. The sound is produced by the root of the tongue and the palate, but the letter is only the palate graphically represented as producing the sound.

D, the fourth letter, is the sound produced by leaning the tip of the tongue against the upper teeth, thereby shutting the hollow of the mouth completely. Turn the conventional sign at thus,  $\nabla$ , and the reader sees how the tongue does it. Both G and D are internal acts.

E, the fifth letter, or as it is in Hebrew, "*He*," represents a sound which belongs to a higher scale than A; in order to produce it, it is necessary to raise the tongue, which lies flat pronouncing A, particularly in the middle, toward the roof of the mouth, with the tip toward the edge of the teeth in the lower

jaw; hereby the waves of sound are compressed while going out, and the sound E is produced as in a wind instrument. How the letter sound represents this operation can be seen by turning the letter round, thus æ.

It will be well to remind the reader that this letter and sound is the most important of all. It is the fifth, or the centre of the square, and the intonation of circular acts or vibrations, each of which represents the Universal; one circle, the Divine; the other, the Natural.

Letters A and B are the opening and closing sounds or the beginning and end. G is like a flame blowing against the vault of heaven, and D was called "the door," because it closes the breath. A and B are the upper and lower lines of the square, G and D the two sides, and E is the majesty that fills the square. These five letters form a hierarchy by themselves and correspond in sphere of activity to the five first numbers.

F, the sixth letter, is a labial and blowing sound. It is produced in a way similar to W; hence W in many languages represents the same vibration as F.

Z (zayin), the seventh letter; Samech, the fifteenth letter; Tsadhe, the eighteenth letter, and Shin, the twenty-first, represent dental and hissing sounds, the most intense passion, the rush of fever, like steam from a pipe. Its alphabetic figure in Hebrew looks like flames, and the S with us is like a serpentine movement. The S-curve is capable of a straightening out; it can be bent circularly and sensually, as in the roman-sque, and it can assume the form of what Henry Van Brunt calls Greek rhythmic movement, all three fundamental forms of passion or cosmic vibration.

H, the eighth letter, is the Hermes of our languages, both a guttural *ch* and the *spiritus asper* (rough breathing). The wind-messenger "howling" or "sighing" through narrow openings, such as were the ancient windows. Compared to S, it will be seen that H is objectively what S is subjectively. In Hebrew

it is called the letter of admiration or wonder, because it forms the main substance of the words Elohim and Jehovah. To get the power as *spiritus asper* of the sign we must understand the conditions of its sound. Wuttke defines it: "If in emitting the breath its strength is suddenly increased, which is done by narrowing the glottis and opening the mouth wide, thus letting as much air pass as possible, all the organs forming the sound far apart, a strong, but mute breath is produced, the non-sounding H." The first sound, the rough *ch*, represents the creative world; the second, the smooth deep sound, is as difficult to produce as is an attainment of understanding of Being's mystery.

Th, the ninth letter, can be properly pronounced only by placing the tongue between the teeth. It represents sexual vibrations.

J, the tenth letter, stands also for the vowel sound I. The power of the letter can be found in any alphabetic grammar.

K, the eleventh letter, is much like C, only stronger and quicker.

L, the twelfth letter, is a lingual sound, and is in the main an oscillation along the edges of the tongue, when this is pressed hard against the upper row of teeth. Its alphabetic shape in Hebrew and its meaning gives it a phallic vibratory force. It means to, into, against, about, unto, concerning, by, etc.

M, the thirteenth letter, is labial, like B.

N, the fourteenth letter, is the strongest nasal sound. The nose in ancient times signified "the life of goodness;" whence bridal ornaments were placed upon the nose.

Ayin, the sixteenth letter, and P, the seventeenth, respectively, mean the "eye" and the "mouth," two facial organs for light and sound, and both capable of the greatest variety of uses and mystic applications. With these come in natural order, Q, the nineteenth letter, which is K, hardened and usually called the "ear," and R, which represents the "head;" sometimes it is also likened to the character of the "wheel," on account of its rapid or whirling sound.

T, the twenty-second letter, is a hardened D; but standing, as

it does, at the end of the alphabet, it signifies a X, or the end of all things. In Egyptian documents it meant the conclusion of a transaction.

As I said above, the various signs of the alphabet represent vocal vibrations, which, when reproduced, set in motion a biological sphere which means power and cosmic influence. If we, therefore, take such great words as Idea, God, Thought, and analyse the vibrations represented by the signs which compare them, we are enabled to enter into the mystic life-sphere of these words.

C. H. A. B.

*(To be continued.)*

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#### "ALL THINGS TO ALL MEN."

To be "all things to all men" is another way of saying love your neighbor not only *as yourself* but *more than yourself*. This saying is therefore of wider bearing than the doctrine of love to the neighbor.

Some of the old mythologies furnish very interesting illustrations upon this teaching, and these illustrations have the advantage that they really illustrate the subject, something that very often cannot be said of pictorial work. Take the story of Krishna for instance. We are told that Krishna, beaming with youth and strength, arrived in the meadows of Bradi and that all the shepherdesses fell in love with him. In order to satisfy them all, he made use of his miraculous power and multiplied himself so that there were *as many Krishnas as there were shepherdesses*. He danced with them all, he loved them all—and every shepherdess considered herself the privileged person. None of them discovered the mystery of the subjective deception or the objective reality, blended as these were in psychic conditions. The effect of Krishna's "being all to all" was the consecration of the shepherdesses to his service and their own spiritual elevation.

A similar tradition is told of Buddha. When he was born, ten thousand of the handsomest women volunteered to be his nurses. To satisfy them all, he multiplied himself, and each woman felt assured that she had carried him in her arms and nourished him with her milk. The result was evangelistic. It is also related that he multiplied himself in order "to be all to all" at the occasion of a fire on certain plains, which he one day traversed, and to demonstrate to the *devas* that his powers were superhuman. Each of them held parasols over him to protect him from the heat. He did a similar act of multiplication at another time while crossing an otherwise impassable river. He crossed simultaneously the thousand of bridges the gods built for him and each god thought himself the one specially favored.

In New Testament parables the same idea is represented; for instance, in the story of the fishes and the loaves of bread.

The Church has also formulated the thought. And old Church lore reports:

Sumit unus, sumunt mille,  
Quantum isti, tantum ille;  
Nec sumptus consumitur.

"One eats, a thousand eat, it is in proportion to them all, yet the food is not consumed," viz., the sacred elements of the mass are not consumed; which is only another way of celebrating a nature-mystery known to all antiquity, which consisted in plucking the best fruit of the earth and again offering or giving them back to the earth under the form of a sacrifice,

Stripping these legends of their verbal form, we see them as symbols of the everlasting self-transformations of Nature and Mind; and our intuitions teach us to respect these symbols as well as the transparent truths we are taught by them.

Removing the dogmatic crusts from around the living truth of "being all things to all men" we find that sentence to

teach the law of finding oneself by living the life of another. It is an integral nature of love that we put ourselves into sympathy or con-sonance (accord) with another or others, or the Universal in general. By so doing we find ourselves; viz., we attain the real self-consciousness. C. H. A. B.

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### IDEAS AND REALITY.\*

\*NUGGETS: Don't Worry—Patriotic—Educational—Philosophic—Historical—Quaint. 6 vols. New York, Fords, Howard & Hulbert.

NATURE'S MIRACLES. Familiar Talks on Science. By Elisha Gray. 2 vols. New York, Fords, Howard & Hulbert.

One might say that these two series of publications would suffice as spiritual food on a desolate island. In the first we get golden words, historic wisdom, wit, ethics and practical advice together with epigrammatic sayings full of the high realities of life, and counsel on how to teach life, light, love and law. In the second, the facts of science are laid before us. We apprehend the mystery of the world-building and of life. "Nature's Miracles" of energy, sound, heat and light are explained so simply, so attractively, and so directly that we feel ourselves in the company of the primal elements not only of life, but of material existence itself.

A nugget means a lump of precious metal. It is properly applied to this collection of sayings, which all have the clear ring of the true metal, and which are doubly welcome because so many of them come from mines freshly opened and have not yet been hammered into vulgar ornaments for the thoughtless. These volumes contain numerous pithy and happy words not found in the ordinary books of quotations, which shows that they are virgin gold and precious stones on which the sun has shone but little. Let the reader do his best to help the world to appreciate these riches. The size of the books suits a vest pocket, but the print is large; the weight of the thoughts can only be estimated by comparison with solar energy.

it we live not by Ideas alone; the daily life forces us a Reality, or, forces a Reality upon some of us. Hence we well to combine Professor Gray's teachings with those of lofty minds imbedded in the Nuggets, just recommended. We may well talk metaphysically about love and light, but he asks us pertinently "what of heat and light as these to the senses?" Professor Gray answers for us. We may dream of "the Word," but if we do not *sound* it, the does not become a Reality, and its vibratory force is Professor Gray explains what the mystery of sound is. We may well talk about vibrations as the secret of all life and force, and we may seek the principle of motion on "the natural ways," but if we remain ignorant of what some of us usually may call physical vibrations, we shall make but slow progress in our knowledge of "nature's miracles." Professor Gray's twenty-two chapters on "vibration" are full of new and clear teachings, indispensable to us all. The books before us are really treasures.

C. H. A. B.

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god has his abode within our breast; when he rouses us the joy of inspiration warms us: this holy rapture springs from the seeds of divine mind sown in man.—*Ovid*.

what consequence is it that anything should be concealed from Nothing is hidden from God: He is present in our minds, and into the midst of our thoughts. Comes, do I say?—as if He were absent!—*Seneca*.

For whoever is acquainted with his own mind, will, in the first place feel that he has a divine principle within him, and will regard his natural faculties as something sacred and holy; he will always both think and act in a way worthy of so great a gift of the gods.—*Cicero*.

Therefore man who is so noble an image, having his ground in heaven and in Eternity, should well consider himself, and not run headlong into blindness, seeking his native country afar off from himself, when it is within himself, though covered with the grossness of the passions by their strife.—*Boehme*.



# THE HOME CIRCLE.

OPEN COLUMN.

EDITED BY ELIZABETH FRANCIS STEPHENSON AND EVA BEST.

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## NOTE TO OUR READERS.

In this Department we will give space to carefully written communications of merit, on any of the practical questions of everyday life, considered from the bearings of metaphysical and philosophical thought, which, we believe, may be demonstrated as both a lever and a balance for all the difficult problems of life.

Happenings, experiences and developments in the family and the community; results of thought, study and experiment; unusual occurrences when well authenticated; questions on vague points or on the matter of practical application of principles and ideas to daily experience, etc., will be inserted, at the discretion of the Editors, and in proportion to available space. Questions asked in one number may be answered by readers in future numbers, or may be the subject of editorial explanation, at our discretion. It is hoped that the earnest hearts and careful, thinking minds of the world will combine to make this Department both interesting and instructive, to the high degree to which the subject is capable of development.

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## CHILDHOOD DEVELOPMENT.

The fruitfulness of the earth and its beauty are for all alike. Nothing in the great heart of Nature is withheld from any receptive soul. Day and night, unremittingly, the great forces are at work for the benefit of humanity, creating ever anew a beautiful universe wherein the children of earth may not only gain sustenance and cheer, but a development of mind and soul as well. This development, however, comes only through discipline; the gifts of Nature are not poured into outstretched hands unless the supplicant has been rendered worthy by those fiery trials which cleanse the heart of all self-love, thus purifying the whole being and making it receptive to the sweet and deathless influences of divine activity. The human

soul is forever struggling to free itself from mortal environment, and in so far as truth is recognized, it succeeds. The portals of the realms of Light stand invitingly open, the thorny path to which is strewn with cast-off delusions and self-desires which darken the spiritual sight—chains forged by the sense-bound personality. Once free of these the soul is transfused by its own native atmosphere, dazzlingly refulgent in its white beauty, and thus its salvation is wrought.

With this goal before him, man can endure, bravely and patiently, the many long struggles which he has to undergo before he reaches it and, if he but realize that with every victory the image of God in him becomes more clearly defined, his power for good to humanity is thereby increased. Surely this is incentive enough to renew the battle with "Self" until the final victory is a triumph glorious in its completeness.

The average human being is saturated with personality. He surrounds himself with objects which appeal directly to his senses, and dwells amidst their illusions, asleep to the higher activities, excepting, when a rare flash of spiritual light comes athwart his vision.

Why this clog upon the progress of the individual soul, if not, that through suffering and discipline it shall come to a realization of its own nature?

When the spiritual nature awakens to the realities of life, nothing can measure or limit the pure joy which fills the mind, rendering empty the fleeting pleasures of the senses, which soon cease to appeal to the developing soul.

A terrible wrong is done to the budding soul of the child, when the early training is along the lines of self-gratification, such as we see on every side. The child, fresh and pure from the realms of Light, is plastic in the hands of its guides, and receptive, as at no other time, to all spiritual influences. It is also receptive to those other influences which tend to the cultivation of the lower self; and when once these baneful

conditions are established, the soul thus buried, must struggle for its life—and it sometimes takes more than one life-time to throw off the burden thus imposed by a thoughtless rearing.

Therefore, it behooves the parent, the guardian, the teacher of the young, to see that the ever-living realities of Truth, pure and soul-satisfying, compelling to 'the upward path, shall be instilled into the awakening minds of these little ones, in place of the illusions of the sense-life, the poison of which leaves its deadly mark upon the consciousness. This mark can only be washed away by the purifying influence of the living waters of Truth acting unrestrained within the consciousness of the individual soul.

E. F. S.

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### THE HOOLAX AND THE WONDERER.

He whom the Hoolax was, for a period, personally to conduct, rolled over, rubbed his eyes, and at length stood upright in the shadow of the Sphinx, where, some centuries before, he had stretched himself out for a comfortable rest.

"High time you were bestirring yourself," breathed the patient Hoolax. "Whatever would become of you and your sort if you weren't heirs to immortality, and hadn't eternity to prove it in —"

"Who are you?" asked the still drowsy Wonderer.

"I? Oh, I'm an Ideation of your own; an Embodiment of a question you began to ask yourself just as the shadow of the Sphinx put you out."

"Have I been asleep?"

"Asleep? Well, let it go at that."

"But what was the question?"

"One you never asked yourself before, but one every creature must ask his soul before he can become a 'Wonderer.' It is the second inquiry of the mystic three."

"What is the first?" demanded the Wonderer.

"'Ilack'; you'll confess it savors of selfishness."

"I lack?" repeated the Wonderer.

"Yes; so, I suppose, you asked yourself—and so, I suppose, you did. But it was so entirely and intensely a selfish question, you see, that the 'Ilack' who took you through your last Round did you very little real good. Yet how you did follow him about! A slave is a free thing in comparison!"

"That was piteous!" cried the Wonderer, shivering in the shadow where he stood.

"Oh, not so very. You see you were obliged to follow the only guide you'd set up for yourself thus far. Nobody's to blame; not even you. The 'Ilack' took you along some pretty briery trails, and over some pretty rough ground; but the scratches and bruises awakened you out of your deadly stupor. That's the good of the 'Ilack,' you see. If you didn't ideate him for use for an epoch or two, you'd never have reached this particular shadow of the Sphinx."

"It's all very wonderful."

"No, only unfamiliar. The first time you began to think Me (and just a little glimmering ghost of a thought it was, you'll recollect) I seemed to you the strangest thing imaginable. 'Ilack' had led you on until you had no longer any material need of him. He sharpened your world-wits until you were possessed of enough to satisfy a brace of sordid monarchs—you cannot have forgotten the purple and fine linen, the jeweled sandals, and the cloth of gold you doffed last night in the shadow of the Sphinx?"

"I seem dimly to remember some such luxuries," replied the Wonderer, gazing about him at the barren sands.

"Needn't look for earthly riches—the perishable things of the past. They are illusive. Rather turn your thoughts in retrospect to the last time you cried to the 'Ilack.' What thought you then?"

"I cried 'Ilack! Ilack!' Yes, for all my gathered treasure; I cried 'I lack still!'"

"And then?"

"I turned from this contemplation of myself, and looked out at the world from which I had taken all that I possessed."

"What found you in that world?"

"That which made me sore ashamed. Clad in my cloth of gold, I saw my counterparts go by in wretched rags; surfeited with viands, rich and rare, I noted faces thinned by hideous hunger; housed in a palace, I looked out of its windows upon the hosts of suffering fellowmen beaten by the storm. And then *you* came."

"But how?"

"'T was nearly night. I said, before I sleep I shall find out who lacks, and share with them the treasure I have wrested from my kind. And so I started out at dusk crying, 'Who lacks? Who lacks?' with every step."

The Hoolax smiled. "I heard you, and I came into existence, then and there. But it grew dusk so speedily I led you here, and counseled you to rest."

"But where are they who answered when I cried, 'Who lacks?'"

"The Ilack leads them, as it once led you. They are prospering, as you prospered—materially. In turn, they, too, will eat and drink their fill and don fine raiment; in turn, discover the inability of wealth to drown the vital soul-cry, and then their eyes will gaze about them as yours did yesterday, and then—well, there'll be many another Hoolax who'll have his hands as full as I am having mine to-day."

"What is to be done before the twilight comes again?"

"First don what's left you over night. Here is your heart, and here's your brain—adjust them."

"The brain seems shrunken——"

"Your spiritual cranium expanded, perhaps, while you dreamed dreams, and called my name. Do the best you can; be glad there's room for growth."

"The heart seems small——"

"Place it in position, nevertheless. Big throbs of sympathy—surging tides of compassion will afford it such exercise, that, ere you realize your great discomfort, 't will fill the cavity in which you've placed it."

"I'm ready. Whither do we go?"

"Around the Sphinx."

"Keep to the desert? And cry, 'Who lacks?' to this great waste of sand?"

"Do but cry it in a voice that's loud enough, and you will straightway get such full response you'll stand amazed to hear the clamoring tongues."

"I see no one."

"And I no treasure to supply the lack."

The Wonderer started. "That is true," he said. "The treasure which but yesterday I thought to share with all my kind——"

"Was best unshared, O Wonderer! What lasting good could it have brought to them? Must they not all have lain them down in time within the chilling shadow of the Sphinx?"

"And that's true also. And yet from my pure desire to share with them has no good come to anyone?"

"To you the greatest good. From a clod you wakened to a Wonderer. Cry on 'Who lacks.'—but cry it silently, until you have that which is fit to give to those whose souls starve while their bodies thrive. Come, let us walk about a bit, and say 'good morning' to the Sphinx."

"How many days and nights I waked and slept and yet she lies there still."

"Still? Not so; the Wise Beast moves."

"Moves?"

"And drags the whole world with her."

Suddenly, like a blot upon the bright, hot sands, appeared the figure of a man. He ran forward breathlessly, and the Won-

derer gazed in silence at his kingly vesture and royal diadem.

"An Ilack leads him hither," said the Hoolax. "Come, let us hear what particular manner of moan he 'll make, and what answer he will win."

"O Wise One, help me!" cried the Prince.

"That have I always done," answered the Sphinx.

"But not to-day—not now! Backwards and forwards have I flown—she is not here—not there!"

"Yet once she did abide with thee?"

"I thought so—nay, I *know* so," said the Prince. "For a brief time we wandered hand in hand——"

"And then?"

"And then the portals of the palace swung ajar, and Doubt crept in, and drew me far afield. I listened to the hideous tale she told, and let her poison steal into my heart! Then, when too late, I fled from dismal Doubt; I sought but could not find my Happiness!"

"Doubt is her bitterest enemy, O Man!"

"Alas, alas, thy words are true! And yet I have such dreams of her I've lost! I seem to see her ever in my path; yet, when I hurry on my way, and strive to overtake my dear lost Joy 'tis a mirage that lures me on and on!"

"'Tis no mirage, O Man! 'Tis Happiness, herself, that doth elude thee! Thine own dear Happiness, that is a part of thee, and finds no life save in thy smile!"

"Odd, isn't it," whispers the Hoolax, "that you and your sort are never any the wiser for all the wisdom poured out upon you? That man hears; but heed?—that's a different thing, entirely! And he'll never—not he—shut any door sufficiently close to bar out Doubt. Now, just suppose, good Wonderer, you'd have cried, 'Who lacks?' to yonder man, and he'd have answered, 'I do; I've lost my Happiness.' Could you have done him service?"

"I fear not. His most pitiable state is identical with my own——"

"Come, come, you're slipping a cog, and the Ilack will be after you before you are aware of it! Your Happiness is your own, to have and to hold as truly as yonder fellow's belongs to him. I can see her hovering about you, as full of light and splendor as the day. Ah—our dismal friend is marching off to yonder oasis, sighing like a simoom for very self-commiseration, and the very Happiness he is whining for walks close beside him, waiting to do her sweet part as soon as he will permit her to manifest her beautiful presence."

"In all this world is there a soul to whom Happiness manifests herself clearly?"

"Ask the Sphinx; 't is her mission to solve riddles for the Wonderers."

"Go to yonder Nile," the Sphinx made answer to the question put to her. "From three palm trees, that lean their heads together, a tent-cloth hangs; beneath this awning dwelleth a venerable man—go, and be taught by him."

They found the river-thread creeping across the sands; beside it, the trees; beneath it, the man.

"Of his poor rags and tatters first take note," the Hoolax whispered to the Wonderer. "Mark the worn sandals and faded turban folds; for, once your eyes rest on his Shining Face you will not heed what mean stuff covers him. Ask him 'Who lacks?' O Wonderer!"

Thus commanded, he obeyed.

"Not I," replied the Sage.

"Not you, O Master? Yet these poor, threadbare rags——"

"Are clean, and will outlast this wasting frame."

"You live alone with none to sympathize——"

"My world is peopled, and the heavens bend over me. I know no lack."

"Then you have Peace?"

"I have no time for Peace. What tolerance has Life for Death? I live."



"One question more."

"Speak on."

"Last night I dreamed that when I waked again I'd seek out those who needed in the world, and share my treasure with them. But when I stretched myself at dawn of day I found this Question I had brought to life, but all my treasure gone. Now, what is to be done? I humbly ask advice."

"You would supply all lack?"

"That would I if I could—bring Happiness to all."

"An unwise wish, save that it makes the Wisher wise. O Wonderer, there is no lack in all the universe!"

"No lack?"

"Name one."

"Love, first——"

"Blasphemer! Look around you at this fair and radiant world; stand in the light that pours its gold upon your cherished head; drink in the breezes breathed from Love's own lips! You are Love's living temple, and the heart that beats within your breast the holy altar whereon burns the sacred fire! There is no lack of Love."

"No lack—then all my quest's in vain!"

"Not so, since there exists a world to question and to conquer—the world of Self, O Wonderer! When Man has conquered that, then will he be all that he at the present moment thinks he lacks. None other than Man's Real Self can fetch him his sovereignty; for he who masters self-created foes must wield his own bright battle-axe—must lift to his own brow the crown that will proclaim him king!"

"Will Happiness be his, then, for all time? I'm curious concerning human joy."

"You harp upon one string as do they all, the just awakened Wonderers, whom she, the Greatest Wonder of this little earth, sends here to me. Of this fair Happiness that fills your dreams I know naught; Questioning Man! Were I to lend my senses

to the charm of selfish pleasures you call Happiness, I'd stand stock still, nor know progression all my empty life. I have no time for Peace nor Happiness—and yet eternity is all my own. Solve you this riddle for yourself. Your way lies yonder through the desert wastes. Upon your journeyings forget yourself; the burning of your feet; the parching of your tongue; your weariness of heart; nor cry aloud on Peace or Happiness, for they are but imagined blessings, friend, and have no real nor proper place nor part within the life the earnest Striver lives, who, by example, benefits his kind. Farewell!"

All day, as they skirted the base of the little earth's Great Mystery, they gathered such treasure as could not disappear with the coming of the dark shadow bringing slumber to the Wonderer. Nor (as every swift hour's passing taught him) was it a treasure he dared carelessly to share with those who lacked.

That which he felt he might do—this he did; adding each hour rich treasure to his store, that he might be in readiness for that sweet sharing which was to come after he had learned to look wisely and unmovedly into the stern eyes of Eternal Necessity.

And when he found the shadow once again, and it was time for slumber and for rest, a finer thing than Peace, yet containing all its satisfaction—a sweeter thing than Happiness, yet holding all its rapture, closed softly, with gentle, tender touch, the drooping eyelids of the Wonderer.

EVA BEST.

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The stars shall fade away, the sun himself  
 Grow dim with age, and Nature sink in years;  
 But thou shall flourish in immortal youth,  
 Unhurt amidst the war of elements,  
 The wreck of matter and the crash of worlds. —Addison.

The temple of our purest thoughts is—silence!—Mrs. Hale.

## THE MASTER'S MESSAGE.

Go down, my child, through the "Narrow Way,"  
That men call "Life," and live thy day  
Of rest and toil, of light and shade;  
Cover thy face with the "Veil of Flesh,"  
Lest the "Light of Life" shall be betrayed,  
And men seek thee, not me.

Go down, my child, with simple heart  
That knows, and teach the truth  
Of birds and blossoms, stars and suns,  
That touch the "Fount of Youth;"  
But leave the Inner shrine e'er free,  
To Love sweet toil for me.

Go down, my child, and shed sad tears,  
And bear the cross; e'en so did I,  
Earth's children dwell 'mid strife and fears,  
Unheeding brother's cry;  
See in each soul, Perfection's own,  
That marks my throne.

Go down, my child, I bid thee go,  
I am the Way, The Truth, The Life,  
Gather the broken sheafs from out the row,  
Free Wheat from chaff, and dust from strife;  
And in the "Harvest Home" that yet shall be,  
Return to me.

ABBIE WALKER GOULD.

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One cannot enough wonder or be thankful to Providence that from time to time He awakens in the spirits of a whole people, or of individuals, those truly godlike thoughts on which our inner being reposes.

—*Wilhelm von Humboldt.*

## THE WISE MAN AND THE SEA URCHINS.

## (VIII.)

"The waves can't talk," declared Pinkie. "But the ocean itself always makes me think of a great, big, awful giant with a thousand arms, that strikes out as far as he can toward the shore, as if the land were his enemy, and he would like to get at it and pound it to pieces."

"Which he does, Pinkie; for every surging wave that beats against the rocks is a destroyer of just so much—a bringer about of changes."

"It always seems sad to me," says Blooy. "It seems to moan and cry so, whenever the tide comes in."

"It's jolly funny to *me*," begins Ruddy, "Why, I can nearly always seem to hear it laugh as it lifts its green body up as high as possible and with a loud 'Halloo!' jump as far across the rocks as it can."

"And to me it's like somebody being driven forward forever and ever by something strange and awful behind it, and I feel so sorry for it sometimes, it seems so tired, and as if it would like to rest, and enjoy being quiet for awhile."

"I think of it as a great, big, busy something that has such a dreadful lot of work to do, it knows it just has to be always up and at it, else it would never get done." This from Brownie.

"I," vouchsafes Blackie in brief, "have a great respect for the ocean, myself."

"I can only think how mysterious it is," volunteers Goldie. "Nobody knows half its secrets, nor what it's hiding away in its terrible depths. If it should all dry up suddenly, I wonder what we'd see?"

"Oh that would be horrible," declares Violet, with a little shiver. "Just think, Goldie, of a land without water! I love the grand ocean, it is so full of life. Every little wave seems a little living

thing doing all it can to help along the great work to make the earth so that we can live upon it at all."

"Every little wave *has* its duty to do, Violet; just as every little drop of water that makes that little wave must hurry along with its comrades and fellow-workers, one with them in thought and deed. Let me repeat some verses I learned some years ago, for I think you'll find them appropriate to time and place. May I?"

A shout of approbation greets the Wise Man's proposition.

"Thank you, dear children. Here they are—the beautiful verses of Susan Coolidge:

"Out of the bosom of the sea,  
From dim, rich coasts eye may not see,  
By vast and urging forces blent,  
Untired, untiring and unspent,  
The glad waves speed them, one by one;  
And, goal attained and errand done,  
They lap the sands and softly lave—  
Wave after wave, wave after wave!

"As stirred by longing for repose  
Higher and higher each wave goes,  
Striving to clasp with foam-white hands.  
The yielding and eluding sands;  
And still the sea, relentless, grim,  
Calls his wild truants back to him;  
Recalls the liberty he gave—  
Wave after wave, wave after wave!

"All sad at heart and desolate  
They heed the call; they bow to fate;  
And outward swept, a baffled train,  
Each feels his effort was in vain,  
But fed by impulse led by each,  
The gradual tide upon the beach  
Rises to full, and thunders brave—  
Wave after wave, wave after wave!

"Ah, tired, discouraged heart and head,  
Look up and be thou comforted!  
Thy puny effort may seem vain,  
Wasted thy toil, and naught thy pain,  
Thy brief sun quench itself in shade,  
Thy worthiest strength be weakness made,  
Caught up in one great whelming grave,  
Wave after wave, wave after wave!

"Yet still though baffled and denied,  
Thy spendid strength has swelled the tide—  
A feather's weight where oceans roll—  
One atom in a mighty whole!  
God's hand uncounted agencies  
Marshals, and notes and counts as his,  
His threads to bind, his sands to save  
Wave after wave, wave after wave!

"Then there's nothing too small to take into account?" asked nowdrop.

"Do you think, dear, the Supreme Intelligence would create a *seless* thing? No, my child! Every tiniest thing—a grain of and, a blade of grass, a drop of water, exists for some real urpose. Suppose each grain of sand should say to itself, 'I'm oo little to amount to anything; I believe that I'll give up ring here helping to make shore.' Or that every blade of grass hould say, 'I *can't* be any good; I'm too little. Why, I'm lost a this big pasture—nobody notices me. I'll just shrivel up and uit.' Or think how it would be if the water drops went on a trike, and each one tried to start off in a different direction. Do ou think anyone of them would get very far?"

"Then every littlest thing is needed!"

"Every smallest thing."

"And everything is for use?"

"Everything."

"Weeds ain't!" declares Brownie.

"What are weeds?"

"Why—just—*weeds*. Troublesome plants, I suppose I might call them, that have to be pulled up by the roots, and thrown away. Just useless plants."

"But we've concluded that there are no useless things, my boy. You simply prefer to care for and cherish your blue lobelia, your purple foxglove and flaming scarlet poppies?"

"Yes, sir. And I work hard at home, in the spring, to keep the weeds out of the flower beds."

"Suppose I should tell you that in certain localities that which you call a weed is considered a rare and beautiful plant. Take for instance the oleander plant; in the south it is the bane and bother of the farmers; here in the north we care for and protect it through the winter in our green-houses."

"Flowers *weeds*?"

"They have the same nature, and no one of them is useless, and each supplies some product of commercial value. Your poppy bears its opium, your foxglove its digitalis, and your lobelia—well, that name speaks for itself. But to go back to the sea. You, my urchins, have each a different idea of the ocean. It is merry, sad, restless, weary, busy, cheerful and wonderfully mysterious, according to your several views of it. Yet it is all the same ocean, composed of the same water drops that all of you see. Why, then, doesn't it appear the same to you all?"

The Wise Man's question was almost lost in the pounding of a particularly high wave upon the rocks below. The sea was climbing closer to the lighthouse now, and growing noisier as it advanced.

"There was an ugly roar for you!" cried Blooy.

"It was a song and dance!" declared Ruddy.

"It was—as everything else is—just what it seems to each of you. To each of us it must seem different. No eyes see quite the same thing—no ears hear quite the same sound; no one perceives anything in quite the same way."

"Why?—please tell us why?"

"Well, in the first place, everyone's senses are peculiarly his own, and his perception differs from that of his fellows because of the more or less refinement of those senses which carry the impression of things to the intelligent, realizing consciousness, and at which receives it in one person, must differ in degree from that at which received it in another whose individuality does not at all resemble his own. But as all *material* substance is one and the same thing, then that which is the real 'Perceiver' (to coin a word) is the very man I declared Brownie couldn't see—the dwelling Intelligence which is not of the earth, earthy, but celestial in its origin. And, then, there's another reason for the difference in things perceived; but have I made it clear to you far?"

A chorus of assurances satisfied him.

"Now for the other remaining reason," goes on the patient teacher. "I have told you many times that all things are in motion; that what we see or hear or feel or smell is the result of vibrating particles. Now, what my eyes see are those particles that come into my eyes in the form of color; the tiny particles that enter my vision and make me cognizant of their tones, are not essentially the same particles that enter *your* eyes, Violet. They wouldn't be, you see. And the sound-waves that knock at the door of my Listening Consciousness are not those that bump up against *your* ear-drum, Goldie. The fragrance that pleases my nostrils could not be the same you inhale, Brownie; and Blackie knows that no two tongues could taste exactly the same atoms of chocolate."

"We never thought of that, sir!"

"A good many oldsters have been quite as thoughtless as you youngsters in this respect," answered the gentle Master, smiling. And now, Pinkie—your pardon, dear—where a shrinking little soul sees a frightful, threatening giant, a wiser intelligence discovers a pure blessing; where a serious nature recognizes in a certain



sound a solemn sadness, a merry one will distinguish the jolliest sort of rollicking glee. It's all our different points of view of the grand old ocean; don't you think so, my dears?"

The tide had now gained upon their ledge, and as they answered the Wise Man, they turned with him and entered the lighthouse.

Lunch was awaiting them, the wholesome dainties spread out upon a long uncovered wooden table, and for a while, the children's tongues were too occupied to allow of further questioning.

But the Wise Man had a word to say.

"Sweet is sweet and sour is sour," began the teacher, "yet there will be sourer or sweeter in degree to each of us who partakes of the seasoned viands, just as a sweet thought will appeal to our heart as something grand, noble, divine, while to another it will not appeal at all. It doesn't exist for that other. He is not what learned folks call sufficiently 'evolved'—or, to speak plainly, far enough advanced past the mere animal state of existence for it to touch his sensibilities. The fine electric wires of communication from Spirit to Matter are all there, to be sure, and in time will be adjusted to perfection; but just now they are not, as yet, ready for the current."

"Do you mean—"

"This: One person will be almost unable to realize that love—true, self-sacrificing love exists; while another's sensitive perceptions will cause her to shrink, cowering, in the presence of even unmanifested hate. I'll venture to say, there's no one in this little company but can feel the presence or absence of either love or hate, although the person holding it from you in his heart may try to hide it carefully from all outward manifestation. Smiles, be they never so broad, do not make us trust a villain."

"But come, children, if you have all 'fed the animals' until they are satisfied, there is a fine feast in store for your 'higher selves'. The strengthened animals shall each carry one of us to the top of the tower where the keeper will show us the great revolving lamp."

"Oh, may we go—*may* we?"

"I thought you'd be delighted. There, follow the keeper's lead, Brownie, and tell him to go slowly, for it's a long climb."

It was a long climb; but, in due time, the guests had gained the great upper gallery and were peering curiously about.

"We use the famous Fresnel lens," began the keeper by way of explanation. "It throws the light as far as the earth's curve will permit it. It revolves, as you see, taking nearly three minutes to make the revolution."

"Why must it keep going around? Why not just keep still?"

"Because," and the keeper smiled at Ruddy, "a revolving light can never be mistaken by any mariner at sea for any other ordinary light. If it were stationary, this blunder could often be made, and to make such a mistake as that, would mean nothing less than death to all on board."

"The faith of the skipper," began the Wise Man "the faith he places in his knowledge of the whereabouts of this light is his earthly salvation; in the faith of the skipper in his knowledge in the divine light, lies his spiritual safety. In the radiant revolving orbs of light that the Creator has planned for our use by day and night, we read the symbols of his loving care of us, his mariners, tossed about upon the Ocean of Experience. Overhead, forever and forever, shine the glorious torches pointing the way to the soul's true haven, and we can never mistake them, or be misled by their light, and need never allow ourselves to drift into dangerous waters."

A great whirring sound—a thud—then a silence.

"It is a flock of birds, Professor," explained the keeper. "They are killed by thousands, as, attracted by the unusual glare they fly (with all the might a long, swift flight makes possible) against the iron bars protecting the glass which surrounds the lantern. The shock of concussion stuns or kills them outright, and they fall to certain death below."

"'Attracted by the glare'—poor birds! Thus it is that the ignorant, on the lower planes, rush headlong to swift destruction."

Carried away by the 'unusual glare' of some selfish, personal desire to make the mysterious alluring object their own, they madly hurl themselves at that which, could they but patiently wait to learn its true nature—its good and useful purpose—might have been their salvation instead of their doom!

"It is as dangerous—as fatal—for man to try to make the uncomprehended forces of nature his own to use, as for those ignorant gulls to imagine that the dazzling light must, could they but reach it, become their own wonderful possession.

"And that is why we need to learn to be wise, my children, for there are no forces that may not—must not—become our own, in time, if we are to reach that perfection which, soon or later, will make us godlike spirits—creators of worlds in our turn."

EVA BEST.

*(To be continued.)*

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### THINK BEAUTIFUL THOUGHTS.

Think beautiful thoughts and set them adrift  
On eternity's boundless sea!  
Let their burden be pure, let their white sails lift,  
And bear away from you the comforting gift  
Of your heartfelt sympathy.

For a beautiful thought is a beautiful thing,  
And out on the infinite tide  
May meet, and touch, and tenderly bring  
To the sick, and the weary, and sorrowing  
A solace so long denied.

•

And the soul which hath buffeted every wave  
Adversity's sea hath known,  
So weak, so worn, so despairing, grows brave  
With that beautiful thought, to succor and save—  
The thought, it has made its own,

And the dull earth-senses shall hear its cry,  
And the dull eyes see its gleam,  
And the shipwrecked hearts as they wander by  
Shall catch at its promise, and straightway try  
To wake from their dismal dream.

And radiant, now, as a heavenly star,  
It glows with its added good,  
Till over the waters the light gleams far  
To where the desolate places are,  
And its lesson is understood.

And glad are the eyes that behold the ray,  
And glad are the ears that hear  
The message your sweet thought has to say  
To the sorrowing souls along the way,  
Who needed its word of cheer.

So think good thoughts, and set them adrift  
On eternity's boundless sea;  
Let their burden be pure, let the white sails lift,  
And bear away from you the comforting gift  
Of your heartfelt sympathy!

EVA BEST.

---

The mustard-seed of thought is a pregnant treasury of vast results.  
Like the germ in the Egyptian tombs, its vitality never perishes; and  
its fruit will spring up after it has been buried for long ages.—*Chapin.*

# THE WORLD OF THOUGHT.

WITH EDITORIAL COMMENT.

---

## OUR WORK AND ITS PURPOSE.

THE IDEAL REVIEW comes to you this month from its new home, and in a dress which is entirely the product of its own printing establishment. The type is new, and has been selected especially with a view to its clear-reading qualities, as well as for style and character. In the advertising department some plates previously made are still used, but these will be replaced with new and attractive styles of type and display as rapidly as possible.

It is the intention to maintain this Magazine at the highest point of typographical excellence; and to this end its publishers have established, at number 121 West 42d street, a complete printing and binding plant, equipped with the highest grade of modern machinery and accoutrements for the performance of every part of the work necessary to the production of the periodical in the best manner and promptly on its publication day.

This department of The Metaphysical Publishing Company will be known as "The Ideal Press." In addition to the production of THE REVIEW, the department is equipped for every variety of fine printing, engraving, stamping, etc., which makes it an establishment worthy the patronage of the most fastidious. A full assortment of the finest grades of stationery for all purposes has also been added, creating a special department, which will be maintained in connection with the book department and circulating library, all on the street level, in the most accessible business block in New York. From every part of the city one can ride directly to the door.

We consider this worthy of mention here, because it is the consummation of the original plan, when The Metaphysical Publishing Company was incorporated and the *Metaphysical Magazine* (now THE IDEAL REVIEW) founded, in 1893, to establish a publishing house with every facility for handling all branches of the new-thought literature, which was then just beginning to come into form, and for which the regular publishing houses were not well adapted.

The establishing of a periodical to represent the best that should develop in advanced thought, was the first requisite in the plan. The eventual maintenance of an adequate store on the street, a feature not fully justified during the early stages of the movement, was held in abeyance. The further plans for maintenance of a printing department, where artists might be trained for the oft-times special kinds of literary work required for the production of the best of ancient and occult literature—a most important feature of the new-thought movement, was also deferred to the time when the general conditions should justify the undertaking.

This company has always retained the original intention, and, though changing details from time to time, as circumstances required, has been gradually preparing for the consummation of the larger plan. The time now seems ripe for more extensive operation, in the interests of all who honestly desire advancement of learning in any of the new lines of occult, philosophic and scientific study. Accordingly, a seven-story building has been secured on a long lease, where all the departments are to be maintained at the highest mark, and the best possible service rendered to all who desire it, in the lines of printing, publishing, importing and circulation of literature pertaining to any of the progressive lines of thought, as well as to choice grades of printing, engraving, stationery, and general book selling.

In our opinion, a house of this character and utility will be appreciated by all interested in its work.

## PROCEEDINGS OF THE SCHOOL OF PHILOSOPHY.

At the annual meeting, held September 24th, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year:

*President*—Alexander Wilder, M. D.

*1st Vice-President*—Edwin D. Simpson, M. D.

*2d Vice-President*—Mr. Elisha Flagg.

*3d Vice-President*—Mr. L. W. Goode.

*Treasurer*—Mr. V. Everit Macy.

*Corresponding Secretary*—Mr. Leander Edmund Whipple.

Additional members of the Executive Committee are:

Floyd B. Wilson.

Thomas Wilson Topham.

Henry Whitney Tyler.

Henry W. Merrill.

J. William Fosdick.

It was unanimously voted to print the Constitution and By-laws and a revised Catalogue of the Library, for free distribution to members.

The first regular meeting of the season was held on the third Monday in October.

Dr. Wilder presented a paper on the subject of "Serpent Symbolism," which was listened to with great interest. The history of the serpent, its nature, character, and relation to human thought were dealt with in the Doctor's usual thorough and able manner, and some of the facts presented proved food for reflection. The asking of questions and general consideration of the subject occupied the rest of the time.

Owing to the fact that the next regular meeting falls on election eve, it has been decided to omit that meeting. Consequently the next meeting will be held Monday evening, November 19th, at 8:30 P. M.

LEANDER EDMUND WHIPPLE,  
Corresponding Secretary.

The true philosophical act is the annihilation of self; this is the real beginning of all philosophy; all requisites for being a disciple of philosophy point hither.—*Novalis*.

## THE EPISTLE TO THE HEBREWS.

The authorship of the Epistle to the Hebrews in the New Testament has been always a subject of curious speculation. Origen declared that "only God knew for a truth who had written it." Professor Harnack, of Berlin, seems to have gone beyond all others in unravelling the problem. The following reasons for his conclusions are given: It was written by a cultured person who belonged to Paul's circle of friends. Paul himself had died. The writer had been for a time the member of a little band of Christians at Rome. The work was by a single writer, but the use of both pronouns, "we" and "I," indicate two persons having part in it. Nevertheless, there is not even a tradition of the name of the author. The problem is not yet solved, but Professor Harnack guesses, very plausibly, that the woman Priscilla was the writer, probably in conjunction with her husband, Apuila. The prejudice which early sprung up against women and marriage in the Church, which led to the interpolating of the Gospels and Pauline writings, was enough to instigate an effort to suppress the name of this gifted fellow-worker of the great Apostle. The epistle was evidently addressed to a little band at Rome, and of such a band, Priscilla was once a member.

EPHOROS.

## PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

- YOU AND YOUR DOCTOR.** By Wm. B. Doherty, M.D. Cloth, 255 pp., \$1.00. Laird & Lee, Chicago, Ill.
- ESOTERIC LESSONS.** By Sarah Stanley Grimke, Ph. D., Cloth, 307 pp., \$1.50. The Astro-Philosophical Publishing Co., Denver, Colo.
- THE SIXTH AND SEVENTH BOOKS OF MOSES: OR MOSES, MAGIC, SPIRITS, ART.** Translated from the Ancient Hebrew. Paper, 190 pp.
- A CHILD OF LIGHT. HEREDITY AND PRENATAL CULTURE.** By Newton N. Riddell. Cloth, 344 pp., \$2.00. Child of Light Publishing Co., Chicago, Ill.
- THE THEORY AND PRACTICE OF HUMAN MAGNETISM.** Translation from the French of H. Durville. Paper, 111 pp., \$1.00. The Psychic Research Co., Chicago, Ill.



## THE EDEN MYTH.

With regard to the story of the "Fall of Man," the Rev. Minot J. Savage says:

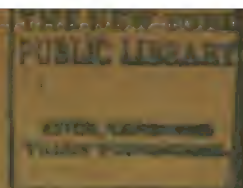
The essential features of the orthodox theory of religion have been discredited by the modern knowledge of the modern world. Since a similar thing has happened over and over in the past, it ought not to seem so strange that it should happen again in a growing universe. The foundation-stone of orthodoxy has always been the dogma of the Fall of Man and the consequent lost and ruined condition of the race. In accordance with this theory, the one great work of religion has been to "save" men from this "ruin." That has been the theory of the Fall—and in the light of it all the wrong and sorrow, the vice and crime of the world have been explained. But study of Jewish thought and life has shown that this whole Eden story was a late importation from a pagan source. The older prophets knew nothing of it. And even Jesus, who is said to have been supernaturally sent to save us from the effects of the Fall, never makes the slightest allusion to it.

## ARSENIC A COMPOUND.

M. Fittier, a French chemist, makes an announcement in the *Revue Generale de Chimie* of much interest to scientists. Arsenic, he professes to have demonstrated, is not an element by itself but a compound of phosphorus. It has long been known that white phosphorus under the action of gaseous ammonia, changed into a black substance, which has been considered as an allotropic form. This has since been shown to be nothing else than arsenic; and this has led to the supposition that this substance was present already in the phosphorus. But now M. Fittier claims to have effected the same result with red or amorphous phosphorus. This shows, he insists, that arsenic is not an element by itself, but a compound of phosphorus probably with nitrogen and oxygen— $\text{PN}_2\text{O}$ . In such case arsenic belongs in the same category with ammonium, which also combines with other bodies as a base, and yet is itself a compound of nitrogen and hydrogen. Future experimentation may yet transfer other substances now ranking as simple elements into the list of compounds, carrying us still further toward a knowledge of matter not differentiated.

A. W.

# Ideal Review



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DEVOTED TO

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PHILOSOPHY AND METAPHYSICS.

LEANDER EDMUND WHIPPLE, EDITOR.

Vol. III.

No. 6

DECEMBER, 1900.

## CONTENTS:

	PAGE
TO AND CEREBRATION, . . . . .	ALEXANDER WILDER, M.D. 375
LIVING GOD, . . . . .	BENJAMIN FAY MEALS 392
GENESIS AND PURPOSE OF MUSIC, . . . . .	AXEL E. GIBSON 404
NETISM AND ELECTRICITY, . . . . .	MABEL GIFFORD 414
IN DEATH, . . . . .	ETHELBERT JOHNSON 419
STMAS VIBRATIONS, . . . . .	C. H. A. BYRRINGHARD 423
AL IDEALS AND THE MYSTERY OF MAN, . . . . .	" " 427
WORK OF IMMANUEL KANT, . . . . .	" " 431
SYCHIC ROMANCE, . . . . .	C. H. A. B. 434
STMAS GREETING, . . . . .	[Editorial] 437
OLD YEAR SPEAKS, [Poem] . . . . .	EVA BEST 441
SAVOR, [Poem] . . . . .	" " 443
ING-CLEANSINGS, . . . . .	" " 444
WISH MAN AND THE SEA URCHINS, [IX] . . . . .	EVA BEST 445
BE READING NOW AND AFORETIME, . . . . .	[Editorial] 453
U-SOULS [Poem] . . . . .	GEORGE WILLIAMS WRIGHT 455
ACH VISIONS . . . . .	KARL M. SILVERMAN 456
EAT TRUTHS [Poem] . . . . .	ELIZA A. PITTSINGER 463
IS REVIEWS—PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED . . . . .	" " 465
ANCE THOUGHT PUBLICATIONS . . . . .	" " 469

THE KINDS OF ANCIENT MYSTIC RELIGION—THEORY OF THE HEBREW SCRIPTURES.  
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# THE IDEAL REVIEW.

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## MIND AND CEREBRATION.

BY ALEXANDER WILDER, M. D.

"The best thought, like the most perfect digestion, is done unconsciously," as the late Master Byles Gridley declares. Then following up the concept he adds, reflectively: "Ideas at compound interest in the mind—Be aye sticking in an idea—while you're sleeping, it'll be growing. Seed of a thought to-day—flower to-morrow—next week—ten years from now."

In this brief outline is comprehended a mass of experience which we all recognize as our own. We have imagined it to be a form of memory, and so it is; but it is far more than mere remembering. We observe that purposes which we have formed, and other vivid mental impressions are by no means uprooted from the mind by being dropped or dismissed from the conscious thought. We awake generally at the time that we had set, or at which we have formed the habit; and we are reminded by a signal of the memory that the appointed moment has come for us to set about something which we had proposed to ourselves. I have been roused from sleep to do a thing which I had contemplated, sometimes apparently hearing a voice call me for the purpose; and I have been often interrupted in a course of active

thinking by the intervening of the occult reminder. I have also been a witness to kindred phenomena in persons whose external consciousness had been suspended by an anæsthetic. In such cases, whatever had been expected or contemplated previously, the thought or emotion that was uppermost, would be exhibited in words or action. Pain, terror, anger, as well as rapture and beatific delight were expressed, as though actually then experienced, and even as though there had been no interruption of the normal condition. Yet the individual, on recovering from the peculiar trance a few minutes afterward, would remember nothing of the matter, and declare unqualifiedly that there had been no consciousness whatever of anything that had occurred.

Analogous experiences sometimes take place with individuals when under the mesmeric influence. Many of the illusions of the insane, and even of others who are disordered in some way by passion and warping of the imagination belong in the same category.

Another manifestation of the occult or supraconscious faculty is of greater significance. It has been experienced in trying conditions, when there was uncertainty and deep anxiety to say or do what was right and wisest. I have at times myself been utterly at a loss for proper words and arguments on important occasions, and they came to me at the critical moment to fulfil the required purpose. At times, likewise, I have felt myself circumscribed in my ability to solve and decide important questions. This peculiar constraint would occur when someone was pressing me peremptorily to give an answer on the instant to some proposition. There would be a difficulty to think clearly, or to apprehend what to say or do. There seemed to be no alternative except to appear stupid or obstinate, and to abide the result. In other instances, likewise, when endeavoring to lash my own mind to a conclusion, a like impediment would be present. Yet, after a time, sometimes brief and sometimes indefinitely prolonged, there would come unexpectedly into my

thought a solution of the whole matter. If a decision had been required, about which I was not certain, it now came clear and unequivocal. In fact, I am seldom disappointed in this respect when I am really in an exigency. Nevertheless, I do not consider it prudent to forego any study or mental effort, relying supinely upon such necessary aid. This would be a species of foolhardiness, and might tend directly to shut away the very succor upon which we were counting.

It is not well, however, to make any critical scrutiny into the moods and processes which wrought and resulted thus beneficially, but wiser to accept the results with a modest docility. Indeed, we are never quite able to understand the operations of our own minds. Yet so far as I remember, these peculiar exhibitions were in harmony with previous ideas and habits of thinking. The readiness and spontaneity seemed to result from a quick memory which had been aroused on the instant. The thoughts and words which came vividly forth were very often shaped after forms of expression which had been used long before, and perhaps forgotten. Most persons, therefore, will regard the matter as nothing very wonderful. Nevertheless, the true explanation belongs to a deeper principle of our being than simple memory.

The ablest writers on Human Physiology as well as Philosophy have concurred in the recognition of an ulterior faculty in our nature which exceeds memory and even scientific methods. It is a private potency which we possess within and behind our common phenomenal existence. We perceive by the senses what is external and objective to us, but this faculty transcends that form of consciousness, and indeed is distinct and superior. Its office is to comprehend facts, solve important questions, and so to enable us to acquit ourselves properly in emergency, whether in principles of thought or matters of action, accounting for what may be otherwise unexplainable.

Numerous designations have been invented to denote this

wonderful faculty. Maudesley terms it the preconscious action of the mind, a mental power which is organized before the intervention of consciousness. Agassiz describes it as a superior power which controls our better nature, and acts through it without consciousness of our own. Schelling denominates it unconscious knowing, a capacity for knowing which surpasses consciousness, and is higher than the reasoning faculty. Other writers, however, are not willing to acknowledge a mode of activity that is purely intellectible, and style it reflex action of the brain and automatic brain-work—a form of brain-activity without thought, but, nevertheless, an activity which may be subsequently reproduced in connection with consciousness or thought, or which may, without being reproduced, modify subsequent kindred mental action or thought in the same mind. "There are philosophers," the Duke of Argyll apply remarks, "who appear to think that thought is in some measure explained when it is called a 'cerebration.'"

Dr. William B. Carpenter has taken the initiative in this direction. He formulates the hypothesis under the title of UNCONSCIOUS CEREBRATION, beginning with the proposition that the brain furnishes the mechanism of thought. He affirms, accordingly, that there can be no question at all that it works as though of itself; in fact, "that it has an automatic power, just as the sensory centres and the spinal cord have an automatic power of their own." He explains, however, that it originates in the previous habit of the individual person. There can be no doubt whatever, he declares, that a very large part of our mental activity consists of this automatic activity of the brain, according to the mode in which we have trained it to action. The will gives the impulse in the first instance, and keeps before the mind the thoughts which it can immediately lay hold upon, or which association suggests, that bear upon the subject. These thoughts, however, do not conduct immediately to an issue, but require to work themselves out. The sensorium, or rather, the

group of nerve-ganglia of special sensation, which have their seat at the base of the brain, and distinct from it, may be in a state of inaction all the while, or perhaps otherwise occupied.

This peculiar activity of the brain, though automatic, Dr. Carpenter does not consider to be spontaneous, or the result of any peculiar inspiration. His theory is simply this: That the cerebrum, or brain proper, having been shaped, so to speak, in accordance with our ordinary habits and processes of mental activity—having grown to the kind of work which we are accustomed to set it to execute, can go on and work for itself. Unconscious cerebration is defined by him accordingly as the unconscious operation of the brain in balancing for itself all the various considerations—in putting all in order, so to speak, in working out the result. This conclusion, he declares, will be the resultant of the whole previous training and disciplining of our minds. He designates it accordingly the Common Sense.

Dr. Ernst von Hartmann, the author of "The Philosophy of the Unconscious," declares that consciousness has its origin in the cerebral organism. He explains it as not being a fixed state, but a process, a perpetual state and becoming. Its antecedents are impenetrable to itself, and, therefore, we can only hope to solve the problem indirectly. There is no Supreme *Being*, he insists, but only an Omnipresent Will and Intellect. Of these, he states that they are acting unconsciously in an inseparable union with each other—one Absolute Subjectivity, a Power operating on all unconscious functions, human, animal and vegetable.

It is a fashion for certain writers of the modern school to decry metaphysics; yet, with a curious inconsistency, they seem very generally to have a metaphysic of their own. Professor Hartmann is a conspicuous example. He employs the most abstruse and unconsionable metaphysical subtleties to set forth and defend his propositions. He sets at nought the primal fact that Will and Intelligence are the essentials of real being, one



and inseparable; affirming, on the contrary, that the breaking of the two apart constitutes the very essence of consciousness. Perception, he sets forth as having its origin in the mind, thus separating and emancipating it from the will, and enabling it to revolt, and even to subject the will to its laws. The astonishment of the Will at this—"the sensation caused by the opposition of the Idea in the bosom of the Unconscious—that is Consciousness."

In brief, "the Unconscious Thought does not recognize a separation between the form and the content of the knowledge, the subject and the object in the act of thinking. It is just here that the subject and the object are intimately identical, or rather, that nothing distinguishes them absolutely, since they are not yet risen out of this condition of original non-difference."

This hypothesis of Professor von Hartmann is an illustration of the curious agreement often attained by persons whose reasons for it, as well as their views generally, are diametrically in opposition. This writer, who is understood to deny a Supreme Being as well as the immortality of the human soul, is in accordance with the extremist Mystic who surpasses his fellows in the subtleties of theosophic conception. Both declare that the individual who really *knows* does not cognize the fact of knowing, because such knowing is *subjective*, and therefore is not to be contemplated as an object, that being in a certain sense a thing apart from us.

It would be a happy result if such incidental harmonies in conclusions should ever lead human beings to be just toward each other, magnanimously bearing in mind that difference of opinion is often only a diverse view of the same truth, and no warrant or occasion for animosity, proscription or disrespect. The rivers, however at variance in the direction of their currents, all meet as one in the ocean. So all faiths and dogmas, and all destinies, we may confidently believe, converge finally in Divinity.

The existence of double consciousness, which in some form of manifestation we all possess, indicates the origin of many of the curious phenomena which would otherwise be less easy to understand. The author of the tale "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" based his fiction upon this quality. He represents a man as changing his very shape by artificial means, and with it alternately suppressing and restoring the nobler endowments of his character, in order by turns to delight himself with the viler propensities and again to appear in a truer manliness. Analogies to this may be observed in everyday life. Physicians have reported examples of two-fold conditions of existence alternating with each other, with corresponding phenomena of a memory peculiar to each, and in no respect common to both. "Persons have lived for years," says the late Dr. William Gregory, of Edinburgh, "in an alternation of two consciousnesses, in the one of which they forgot all they have ever learned in the other." Epileptics have been known, when in a new paroxysm of their complaint, to finish a sentence begun in an attack which had occurred days or weeks before. Maudesley relates the case of a groom whose skull had been fractured by the kick of a mare. As soon as the portion of bone which was pressing on his brain was removed three hours later, he recovered his usual consciousness, and cried out an order to the animal.

Dr. John W. Draper supposes that such manifestations are incident to the two-fold constitution of the brain. The hemispheres, it is assumed, are organisms quite distinct from each other, and have the power each of them to carry on its functions as if independent of the other. Usually, however, they act together more or less as a single brain, the superiority of the one eclipsing or compensating for the defects of the other. Yet sometimes there is not such subordination, and there are in consequence two trains of thought and two distinct utterances, either at the same time or else first one and then the other. Each of the two may be perfectly consecutive and sane

by itself, but the two will be incongruous from being mingled confusedly together. This condition, in its exaggerated form, is regarded as insanity; nevertheless, it has been observed in the thinking operations of persons whose minds are considered perfectly sound. In such cases, if one of the hemispheres chanced to be disorganized entirely, or if it had been destroyed by external violence, the other appeared to do the whole work acceptably.

There are, also, numerous examples of the independent action of the hemispheres where the individuals were in health. We may be engaged in ordinary pursuits which imply a continued mental occupation, and be occasionally beset with mental suggestions of a different kind.\* A strain of music, or even a few notes may be incessantly obtruding. In our building of air-castles we generally permit one of the hemispheres to act, presenting fanciful illusions while the other contemplates the operation and lends itself to it.

Pictures made of each side of the face will often exhibit contrasts, as of two different individuals. These exhibitions of double consciousness often alternate in a striking manner. One hemisphere will continue in action for a period of days or even weeks, and then lapse into a quiescent condition. The other will then take up the work and run its course in turn. We can observe our own moods, and we will be likely to find ourselves verifying this in a decided form. It is by no means an abnormality, but rather a safeguard against such ill fortune. Instances have occurred, however, where one of the hemispheres had undergone deterioration or suffered lesion, so that it was reduced to an infantile condition, and there was an incapacity to make use of the impressions which had been previously made

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\*The Jesuits are said to have a rule that a person may not remain at one kind of employment longer than two hours. This prevents a tendency to mental disorder which is promoted by too steady adhering to the same occupation without variety.

upon it. The individuals would alternately exhibit what has aptly been termed child-life and mature life.

Dr. Draper is of opinion that these exhibitions of alternate and double preception can be explained on no other principle. He is less decided, however, in regard to explaining the sentiment of preëxistence in the same way. Indeed, the facts can not all be thus accounted for. Von Helmont, the elder, by experiment upon himself with aconite, suspended the action of the brain; upon which consciousness and perception became manifest at the solar ganglion or "sun-tissue" at the epigastrium. This indicates that the function of cerebation or brain-activity, whether conscious or otherwise, does not account for all these phenomena. The statement of Dr. Carpenter that "mental changes may go on below the plane of consciousness" is hardly adequate. There is no single plane of consciousness, but a plurality of such departments, subliminal, subreptive and supraliminal; and it is a mistake to attribute all to the brain and cerebation. The nervous ganglia of the sympathetic system have also their part and allotment.

The assumption that inventions and the various phenomena that he depicts are resultants of the previous action and discipline of the mind is also faulty. Idiots are by no means destitute of intellectual and moral faculties; and at times they display an independent spiritual consciousness. Seagar, of Berlin, reports that he had in his establishment indubitable cases of idiocy, in which the head was small and malformed. Yet the results of education were so triumphant in them that they were ultimately able to go forth and mix with the great world, exhibiting no mental infirmity that could be detected. In one instance a young man underwent the rite of confirmation without being suspected, by the priest, of any irregularity of mind. Dr. Bateman, consulting physician of the Eastern Counties Asylum for Idiots in England, expresses his own undoubting belief that the idiot of the lowest class has the germ of mental activity and

of moral responsibility. "This germ," he confidently declares, "although only permitted to bud here, is destined hereafter to expand into a perfect flower, and flourish perennially in another and better state of being." In such cases, however, the budding, expanding and flourishing perennially are resultants of other factors than those furnished by brain-protoplasm.

Indeed, we may remark that when thought and mental activity are imputed solely to cerebation, the inquiry has not been carried to a sufficient extent. The fact that the brain has two hemispheres with powers corresponding but not dependent upon each other, does not fully account for what is observed. It is the organ of consciousness by means of which we communicate with the world around us, and on this account has received the most attention. Nevertheless, during sleep it is quiescent, and in our waking hours it is not capable of very long attention to one subject, or indeed of a long persistence to a single course of thinking. Its proper sphere is to be employed with sensations, matters of the surface rather than with principles. The mind is immanent in it like an inspiring divinity and surrounds it as an atmosphere. When any of its ganglia or functions are impaired, the communication between the mind and the world outside are correspondingly interrupted. The mind then subsists apart and seems to the superficial observer to have suffered a like destruction.

But cerebation is by no means the whole of our thinking. The brain is not the sole organism upon which the mind depends for the exercise of functions. There are other structures in the nervous systems that are also essential, and afford communication between the mind and the various parts of the body. As was said by the writer in another discourse, "The mind is the man, the human being in very self-hood, the superior organism, and not a Will o' the Wisp moving about the cerebral swamp and depending upon its vapors for luminosity and existence. The spinal cord is the vehicle of involuntary motions; the sensorium furnishes the medium for emotion and organic

instinct; and the 'gray matter,' the cortical surfaces of the brain, the ganglia, are intermediary for the reason and will. So each performs its duty; we grow and subsist after a manner like vegetables; we go from place to place, and perform voluntary movement, like the animals; we think, reason, perceive moral principles, and exercise will, like gods."

While our general consciousness and thinking may be attributed to the brain, the function which has been called "unconscious cerebration" must be ascribed to another organism. The brain suffers fatigue and requires frequent renewal by sleep; but the other nervous structures are always awake. The cerebellum, or little brain, is of this character. It is incessantly in operation, unslumbering, and does its work in silence. Its important function is to take up and complete what had been begun in the brain. Thoughts, problems; percepts, which had occupied the attention, soon drop out of the consciousness and are apparently forgotten. But this is not the case. They are, instead, delivered over to the subconscious thought that has its abode in the cerebellum. There they are digested and assimilated, and become a part of the mental being, a "second nature." They are now wrought into conclusions, convictions and purposes, and returned to the cerebral consciousness as such, seemingly as a matter of memory. This explains the expression so often uttered by discreet and cautious persons, to sleep over a question before deciding it. Thus the cerebellum is manifest in its nobler character as the ethical organism, containing and maintaining the humanity of our nature, the purpose which makes freedom a right, the foresight which transcends the common prudence and circumspection.

Dr. William H. Holcombe affirms that consciousness is the consequent of our finite, imperfect state. He substantially repeats the doctrine of Aristotle, Spinoza and Swedenborg. "Our imperfection," he declares, "is the pledge of our immortality, our progress, our happiness, as well as the ground of our con-

sciousness itself." With this statement we must also accept its corollary: that if imperfection is the origin of actual consciousness, then that which transcends consciousness pertains to a higher state of being.

Indeed, Dr. Carpenter himself appears to concede as much. "I believe," says he, "that it is the earnest habit of looking at a subject from first principles, looking honestly and steadily at the True and the Right, which gives the mind that direction that ultimately overcomes the force of those early prejudices and those early associations, and brings us into that condition which approaches the nearest of anything that I think we have the opportunity of witnessing in our earthly life to that Direct Insight which many of us believe will be the condition of our minds in that future state in which they are released from the trammels of our corporeal existence."

An individual, however, can conceive principles only from having their substance in himself. He can know nothing of that which is totally foreign to his own nature. The insight which is nearest approached by the earnest contemplation of the True and the Right is no acquirement of an alien or engrafted faculty, but a development of an energy which is innate in us. It is rather the awakened memory of a knowledge already possessed in a former condition of being. The attainment is supraconscious, and, therefore, it hardly belongs in the category of cerebration. It is intuition, a faculty distinct from the physical organic structure, which neither fatigues the brain nor changes it in any part. In short, it is the self-recognition of soul, enabling the individual to perceive the ideas which it is sought to express by "all the master-words of the language—God, Immortality, Life, Love, Duty."

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes has given a very fair illustration of this condition of mental unfoldment. "The more we examine into the secret mechanism of thought," he declares, "the more we shall see that the automatic, unconscious action of the mind

enters largely into all its processes." In the account of the "Vision of Myrtle Hazard," he sets forth his meaning. The maiden gazes upon a luminous figure of a cross, which he cautiously suggests to have been an accidental product of phosphorescent decaying wood. As a result she becomes ecstatic. Before her there appear one by one the forms of several of her ancestors, and with them her own eidolon, as though she was in some way outside of her own body. They seem to address her, and to desire eagerly to breathe the air of this world through the medium of her external shape, which was at the moment empty of her presence. Presently she seems to return into it, and afterward the others appear to be merged one by one into her personality and to become part of her being. She feels the longing to live over the life of her own father and mother, then the peculiar nature of the others, and finally becomes in some way one with the purest nature of them all.

Dr. Holmes, after some speculations about "objective projection," to which imaginative young persons are sometimes subject, takes the matter up philosophically. "The lives of our progenitors are, as we know," says he, "reproduced in different proportions in ourselves. *Whether they as individuals have any consciousness of it, is another matter.*" Not stopping, however, at the concept of heredity, he boldly suggests that some who have long been dead may enjoy a kind of secondary and imperfect life in these bodily tenements, which we are in the habit of considering as exclusively our own. It might seem that many of those whose blood flows in our veins struggle for the mastery, and by and by get the predominance; or it may be that two or more are blended in us, not to the exclusion, however, of a special personality of our own about which the others are grouped. "We all do things awake and asleep which surprise us. Perhaps we have co-tenants in this house we live in."

Kant entertained a similar opinion. "Perhaps it will yet be proved," said he, "that the Human Soul, even in this life,



is, by an indissoluble communion, connected with all the immaterial natures of the spirit-world acting upon them and receiving impressions from them."

Goethe is more definite and unequivocal, distinctly affirming our inspiration. "Every grand thought which bears fruit and has a sequel is inherent in no man, but has a spiritual origin," he affirms. "The higher a man stands, the more he is standing under the influence of the demons (or angelic spiritual beings). Everything, so far as we are not it ourselves, flows into us. In poetry there is something demonian, and particularly in the unconscious, in which intellect and reason fall short and which acts accordingly beyond all conception."

Agassiz explains that there are a double set of mental powers in the human being, essentially different from each other. "The one," he says, "may be designated as our ordinary conscious intelligence; the other as a superior power which controls our better nature." The latter power he describes as acting through us without conscious action of our own.

Professor John Tyndall speaks in the same vein. "It was found," says he, "that the mind of man has the power of penetrating far beyond the boundaries of his full senses; that the things which are seen in the material world depend for their action upon the things unseen; in short, that besides the phenomena which address the senses, there are laws, principles and processes which do not address the senses at all, but which need be and can be spiritually discerned."

When Dr. Henry S. Tanner was undergoing his famous fast of forty days in New York in 1880, many physicians predicted that his brain would give way for want of nourishment, and that he would become delirious, in consequence. Yet on the very last day he exhibited no sign of mental deterioration, but so far as will and reasoning powers were concerned, was perfectly normal. His only external support was air and water with the peculiar influences and vital emanations derived from those about

him. His example illustrates the fact that the brain is the instrument of the mind and not its master, and that the mind itself exists and acts by virtue of an inherent energy that exceeds matter and its conditions.

Nevertheless, to a certain extent the materialists are right. But the induction upon which they rely so much is in many respects insufficient for the evolving of important truths. It is, so to speak, a viewing of the night-side of Nature, and they who employ it exclusively are able only to descry what may be compared to a dark vapor obscuring the light and knowledge by its dense gloom. We may more wisely regard every subject upon its upper side—above the clouds, where the sun shines, and Truth makes it luminous and distinct.

It need give no embarrassment, because vital force, nervous force and mental force are closely related, and apparently interchangeable. The important fact is the one which is brought to light by the phenomena of what is termed Unconscious Cerebration, namely: That the unconscious, which is also designated the subconscious and the supraconscious as being on different planes, modifies the conscious, and that the two become blended into compound states. This demonstrates their kinship and shows that mind runs deeper into material substance than is generally supposed.

We are at the superior pole of psychic verity and in direct antipodes to the empirical reasoning, which would resolve the real world into a synthesis of sensibles, and the soul itself into a consensus of the faculties which observation discovers in the human organism. The omnipresence of consciousness in its several forms affords no rational basis for the theory which endeavors to eliminate it, and personality with it, from the Supreme Essence. We cognize the entity of Thought behind all sense and organic manifestation. We perceive that death does not extinguish human existence, and that that is beyond man, and that the universe itself is neither void nor altogether unknowable or unessential.

Holmes has formulated the conclusion at which we have arrived: "We all have a *double*, who is wiser and better than we are, and who puts thoughts into our heads and words into our mouths." The Soul is then to be recognized as the receptacle of the thoughts which are thus dissociated from corporeal phenomena. The double by which they are transmitted is the purer intelligence. This is the universal consciousness imparted in a certain degree to each individual, and, nevertheless, after a manner common to all. Sir William Hamilton affirms this clearly: "The infinitely greater part of our spiritual nature lies beyond the sphere of our consciousness, hid in the obscure recesses of the mind."

There is an ocean, so to express it, of pure Intelligence which permeates and includes all. It is, as Dickens describes it, a sea that rolls round all the world. We are in it, and pervaded by it, through all our mind. It reveals itself wherever the conceit of knowledge which proceeds from ignorance is dispelled. This consciousness is beyond perception by the senses, and whatever agency of the brain is associated with it is wholly receptive, and cannot properly be deemed or denominated cerebration. It is the partaking of the Universal Intelligence, as our corporeal organism is a partaking of the universal nature. For it, matter has no obstruction, space no limit, time no measurement; for it transcends them all.

There exists in the various ranks of modern society a solemn idleness which would make us refrain from meddling with questions of this character. Arrogating to itself the honored title of *experience*, it would rest every thing upon the notion that theoretic shallowness is practical excellence. In this way a degenerate humanity is striving to subdue and overwhelm the true humanity, in order to bring it beneath the power of cultivated animalism which deems itself superior, and thus to pervert or suppress the higher instincts. Then of all which has ever borne the name of virtue, there will nothing be left but *utilities* so-called, and these may also be applied to *vicious* ends. As we

become more skilful and scientific, it tends to make us more irrational. It would eventually establish, so far as relates to higher truth, a reign of ignorance which is really bestiality. Its worship would be indeed that of brazen serpents and golden calves, without any veneration for the soul itself; and professed men of science would minister at its altar. Professor Huxley has justly pronounced it a "grave philosophical error," adding that it "may paralyze the energies and destroy the beauty of a life." To such a paralyzing, brutalizing lethargy, it is a supreme duty not to succumb. The true soul is eager to know, to have that knowledge which is the possessing of that which is known.

Our subject is thus carried inevitably from nature to metaphysics, from cerebration to the supersensible, and from the unbelief of scientists and the cant of the unknowing and opinionated to that superconsciousness which transcends all. Mind is the substance, the underlying reality of things. We say with Herbert Spencer that the consciousness of Absolute Being cannot be suppressed except by the suppressing of consciousness itself. The thought, therefore, which can not be found to have its origin on the plane of the common conception must be traced beyond it, and so we must consent to let physiology be transcended by teleology. All that is vital and important to us is concerned in so doing; and questions of such tremendous importance may not be left to sleep in the unknown,

Scenes of Earth  
And Heaven are mixed as flesh and blood in man.

There comes to us at times from the Unknown  
And inaccessible solitudes of Being  
The rushing sea-tides of the soul;  
And inspirations that we deem our own  
Are some divine foreshadowing and foreseeing  
Of things beyond our reason or control.

—*Longfellow.*

ALEXANDER WILDER, M. D.

## THE LIVING GOD.

BY BENJAMIN FAY MILLS.

No two men ever have an identical conception of God, and God never seems the same to any individual at different periods of his development. Yet it is a fact that all men see God at all times with greater or less clearness. You may look at a mountain from this side and from that side, from the North or the South, from the East or the West, or all the intermediate points of the compass, and every time you vary your position the mountain will seem to be a different mountain. You may see it uplifting itself, snow-clad, a hundred miles away, and every mile by which you approach it will change its appearance. It will seem as though the mountain changed, but the mountain remains as it was; it is you who have changed your position. Although two persons stand exactly in the same spot and look in the same direction at the same mountain, those two would see different mountains. For the range of our vision is not the same; our capacity of comprehension is not the same; what seems great to one will seem small to another, and what seems worthy of remark to one will pass unnoticed by another.

And so you understand that I can only speak of my own vision. If I can stir you to some sort of original vision of your own it will be all that I can hope to do.

I am sure of this, that compared with what I used to know, my present thought of God would be infinite. If I could write down now the best thought I have concerning God, and find words to express it—which I cannot—and then turn back the hands upon the clock until my life had gone back twenty years and try to read what I now had written, it might almost as well be written in an unknown tongue.

The God who seems unknowable may be simply unknown. If we live long enough and our power of vision increase, we

may not only see the mountain from one point of view but from every point of view; we may possess it if we will. If God remains the same to any soul, that soul is either full-grown and more than human, or else it is little developed and is less than human. You may mark your humanity and be certain of it by the development of your thoughts concerning God.

Now, to me, God means to-day these five things: (I should be glad if he might mean more, even before I had finished this utterance; more in quality and in quantity than so far, I have been able to think; for I have no other ambition in life than this,—to know God.)

In the first place, then, while God seems different to all of us, and we use the term with different meanings, there is one meaning that the word "God" has to all of us, one that can scarcely be called a meaning, but one of which all of the philosophers and scientists and theologians have had some conception, and that is the idea of THE INFINITE—THE INCOMPREHENSIBLE.

We can all say, with our poet:

"I see and behold God in every object, yet understand God not in the least."

I do not understand this God at all. I cannot define him I cannot characterize him. Did you ever think that for a man to say "God is infinite" and then to try to define him is a contradiction in terms? The word definite is the exact opposite of the word infinite,—infinite means without limit; and to define is to determine limitation. We cannot comprehend the unmanifested. The Eastern philosophers have trained their thoughts for thousands of years to try to express the idea of the unmanifested God, but they have not been able to describe him. For instance, when one speaks of Nirvana we are told that it is "annihilation." It is anything but annihilation. To the Eastern mind it is something so different from our present condition as not to be called existence; you would have to invent an entirely new vocabulary to describe it. When the Buddhist tells you that

God is Nothing, he does not mean to deny the existence of God. I have heard it said that the Buddhists were atheists. But the Buddhist is a believer in God. What he means, when he says that God is nothing, is that God is *no thing*, something greater than what we call realities. And so, when we think of God in this fashion, whether we be heretic or Hebrew or Christian, the very best we can say is this,—that with this “mystery of God we dare not dally.” Beyond all this manifestation and expression is the infinite God.

The flower knows life on one plane but not as the bird knows life. The bird knows life on another plane, but not as we know it, and yet we know that there is a higher life than that of the flower and the bird; and there is probably a higher life for man, higher than most men suspect; and we know that we ourselves may change from one plane of thought and experience to another, so as to make the former plane seem unreal, non-existent. And when we have risen to our highest conceptions, we may see that there are higher planes still, beyond the possibility of present human thought.

And so I can say that this God is unknown, not because we never can know him, but because our present vision or conception is not great enough.

In the second place, God seems to some of us to be  
UNIVERSAL FORCE AND SUBSTANCE.

Here we begin to comprehend God. In other words, the unmanifested becomes manifest, or begins to express itself, and it does this in two ways,—as substance and as force.

Science and philosophy agree in this, that there can be only one substance and one force, and that in the last analysis it is probable that the force and the substance are one and the same, forming and re-forming, combining and re-combining. We know that we can change solid to liquid, and liquid to gas, and we think of the great wide spaces and we know that there is no emptiness anywhere.

No scientist has ever been able to invent a microscope by which you can look between the atoms and tell what is there, but he tells us that something is there, and that probably it is identical with the one substance.

But we do not need either the scientist or the philosopher to tell us this truth. We see the clod become the vegetable, and the vegetable become the animal and that the man eats the animal, and then we see the man go back again to make more vegetables, to make more animals, to make more men. Now this differentiation of the one force and substance is not the reality; there is something back of all this, which is universal. God is the same in essence, but he is not the same in experience.

We ask the question, "What is Man?" but how would you answer it? You cannot identify mankind by saying that men have such and such bodies, because their bodies differ; nor by saying that they have such and such minds, because their minds differ. What is it that marks man as man? It is the great unity that is back of time and experience, behind the body and the mind of man, that we call soul; and there is something behind the manifestation of the universe, and on which it rests, the truth of all living things, the soul of nature, and we call it God.

"All are but parts of one stupendous whole,  
Whose body nature is, and God the soul.  
That changed through all, and yet in all the same,  
Great in the earth as in the ethereal frame.  
Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,  
Glows in the stars and blossoms in the trees,  
Lives through all life, extends through all extent;  
Spreads undivided, operates unspent."

God is not only the paramount fact, but the ONE FACT in the universe. Every object and being and manifestation of life perceptible to us through the mental faculties and the spiritual



intuitions, is an expression of the one life. God is the generative, central, unifying energy which we recognize at the heart of each individual and of the universe itself. He is the universal intelligence that is involved in nature as we know it and that finds its highest expression in the most highly developed human minds. He is the enfolding atmosphere, which on the physical plane we perceive as air, on the mental plane as omniscience, on the spiritual plane as the sum and complete transcendent expression of all good.

He is not the source of all being, in the sense of having created all things apart from himself, but he *is* all being.

In the third place, God means to me **THE DEVELOPMENT OF THIS UNIVERSAL PRINCIPLE.**

There is one sense in which God does not grow, there is another in which he does. God of whom I spoke first as the eternal reality, does not grow. In this sense God increases, in that our appreciation of him is enlarged. Here is a beautiful landscape, and here is a man, and there is a veil between, so that the man can not see the picture. He makes a little rent and looks through and sees only a little; then he makes the rent larger and larger, and at last the veil is gone and he beholds it all. This is what explains the different ideas that men have about God in different races and ages of the world. The growing man breathes upon the veil and it gradually vanishes.

The philosopher tells us of the Absolute, back of all things, but no one of them has ever been able to explain how the unmanifested becomes the manifested, how the abstract becomes the concrete; and how that which is beyond our idea of existence and life comes to exist and live. That which to our lower sense seems real is not the reality. The very old thinkers on this subject have pictured to us the great God thinking a thought of creation, and our universe is the result. It is as though the manifested universe were a breath of God and its development and spiritual realization were his inhalation; as

though he were for a time the germ, then expressed himself in its growth and returned to the germ again; as though he knew a winter of repose, a spring and summer of propagation and fruitage, an autumn of garnering the harvest and a winter of preparation again; as though now he rested and now he was active, and the universe was the incarnation of the activity; as though now he slept and now awoke and the universe was God awake. Who shall say whether the sleeping or the waking, the winter or the summer, the resting or the working is the better, since both are perfect in their way. Some of our modern theories have developed this, and have given us ideas which enlarge our intellectual and spiritual conceptions. At first, nothing but pure spirit. The whole of the processes we know is the experience of the spirit becoming matter and going through millions of changes, gradually becoming more and more material, going down, down, down, until it reaches that which seems the lowest, and then coming back, until it is the unmanifested source of all existence again. This is what happens in the birth of a child, and every man is a microcosm of the world and the universe. The spirit descends into matter and the child is at first a little animal. Then the spirit begins to manifest itself, and takes control of the animal. But the child may fail to learn his lesson, the spirit may fail to gain control over the matter, in one short life-time. Let it try again; a million times if need be, and after a while it will succeed. This mortal must put on immortality and this corruptible must put on incorruption.

Something like this is taking place in the great universe; Man is trying the experiment of seeing how far away from himself he can get, and finding that he cannot get away at all. All over the world there is a tradition of the Fall of Man. When we look at it clearly, the Fall of Man and the Descent of the Holy Ghost are exactly the same thing. We must have fallen once, we must have been the immaculate, unlimited God; now we are not; we are very poor expressions of God. Jesus knew that

"he came from God and was going to God." That is true of all men and also of the universe; only it really never left God; it is God. Every human soul passes through that experience, and the whole universe is a larger manifestation of the same process.

Something like this is probably true, and it appears now that the human race is ascending at the present period of its experience. However low it may have been in past ages it is now rising. I do not know how many cycles were occupied in our departure from the pure spirit, but every present experience indicates that we have passed the limit of our descent and we are conscious that we are now ascending toward the God-realization.

Physical science in our time has learned something of the lesson of evolution, which the great spiritual teachers of the East knew ages ago. But before evolution there must have been involution, for the seed cannot be developed and grow through the experiences of vegetable and animal life and at last be a man unless there has been something of the eternal force and wisdom and power residing in it to produce this marvelous result; it was involved before it was evolved. I do not care whether you call yourself a materialist, or look at things from the spiritual standpoint. The materialist says the energy was in the matter, and that it evolved; the believer in spirit says that the spirit was first and matter the result, and that matter is to become spiritual again.

And so we are really conscious now that the human race is developing in intelligence and morality, and the idea that identifies God with the spirit of progress is an accurate one. It is true of the individual as well as of the race. It is a true instinct of the race which says that God is one with progress. Our whole practical problem now is how to know our potentiality, and how to accelerate the process of its development

Emerson says that "All reform aims, in some one particular, to let the great soul have its way through us." This explains

the "regeneration" of a man, or the seemingly sudden onward movement of a nation.

"God is a force to give way to!  
God is a thing you have to do!  
God can never be caught by prayer,  
Hid in your heart and fastened there,—  
Let God through!"

I have a fourth idea of God, as THE HIGHEST KNOWN MANIFESTATION OF HUMANITY.

Men have made Gods out of idols when idols suggested the best thing they could think of. The idol is good or bad, just as Jesus is good or bad, or any God is good or bad, according to whether it is the best thing any man can think at the time. Man's first idea of God was of something external and he made Gods out of trees, mountains, the sun and other objects. Then he gained the idea that men were superior to nature, God must be human—he could not quite grasp the thought that God must be in himself—but God must be like a man, so he made a human God outside of himself, and apotheosized some man of rare attainment.

I can tell you of fifty "Christs," living in different parts of the world of whom men have said "That was God." And there is a very real sense in which it was true. Just so far as they were expressions of the best thought of their time, they were God for that time.

What do you mean when you say that Jesus is divine? What do you mean when you say you are as divine as Jesus? Jesus is divine and you are as divine as Jesus. Your life is as divine as any Christ's, in potentiality, and certainly that you have the same kind of thing at the root of you as He had at the root of Him, it is just as certain that you will reach your goal, as that He reached His goal. You are as divine as Jesus in this way.

You may not be as divine as Jesus, in the sense that you are not as far developed as He was. He may have been myriads

of ages ahead of you in his upward progress. The seed is the flower, and yet it is not the flower; it has to be first a root, then a plant, and then a bud, and last a flower.

There is something higher still than the idea of the deification of a good man, and that is the deification of abstract virtue. There are those who tell us that we ought to worship the abstract, "The Good, the True, the Beautiful." This is higher worship, if you are capable of it.

The terms good and evil are wholly relative; there is no such thing as absolute good or evil that we know. Because we are steadily growing, "evil is good in the making." What you call good was not comprehended by your ancestors; what you call evil was their good. The good is working to accomplish the eternal purposes. The dog may be looking at you as a God, and the snake may be looking at the dog as a God, and yet they are the same thing. We are all in the same circle;—some are nearer the center than others; but it is the same circle.

The nearer we come to our ideal, the more truly do we know God. And I think it is good practice, until we can have a larger thought, to say "God is truth"; "God is Light, and in him is no darkness at all"; "God is Love, and every one that loveth is born of God," and "He that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God and God in him."

But all this would not mean so much to me without one other thing. I am glad to share God with everything, but I have learned that God is THE HIGHEST QUALITY OF A MAN'S OWN SOUL.

Man is the greatest present expression of God. All men are conscious that the best is within them. Find your true self and you will discover God.

In San Francisco, a man once said to me, "I want to ask you about prayer; do you pray as you used to?" I said: "No, thank God, a great deal better!"

He said: "Do you kneel down and pray to some God outside of you somewhere?"

I said: "No, no! I try to tear off the wrappings about my own soul; I try to pierce down through the covering; I try to realize that at the heart of me there is the divinest something in the universe, and I no longer look at that which is without or above me to find God, and I no more worship nature or bow before my fellow men, although I might do either. But I look within."

This is what you really are, you are THE IDEAL. *Call yourself by no lower name.*

An awakened and an unawakened soul went to see a great sage to ask him the way to eternal life. And he said to both, "You have it all yourselves." He said: "You are it!" And they went their way, and being conscious that they had bodies, they said: "Our bodies are it!" and they began to feed and pamper their bodies. The unawakened soul did not progress farther than this, but remained in a sensuous state all his days. After a time the awakened soul became dissatisfied with his sensuous condition and became assured that he was not identical with his body. So he went back to the sage and told him he was sure that the secret of eternal life was not in his body, and asked him where it was. And the sage said: "Find out for yourself. Thou art That!" So he went away and concluded that he was identical with his mind. But as he noticed that his mind was variable and filled with thoughts both good and bad, he returned to the sage and told him he had concluded that eternal life could not be in the mind. And the sage said: "Find it out. Thou art That!" So he thought that the vital forces must be meant. But, after a time, he discovered that these forces depended on food and other conditions and that he could not command them. So he returned to the sage, telling him that he did not think the vital forces were the Self. And the sage said: "Thou art That! Discover yourself!" He went back and at last found out that he was "the Self, beyond all thought; one without birth or death; one whom the sword cannot pierce or

the fire burn; whom the air cannot dry or the water dissolve, and that it was neither the body nor the mind, but beyond them all."

O God! Indeed Thou art the Infinite One. Thou art the light and beyond "all light;" light rare, untellable, lighting the very lights. I see Thee best when I realize that Thou art beyond the power of my vision. I think of Thee most accurately when I know Thee as beyond the resources of my thought. I hear Thee most distinctly when Thou dost speak with the "voice of the silence." I feel Thee most when my human heart ceases to beat, in the ecstasy of that divine consciousness which is more than earthly.

Thou art revealed in all holy men and words. We have worshiped Thee as Brahma and Buddha and Zeus and Jove and Jehovah and the Christ, and tried thus to express our highest thought of Thee. Still do these names remain holy unto some of us, and we rejoice in every good aspiration that has quickened the souls of men through these revelations of Thyself. But Thou art more than these. Thou art Life and Light and Love and the perfection of every good thought and imagining of man. But Thou art even beyond these. Thou art the Universal Soul, but Thou art also my soul. The Infinite is Here. "The Kingdom of God is within You." We need not search the heavens to bring Thee down, nor voyage the sea to bring Thee near. The Word is nigh us, in the heart;—that we may do it.

I call Thee, "Friend!" but the title is too distant. I call Thee "Father!" but even though I came from Thee, then must Thou be without and beyond me and I will not even call Thee Father. I need not even cry out the holy name of "Mother!" to appeal to Thee. I called Thee "Brother Christ!" but Thou "stickest closer than a brother." All symbols fail.

Of my life, Thou art the breath; of my mind, Thou art the thought; of my confidence, Thou art the faith; of my aspiration, Thou art the hope; of my fellowship, Thou art the

love; of my comfort, Thou art the peace; of my content, Thou art the joy; of my soul, Thou art the soul; and I pledge Thee by this effort of my life, of which Thou art the germ, the energy and the completion;—nay, Thou dost pledge Thyself to me by the promise of this thought and utterance, that I shall never be content until scale after scale shall fall from my now blinded eyes; until robe after robe shall be removed from my now disfigured form; until dream shall succeed dream and vision banish vision; until the waking shall surpass the sleeping and the conscious reality be infinitely beyond the seeming dream, and “I shall be satisfied when I awake, with Thy likeness!”

BENJAMIN FAY MILLS.



## THE GENESIS AND PURPOSE OF MUSIC.

BY AXEL E. GIBSON.

Only a very few persons, if indeed any, can be considered as wholly unsusceptible to the influence of music. But because of its intangible and indefinable properties, the value of this influence, when considered in its aspect of moral-guide and character-molder, is usually underrated. Music as an instructor is *sui generis*, and employs a method all its own, differing fundamentally from any other method through which intelligence can be imparted to the human understanding. Thus, it is not through reflection or ratiocination that the element of music enters our consciousness, but, on the contrary, music depends for its true appreciation upon the *suspension* of these very functions. Evidently there are centers in the human constitution that do not require the slow and cumbersome machinery of thinking and reasoning to transmit impressions into consciousness. If we read a poem or study a painting, our profit from the mental and moral wealth contained in these art presentations is directly proportionate to the extent to which our intellectual faculties—our perceptive, reflective and reasoning faculties—have been employed in the process. A poem or a painting, however exalted its character, must be *intellectually understood* in order to be thoroughly appreciable, while in listening to music every effort to analyze its technical make-up unfits us at once to partake of its inner moral sense.

The account which Mozart gives of the mode and method of his musical conceptions may serve as a case in point to support the view here taken. The wonderful conceptions of his master-genius which he embodied in musical compositions, entered his consciousness without—as he himself tells us—any assistance of the intellectual faculty. The several elements of the

composition appeared to him before his inner vision as the flitting scenes in a moving panorama, presenting detail after detail, the one passing out of his consciousness as the other entered, until the whole totality, full-orbed and rounded out in all its details emerged from the unknown and invisible, to pass in dramatic order before his mind. This final review, when the entire composition in its minutest details and in all its glory appeared upon the scene, he describes as resembling the pictorial representations of a strong, fine dream, and as carrying with it a feeling of the most absorbing rapture.

Thus music seems to draw its elements from a source far beyond the reach of intellection, and carries on a direct communication between the human soul and the universal soul. The intelligence thus received might be called "direct knowing," attained without the agency of the lower, intellectual mind. The painter and poet, notwithstanding their own intuitions, can reach the consciousness of their fellowmen only through reason and reflection, inasmuch as their genius, in order to be intelligible, must be clothed in form or symbol. Descriptive arts, such as poetry, painting, and sculpture, refer to the estimates of a weighing and balancing reason, and, though the forms and figures assumed by these arts may strike us as new and original, in their details they are, nevertheless, copies obtained from the phenomenal world. Hence, we may hold that the truths revealed by the pencil, chisel, or word, can reach our consciousness only through individual thought-processes. Thus the *word* in which the poet finds a vehicle for his ideas, depends for its more or less true appreciation upon the discerning and judging capacities of the reader's mind. The musical composer depends upon no forms or verbal limitations when paving his way to the consciousness of his fellowmen; his creations have no patterns in the world of form, but are limitless expressions of original spiritual vision, delivering the intuitional messages without the distorting medium of ratiocination.

The value of music as a moral guide is, therefore, easily conceived. The moral idea when reaching us through the instrumentality of intellection becomes more or less colored by its intermediary channels. But through the agency of music we are ushered directly into the sanctuary of divinity, and receive the moral idea in undefiled purity, serene and holy as its source. Language fails utterly to describe or even to hint at the thrills of silent bliss that pierce our being when we listen to the magic of harmonic sounds. An indefinable feeling of oneness or identity with every unit of existence creeps over the soul; we experience a sense of boundlessness, and merge into the universal. Lifted up by the mighty, soul-stirring waves of rhythm, we feel as if carried through spheres of love and beauty toward the altar of eternal truth. There, with the stormy bursts of passions and desires silenced, with the whole sensorium of the mind in a temporary suspension, spiritual verities become exposed to the gaze of the soul, as we drink from the ever-flowing fountain of holy truth exhilarating draughts of moral and spiritual regeneration. Through the medium of music our souls are made to vibrate in unison with the world-soul, and its mighty reservoir of purity and love pours out on us its riches. We become suddenly filled with a sense of exalted morality and sympathy for the forces and powers that make for good; feelings of self and personality, ever attendant on our ordinary life, dissolve in such moments into compassion and a limitless largeness of heart—as the flitting shadows of night melt away to a rosy dawn when the sun pours an ocean of light over an awakening world. The moral impulses received during such “journeyings with Deity” are of the highest order, and furnish an ideal guide for human conduct. It is true that these exalted notions do not always obtain a permanent seat in our ordinary consciousness, but give way to other influences when the music has ceased to rule us with its melodies; but it is also true that every repetition of subjecting one's self to such elevating influ-

ences traces deeper and more defined channels in the mind until finally a direction of thought has been established, and the tide of our moral nature has been turned permanently toward the good and the ideal.

The influence which music exerts upon the animal creation is another evidence of its *super*-intellectual source. For were music an appeal to the intellectual processes, it would have remained largely lost to the animal consciousness, especially to those of the less developed orders, as in the latter there can hardly be suspected any elements of thought and reason. Therefore, it must be through the instinct, which is identical in *essence* though not in *degree*, with the human intuition, that the harmonies of music can find a response in the animal consciousness. And it is further to be noted that the lower the grade the animal occupies in the natural evolution, and the less it can be suspected of possessing reflective powers, the more susceptible is it to the influence of music. Rats and mice are extremely fond of music, and may under its influence expose themselves unconcernedly to impending dangers. The skylark and the nightingale, whose musical presentations are not without technical precision, must, in lack of any other instructor, be supposed to obtain the notes for their musical performances directly from the great conservatory of "*the harmonies of the spheres.*"

But not only animals are susceptible to music. The movements of the molecules that constitute what is termed material substances are regulated by the rhythm of sound. I once heard an old German professor affirm that in the grand organ in one of the European cathedrals—I think, that of Strasburg—is to be found a note, which if sounded alone would shatter the temple to dust. This stupendous power of sound has already entered the region of more or less recognized facts. Already have ordinances been issued by a number of cities both in the United States and in Europe by which music bands are prohibited from

performing on iron bridges. This universal power of music to introduce changes in the constitution of things and objects exposed to its influence indicates irresistibly the inter-relation in which all nature's products stand to one another. From the atoms of a piece of metal up to the highest archangel, all are united through the universal medium of rhythm.

To the ancient, this mighty instrumentality for the play of universal energy was by no means unknown. Orpheus, we are told, moved the birds in the air and the fishes in the deep by the melodies from his god-strung lyre. Even trees and rocks yielded to the magic of his divine overtures, and moved in accord with his melodious strains; yea, even the grim visage of the ferryman on the river Styx relaxed its deadly sternness when Orpheus, upon his journey to Tartarus, let his instrument vibrate in the dismal regions of the underworld. In the fabled theater of Orpheus, where all kinds of beasts of prey assembled to form his grotesque audience, is likewise indicated the power music exercises over the brute creation. As long as the performance proceeded, the various instincts and appetites of the animals were held in check, and species at other times the most irreconcilable enemies fraternized in a spirit of touching brotherhood; but no sooner had the last strain died away than their native promptings asserted their power, and a warfare of everyone against everyone set in with all the fury of unrestrained murderous instincts.

Amphion, another interpreter of Apollo, is credited with having built the walls around Thebes by causing rocks to move in accord with the tones from his flute, and to assume the shape of symmetrical structures. These and a multitude of kindred traditions seem to indicate that mankind once were in the possession of an insight into potencies of sound and of power to manipulate them, but lost these attainments by their heedless pursuit of the sensuous and purely material and by their neglect of the intuitional and divine, as it is only through the

activity of the latter that we can succeed in bringing into play the dormant powers which lie as germs in the mysterious depths of human nature.

Thus music would seem to serve as a link connecting the visible with the invisible, being a vehicle, or the means, by which man may obtain knowledge concerning his divine ancestry, and may be guided when entering upon self-conscious relations with spiritual forces. What, then, is the character of this marvelous element—all-pervading and so all-controlling—what is the genesis of music?

The manifestation of life and consciousness, of form and substance, proceeds through the endless flow of impulse welling out from an unknown and indefinable source. This undifferentiated, ever-moving energy, lying back of and engendering all motion, is comprehended in the term *monad*. The latter can, therefore, not be thought of as a monad, but as *the* monad, as the contemplation of its essence and mode of action conveys to one's mind the idea of a wave of vital force moving from shore to shore of universal life—if the expression be permitted,—and casting up infinite varieties of form and substance. Each of these manifestations—be it a pebble, a worm, a man, or angel—expresses in terms of form and substance the degree of development attained by the *monad* in its course through universal evolution. Though in itself invisible and unknown, the *monad* reveals to us the course and character of its movement by bringing about conscious relations between its essence and the available senses of our nature. Thus the *monad* addresses the physical being through his fivefold sense-perception, as sound, light, touch, taste, odor, each of these functions expressing but the different aspects of one and the same original energy.

In sound, however, we find a substratum to all the other elements of sensation. For as the key to growth and development lies in motion, so the character of motion is contained in the mystery of sound. Thus in sound we find a register of

motion—an index, so to speak—in which the whole sweep of universal motion has an appropriate correspondence. As, for instance, to use a rough explanation, the sound following a bullet whizzing through the air describes the course and movement of the bullet, so the monad, moving through universal evolution must give rise to what we might conceive of as ideal or undifferentiated sound. That a force-current, however, may be manifested, its course must be disturbed, just as a smoothly flowing body of water reveals its course and strength only when ripples are produced by an obstacle placed in it. Likewise electricity, magnetism, heat, gravity and a number of other forces become known to us only through disturbances caused by terrene conditions in the current of some cosmic energy. The sound, or rather its abstract conception, moves in mighty waves through the various planes of cosmos, ever registering the course and character of the monadic movements. To our physical ear this “sound,” however, is ideal silence, as its currents sweep through our auditory nerve-centers without conscious appreciation by the latter. Through disturbance of its homogeneous essence set up by mechanical changes in the medium through which it flows, this “sound” first becomes audible to our hearing apparatus, and from *subjectivity* passes into *objectivity*.

From the definite relations always existing between a cause and its effect, it follows that a given disturbance of the subjective sound-wave must elicit a corresponding objective sound; and a sympathetic arrangement of these disturbing causes would naturally give rise to facilities, through which an intelligible interpretation of this inaudible sound might be brought about. Such a systematic arrangement is found in our tone-scale, and by striking a series of notes on an appropriate instrument we succeed in setting up such disturbances in the sound-substratum that its responses address our ears as music.

If this be so, the influence of music cannot possibly be over-estimated. For if we admit that sound holds in its bosom the

method of monadic unfoldment, it must be through and by music that we possess an instrumentality by means of which we are able to elicit from old Mother Nature an answer to the questions of life and death. Thus by setting up a vibration that could disturb the movement of the life-energy at work in fashioning—let us say—a flower, the consciousness ensouling that flower would be an element of our knowledge. Similarly with other objects of natural and spiritual evolution. The soul would be capable under the magic guidance of music of entering into self-conscious relations with the numberless lives and essences that surround her.

This is the grand mission of the musical genius: to succeed in arranging such a system of mechanical agents that the vibrations set up by them may elicit just such revelations of the World-soul as correspond to and express his ideal conceptions. He must possess the entirely intuitional power of discerning the relations existing between the symbol and the idea: between divine thought and material form. Through his intuition, the composer obtains an idea from the Universal Mind—i. e., he permits a ray of the eternal true to reflect itself in his soul. Next he feels a want of imparting this divine message to his fellow-men. But to refer them to his own source and method of information would be of little use, since only a mind endowed with the same purity and responsive readiness as his own could enter into a direct relation with the ideal. So the genius proceeds to define his idea and to trace its silent current in the monadic stream. His art he now applies, and by skillfully producing a series of mechanical sounds, corresponding to the character of his spiritual vision, he creates a disturbance in the mystic "silence," and interrupts the current in which his idea floats. Thus interrupted, the idea manifests in terms of tones and melodies, and reveals its meaning to listening mortals.

To the extent the composer has succeeded in evoking vibrations that correspond to his intuitions, to that extent is his



composition true; and to the extent his mind has been pure and holy, to that extent is his composition ethically exalted, as only the morally developed mind is capable of reflecting the moral idea. And this at once leads us to the conclusion that as there is music pure and elevating, so there must likewise be music impure and degrading. Yet as music in itself—in its own eternal essence—must ever be considered as perfect, ever divine—it follows that all discords and impurities which we meet in a great number of modern compositions must be attributed to the defective nature of the composer. If he has a morally exalted nature; if the principles which constitute his moral, mental and physical make-up are harmoniously developed and capable of giving an adequate response to the elements or principles potentially inherent in music, his compositions will be divine, and he a teacher of highest order.

Such is the music of a Wagner and of others, whose creations, be they elaborate symphonies, religious hymnals, or popular melodies re-echo in the human heart the infinite harmonies of pure, untainted Being. Again if the moral nature of the composer is only partially developed, enabling him to catch only disconnected and disproportioned aspects of the fullness he attempts to interpret, his productions will reveal to his listeners only distorted ideals, and in place of being morally elevating, his music becomes morally corrupt. For evil is but miscon-structed or misrepresented good, and an unequal stimulation of the seven centers or principles in the human constitution disturbs the balance of soul-growth by causing an overplus of potency in one principle and a corresponding atrophy in others.

Music, therefore, like all manifestations of the "perfect through the imperfect," has its two poles of expression, has its pair of opposites, its good and evil sides—guiding and directing the individual either to heaven or to hell as the case may be. And being thus exposed to an energy which by its very nature eludes the deliberations of reason and reflection, the individual

finds himself to a large extent at the mercy of his composer. For through the mighty agency of rhythm the latter can sway the minds of his listeners as completely as a hypnotizer can control his subject. According to the character of the music, so will the person subjected to its influence find the different shades of his moral nature affected.

If the composer's inspirations are of a wholly passionate order, the evoked vibrations will affect solely the passionate elements of the listener and will arouse their activity in an abnormal degree. And as no stimulus is given to the moral elements, the balance of the inner man is disturbed and the mind plunged into a state of moral chaos. Dormant appetites will awaken and clamor for gratification, and finally some favorite passion obtaining control of the victim will hurl him headlong into the commission of deeds which his nature, left in its ordinary balance, would never have sanctioned.

As such moral convulsions of the individual mind may seriously retard, and even inhibit the evolution of the soul, it becomes of eternal importance to mankind to avoid all kinds of impure music. The music furnished by our saloons, variety theaters and even at times by military bands, because of their one-sided pandering to the nurture and growth of some one or other passion and appetite, at the expense and starvation of nobler promptings, adds in a baleful measure to the sum total of human wretchedness. When society as a whole shall have learned to realize the stupendous power active in music, either for good or for evil, the moral forces of this world will have become equipped with a new armament in their crusade against the powers of darkness.

AXEL E. GIBSON.

## MAGNETISM AND ELECTRICITY.

BY MABEL GIFFORD.

This is the way I see it:

Magnetism is condensed electricity. When a cloud or any body attracts electricity, it is magnetic. When it is charged with electricity, it is magnetized. When it gives out electricity, it is electric.

Life is one, but its forms are many, and its *degrees* of life many. Truth is one; all is truth, but its forms and degrees are many. The grandest work is to seek to harmonize truths; for all have a use, and are parts of the grand One. One mind sees that there is "one Power, which is the principal healing force, and that it must have an intermediary vehicle to convey its vibrations to either mind or body of a mortal." Another sees that "auras around an individual are quite as often electric as magnetic in quality; that there is one healing force in the universe whose two opposite poles on the plane of manifestation are electricity and magnetism." Each calls this life, Spirit; one calls it "Absolute Spirit." Infinite Life, then, is plainly what is meant by these terms. The different planes of existence in which Infinite Life manifests receive different names; that of our first consciousness we call physical; that of our second consciousness we call emotional or affectional; of our third, mental or intellectual. This is the universal conscious existence of every individual.

As soon as the consciousness develops above the ordinary, we find ourselves in a more finely organized plane of existence, where the same development of the several forms of consciousness is continued. First the physical; that is consciousness of a body, with all its senses, and an environment, or world, which we call the soul world, and soul body. Next the emotional, which

we call the soul affections. Then the mental or psychic, the mind development in that plane. Next above this plane is the spiritual, with a still further extension of the consciousness in its several forms. And next above this is the celestial.

I have named the several forms of development in each plane in the order in which they appear to us in each plane until we arrive at the celestial; there Love is seen to be the Alpha and Omega of life; life itself; the first and the last motion; the propelling and expanding power; the selecting and forming, the gathering and diffusing power; the intelligence and the reason. And Truth is its manifestation or visible form; a One made up of many as is the human body or any body.

It is Life that is the healing power, because Life is the creative power; and healing is creating, building up new in place of the old. Life manifests in each plane by means of the material of each plane; in the physical plane it manifests by clothing itself with physical substance; in the soul plane, by soul substance; and so with each plane. Material is a better word to use in this relation than substance. Each lower plane furnishes the material for the body and earth of the higher. In his orderly condition of development, man dwells in two planes at once; the lower and the higher; in a disordered condition he dwells too much in either one or the other; almost universally in the lower. So it is that man at the present day dwells almost wholly in the material plane; some dwell so entirely in this plane that they have no consciousness of any higher, and disbelieve in the existence of any but the material.

The "intermediary vehicle" which conveys life to either mind or body in the physical plane is atmosphere in its varied forms, condensed and vivified by the sunshine; the sun being the highest recipient of life in the physical plane. The various condensations of atmosphere are air, water, and vegetation. Rest for receiving, and exercise for using, belong to this and to each plane, as means by which life is conveyed to us.

The intermediary vehicle or means by which life is conveyed to us from the next higher plane is Thought and Feeling. Feeling creates thought, but we are more sensible of the thought. Feeling is the sun, or source of receptivity, and thought is the atmosphere of the higher plane in forms as varied as the physical plane. A man cannot live by bread alone, nor by air alone; neither can he live by one thought alone, nor by two; he must continue to grow.

Thus we see that man is like a tree with its roots in one world or plane of life, its trunk in another. When the tree sickens or dies, it is from lack of life—something has impeded the circulation of life through it; that has caused congestion, and that clogs the avenues of life. The tree can be healed either by way of its roots or its trunk; by the lower world or the higher. It is the same with a man. In the right relations of a tree or a man with the two planes in which each lives, everything ministers to them. As soon as relations are disordered, everything appears to be an enemy.

Neither a man nor a tree can flourish except they be nourished in both planes of their being. The tree may find more life for its roots in the substance of the soil, or for its trunk in the substances of the atmosphere, but it is the life in the trunk that enables the roots to gather more of the earthy substances to it. So a man who seeks to restore the body, may seek materials of the physical earth if he chooses, but the power to do it, and the life in the material, are from the higher plane, for the higher develops the lower, or forms it for a covering for itself, but the lower cannot develop the higher nor itself; it is the life in it that does the creating.

It is plain now that a man may be healed by receiving life indirectly by way of material means, or mentally by way of the thought, or spiritually by way of the soul. The reason that the mere physical and mental healing does not keep a man in health, is that he himself is not changed. In spiritual healing,

the man, the soul, is changed. Also the soul may be changed only in certain particulars and the man may be diseased in other ways.

The confusion of terms comes about by not holding the several planes clearly in mind, by attempting to make one term apply to all of them. Magnetism and electricity are opposite qualities of Life, and manifest in each plane in the materials of the planes as it descends, until it reaches the lowest. Physical magnetism and electricity are not so potent as mental, because each higher plane is superior to the lower, is capable of containing more life, and commands a more subtle way of giving it. The more directly you receive the sun's rays, the more potent they are; the more directly you receive healing power, the greater the power.

Magnetism applied from the mind, needs mental means, which are thoughts; and absent treatments are no different from present treatments, for thought is not limited by time nor space. Certain psychologists have been considering whether anything of magnetism is lost on its way to distant places. This question would apply only to physical magnetism. Clairvoyants and all who have developed consciousness in the higher planes, know that there is no time or space, except the distance from one state of mind to another, and the time it takes to lead the mind from one state of mind to another. It would be more correct to say that mind and soul know no *physical* distance.

Personal magnetism is life qualified by personality, and can be seen emanating from and flowing to people, by those who have developed the higher vibrations of sight, and sensed by those who have developed the higher perception. If we make a good use of life, this aura is good magnetism; if we make a bad use of it, pervert it, we surround ourselves with bad magnetism.

A wise person may make of this aura a perfect insulator, a non-conductor of everything harmful. Magnetism is the attract-

ing or concentrating quality of life, and electricity, the radiating or diffusing power. The man who heals by using his body for a conductor, attracts and heals by his physical presence. If a minister or lecturer, he attracts and impresses by means of his physical presence; if he influences by means of his mind, he heals or impresses by the power of his mind; his thought affects us, either in his presence or at a distance; he changes our thought; sets us to thinking; if he attracts and diffuses life by means of his soul, he heals and impresses the soul power; he affects our feelings and changes our life. The first we call personal magnetism; or, more correctly, physical magnetism; the physical personality is more prominent. The second we call electric, for the mental personality is more prominent; we are attracted by his beliefs, his thoughts, his ideals. The third we call soul magnetism; he makes us feel his love; he attracts by his love, and diffuses and impresses by the power of his love. Each higher plane has greater power than the lower, but individuals may be affected more powerfully by one or the other, according to their stage of development.

So the wonderful order of Infinite Life provides for the needs of every soul, and such help as he is able to profit by comes to each one; the effort that appears to fail on the physical plane brings a help for the higher life that is of vital importance to our growth, and every effort is a success.

If we keep our bodies pure, we emanate health; if we keep our minds pure, we emanate truth; if we keep our souls pure, we emanate love, for thus we open the channels of being for the Infinite Life to flow through. We are magnetic and electric and spiritual, if by our thoughts and feelings we attract life from these planes, and give it to others; and the more purely, that is, without adulteration by our own personality, we give it, the greater power we can manifest.

MABEL GIFFORD.

## LIFE IN DEATH.

BY ETHELBERT JOHNSON.

"Eager ye cleave to shadows, dote on dreams;  
A false Self in the midst ye plant, and make  
A world around which seems."

—*Edwin Arnold.*

The beautiful Greek legend of Narcissus shows in allegory the divine man enraptured with his own image reflected in matter. The fairest goddesses could not win his love, for within the well of matter he discerned a phantom being who answered his dream of attainment; and, though he knew it not, it was himself. Musefully, day after day, he watched the lovely elusive vision until, Pausanias tells us, he pined away from sheer desire, and, melting, became a part of the water in the well.

This is the danger to the spiritual soul, that, when it beholds itself reflected in the great mirror of matter, it forgets its love for heavenly things; and, in futile desire, yearns for the phantasmal, until it loses its identity in the sea-of-bitterness and becomes one with its great swirling waters.

Much of humanity at present is so submerged. It is only here and there that we find a man with his head above the waves, and few indeed are those who, fully freed, walk upon the waters. Some have sunk so deep that they are unconscious of the serene glory of the sky, and if exposed to the spiritual sun would perish from complete dismay.

But, upon the first call of the struggling soul for help, the compassionate Elder Brothers of the race, those who walk upon the waters, bid the angry waves be still, and answer with tranquil assurance, "Be not afraid we are near." None comprehend more fully than they the fierce overwhelming attraction of this ocean of matter, and the inability of the inexperienced soul to overcome its allurements. Even those who do not know



of these Saviors are helped in a thousand untold ways, and indeed none need their service so grievously as those so deeply enmeshed in materiality as to be entirely oblivious to the inner and upper planes of consciousness. Those who deny the Christ through ignorance and blindness are not exiled from the realm of compassion even though they are insensible of its existence, for this incomprehension is due wholly to the density consequent upon the ultimate material experience of the evolving soul. And it is safer, truer and wiser to deny what does not exist for us, than to attempt to deceive ourselves or hypocritically to affirm what we do not believe.

As long as the soul is dissatisfied with its condition, it is expanding and following the divine compulsion, because, to the soul, contentment with any state short of perfection means stagnation. It is when the soul rests satisfied on any plane of experience that it is in peril, for such satisfaction is invariably the forerunner of pride, which proverbially goeth before a fall. Thus we see that those who are satisfied with riches and power are proud and self-complacent; the intellectual Pharisees, those who are perfectly content with the learning of their day, are arrogant and self-assertive; the pseudo-virtuous are lofty with moral pride. This satisfaction and pride are the results of unasimilated experience, and will vanish before the first rays of spiritual illumination. As long as this enlightenment is absent, there is no excessive evil or pain in material existence, and the individuals are swept along automatically with the evolutionary tide. It is with the dawning of soul-consciousness and its resultant aspiration for a higher life, that the inner conflict and suffering begin.

The poet Coleridge in his "Rime of the Ancient Mariner," pictures with terrible vividness the anguish and remorse of the man who awakens to a consciousness of his violation of the higher self. In a thoughtless moment the Mariner killed the albatross, the bird of good omen. Almost immediately the retrib-

utive effect followed. The dead thing was hung about his neck a constant reminder of his sin, and soon, from out the invisible, came two fearful shapes who gambled for his life. They were "Death" and "Life-in-Death," and it was the latter, the more ghastly of the two, that won. From that time on, he endured agony unspeakable, and with burning heart wandered forth upon the earth until shriven by the good Hermit of the wood.

No more weird or powerful parable of a supreme spiritual tragedy could be given, for the bird has ever been the symbol of the soul, and the man who kills or blinds his soul, will find himself henceforth the slave of "Life-in-Death."

Life in Death, for though a soulless man live and move and gain the whole world what doth it profit him? Ever and always the thing that he has slain—the highest part of himself—hangs lifeless about him, and the time must come when the memory of it will torment him every hour. For it is Love that he has killed, and without Love we are dead; without Love we cannot be redeemed, for Love is the soul's inseparable incarnate attribute, that which imparts to it its divine potentiality.

How many such corpses we pass upon the street!—men keenly alive in the lower world, but dead in the higher. They are usually well satisfied with themselves, plentifully endowed with this world's goods, proudly conscious of their virtue, and important with the fact that they are not as other men.

To such the Saviors and Elder Brothers of humanity can bring no message, for the inner ear is deaf and the inner eye atrophied; hence they must remain lifeless, until the spiritual man accomplishes his supreme miracle and brings the dead to life.

It is only humility, the result of well assimilated experience which gives the receptivity of soul with which the Christ can contact, and awakens the compassionate heart that unfolds the pathway of redemption, first of itself, and then of those it touches. Thus are the Saviors compelled to go among "publicans and sinners," among those who have drained the dregs of ma-

terial existence, and learned they do not contain the bread of life, but only stones on which the soul will starve.

All the evil and degradation, the suffering and heart-hunger, resulting from the deep descent of the soul into matter, are sublime necessities when viewed as part of the divine plan. Perhaps John Calvin caught a glimpse of this when he said that sin was the necessary cause of the greatest good; and the gentle Channing perceived the same truth when he wrote, "That even in evil, the dark cloud which hangs over creation, we discern rays of light and hope, and gradually come to see in suffering and temptation proofs and instruments of the sublimest purposes of wisdom and love."

These material experiences are not useless trials, for aside from the knowledge which can be acquired only by sensation and contact, they have a deeper intent, which is to mature, strengthen, and individualize the Will.

"Willing, knowing and acting," says a German mystic, "are ultimately identical; for we can only will what we know, and only know what we have experienced." This corroborates the assertion of the French philosopher, Amiel, that instinct precedes feeling, and feeling precedes the Will.

With the birth of the Will, new and glorious possibilities open to man; it is the precursor of godhood, the herald of ultimate divinity.

When the Will is educated and freed by knowledge from the entanglements of materiality and animality, new and noble virtues are formed,—self-restraint, self-reliance, self-control, self-direction. Then does the individual become a strong, self-conscious center of evolutionary force; and when united with divine Love all with whom he comes in contact are uplifted, for it is through the purified Will that regeneration and redemption are consummated.

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## CHRISTMAS VIBRATIONS.

As the year passes, so one by one come and go the festivals, and neither the years nor the successive events seem to come to a last end. There is something everlasting in them or back of their phenomenal appearance which gives them their *raison d'être*. And what is this something? It is the movement of human thought alone that gives reality to them. There is no "thing-in-itself" in them. They are the product of *cogitation*, viz., they are a psychic product. The verb "I think," *cogito*, is a contraction of *co-agito*, "I bring together." "I bring together" in this sense means that perceptions marry conceptions, or a mental process by which the inner and the outer ego come into union. I perceive, for instance, a gradual transformation in nature's realm where season follows upon season and when such perception assumes a mental form, I say, that I conceive an idea, "I think," or that a *cogitation* exists. A cogitation, a conception, the "I think," is thus pure psychism, or a mental phenomenon, a marriage of perception and conception. If such nuptials do not take place, there is no real thought, but only emotion. Said Kant: "Conceptions without perceptions are empty; and perceptions without conceptions are blind."

Christmas is a thought—a cogitation. And Christmas as a thought has often been explained, but rarely has it been shown what that power is, which is behind the thought or which is the spring of it. And what is that power? It is *vāch*, Sound, the Word, and the whole world is said to be *vācha rāmbhana*, or a result of sound-vibration.

In scientific phraseology the order of forces is: Energy, Heat, Light, and Sound,\* but in philosophical thought, the order is reversed and is Sound, Light, Heat, and Energy, because it starts with Thought as the fundamental and underlying entity of things, and because Thought manifests itself as the Sound or the Word which says "let there be light" and with light follows heat and that energy which brings forth "the living things." Sound is thus both the First and the Last, or in other words the nature of sound is double. It may be considered as a Cause, and that is the view of philosophy, or it may be an Effect, and that is the view of science.

In speaking of Sound as a cause, we mean philosophically that the Word, Logos, *Vāch*, or the living entity is the primary cause, the "thing-in-itself." Yet, while that is the doctrine, no philosophic or religious system has, in proving its theory, come any further into the mystery than to what Philo said: "Intellect is the fountain of words, and speech is its mouthpiece." Accordingly the Word is not the "first cause," but only "the second," or as Philo puts it, "Logos is the instrument by which the world is made." The Egyptian mystics called the Word "the soul of the world" or "the eternal pattern, the ideal world." To Plato the Word was "the son, kosmos, the ensouled world." Macrobius says that "physicians" have called the Word "Bacchus or the mind of Zeus." Such are a few of the ancient terms for the Word, the Logos, the Christ. They can easily be multiplied by hundreds of other quotations.

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\*Energy—sound—heat—light—electricity is the true scientific order, when rapidity of vibration is considered.—Ed.

The same Philo, just quoted, said also "The Word is as it were the Charioteer of the Powers, and he who utters it is the rider who directs the Charioteer." If we apply that teaching to the use of the word upon the human tongue, viz., to speech, we come upon one of the great mysteries of our existence: our power to create. We can speak so that we can call the unknown into existence, yea, we can also send it back from existence to its abyssal quarters.

In speech are involved three elements: (1) a physical sound, (2) a psychic vibration, and (3) spirit activity. By the first element, physical sound, is understood, according to science, (a) the physiological sensation perceived by means of the ear; (b) the complex harmonic motion of vibrating bodies; (c) disturbances of the air, which affect the ear; ("Sounds," said Newton, "since they arise in tremulous bodies, are no other than waves propagated in the air"); (d) the energy of a sounding body. These four forms of sound are scientific definitions and must be accepted, but they may also be condensed, and for our present purpose science will allow me to say that "a sounding body is a vibrating body," and that is my point. By the second element, a psychic vibration, must be understood a life-motion of the spiritual organ, a trembling and a passionate "wave-ing" of that side of human nature which is in contact with the Infinite. By the third element, spirit activity, is to be understood all impulses of the great ideals of mankind, and their impulsion can only be thought of as a vibratory one. Thus the three elements are all vibratory; in other words, speech is a vibration and the Word sounds through the three worlds, the physical, the psychical, and the spiritual. Hence the miraculous power of speech and the creative energy of the Word.

To talk of Christmas and the Yule-tide Christ is to speak symbolically of a mystery. The Christ is born in Winter-time, viz., at the change of season in those countries where the mystery was originally celebrated. But Winter really does not mean

death and desolation, it means "originality," "being," "foundation," "new beginnings," a sleep from which comes a new life. The profoundest of all mythologies, the Norse, has formulated that idea. Its year began at the Winter solstice, "the mother-night." Heimdall, the preserver of the planetary world, reigns in November; Freysa, the goddess of love, dominates December; Forseti, the peace-maker, takes possession of January; Njord, the great Vanagod, who checks the fury of the sea and is that mildness in nature which is the beginning of the new Spring season, appears in February, and Vidar, the Silent, the imperishable, and incorruptible nature, closes the cycle of the year.

We misunderstand Winter if we do not realize that the cessation of life-activities is only apparent, and, if we do not perceive that we are, as it were, at a grand ball, where for the moment the music has paused and the musicians are privately tuning their strings. The growth of the year has analogies with the development of the intellect and affections. Winter out of doors is the retirement of Thought within itself before it comes forth in new evolutions. The coming forth is the Christmas, the Yuletide, the feast of the Mind, when it reappears in New-Age glory, in purer manhood, in stronger humanity, and more able to lift the despairing ones and heal the sick. As the mind rings its bells of joy and triumphs within and before the hosts of the inner and mystical worlds, so the outer world is merry and shows "good will among men." The Word sounds through both spheres; everything vibrates, and in vibration is life. It is a period of nuptials of inner and outer, the physical is also metaphysical, and the mystic sits apart in *cogitation*. He is

"—beyond the things of sense,  
Beyond occasions and events,"

but only as regards "the Christmas lights, the refectory feasts, and the joy-bells, but not as regards the Christmas in nature, because he

"feels in his heart the Lord Christ born,"

and communes with the Highest.

It will readily be seen that the three elements of speech, mentioned above, are the same which constitute a personality. Speech is a personality, a psychic existence. Hence it is so very easy for the common consciousness to incarnate such a personality and make a god of it. The common consciousness is not aware of the myth-making, and unconsciously worships its own creation. It sees resemblance to itself, and it is carried away with the loftiness of the conception. Thus arises the vision of a Man-God, a God-Man, and Christmas becomes the symbol of his incarnation, because the season of Christmas is also a Nature-mystery of the same order.

The truth of the Christ mystery and Christmas mysticism is the fact taught by idealism and all true metaphysics that the I is the union of Heaven and Earth, the Man-God, the God-Man.

C. H. A. BJERREGAARD.

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#### SOCIAL IDEALS AND THE MYSTERY OF MAN.

There is much more in Browning's words "Man is not Man as yet" than most people realize.

We have developed many ideals, but they are all, singularly enough, not so human as we should expect. Man has not been the center, nor the beginning and end of our ideal movements. We have in the past aimed at something which served the human element indirectly, but never directly. We have had no civilization which simply bore the title, the human. The mystery of Man (*homo*) and largely also the mystery of man (*vir*) are only beginning to dawn in our own day.

Our own sphere is the Midgaard of the Scandinavians, the middle-region bordered by the great sea, the Uthaf, or the etheric and astral currents, outside of which live the giants and spirit legions. In the middle of Midgaard is the Asgaard, or the abode of the gods, the vital forces of our sphere. Our philosophy and



our ethical estimation of this our region take in the main their color from the direction of our vision. Our vision is either towards the outside or it is introspective. In the past mankind has for some unknown reason looked abroad rather than within. We have been influenced in such ways that we have formed civilizations, in the main, such as the following. Lately, however, under the present-day cosmopolitan and democratic culture, they blend, or are found unconsciously side by side. And that is a good sign. In the fusion of opposites and the general leveling tendencies of to-day, they will disappear as sharply distinguished forms, and give way to that element in them, the Human, which is their real strength, but which hitherto has not been uppermost or in actual possession of the kingdom.

The commonest and most popular forms of culture and civilization rests upon the idea of Life as a principle, viz., its bearers are naturalistic and consider matter the real cause of existence; consequently they devote themselves to physical sciences and pursuits, and they develop industries and everything which tends to increase prosperity and pleasure. Such ideas represent their ontology and ethics. In psychology, they profess "common sense," advocate the collection of phenomenal facts and methods of observation. They do not cultivate art except for amusement, and religion is only ceremony. Degrading as this definition seems, it must not be forgotten that this culture and civilization is a necessity in existence. The bearers of it may be compared to India's lowest caste, the toilers and laborers. They may be said to represent the mechanism of society, the machinery that keeps life moving. They are like Thor in Norse mythology, who does not stay at home either in Midgaard or Asgaard, but hunts the wild nature for adventure, and who glories in fame, position, and wealth. They are external, and scarcely know what the Internal is, though the universal economy compels them to work for it. They have a vague notion of man (*vir*), but they know nothing of Man (*homo*) or a universal brotherhood.

Another form, and one quite as extensive as the first, is the one which rests upon a modification of the life-principle, upon love; not love in its highest aspects, but rather love as desire. It denies, as the former, all personality; and counts individuals only as specimens of nature. It deifies nature and humanity, and recognizes only the natural conscience as judge and guide in all acts of an ethical nature. It professes with Spinoza that "the worship of God consists in the love of our neighbor." It recognizes no universal subject, but only a universal substance; hence it knows no God, no Revelation, and no Positive Law, but only charity and justice. It glories in Romanticism as its own particular form of art, and develops it in all its elements, both as a destructive and as a constructive principle. In politics it preaches liberalism and radicalism, and when the latter takes its character from romanticism it manifests itself as self-assertion and acts as a disintegrating force.

About this form, too, it must be said that it serves a good and great purpose in life. It is typical of all the soul-life of its bearers. It is thoroughly intuitional and psychic, and in that quality is to be sought its fascination for many and the germs of the brilliant art it creates. To some extent, it may be compared to India's third caste, farmers and merchants, and the general middle class, but the comparison must not be carried too far or pressed too closely. The Norsemen symbolized the multiple character of this form by their pictures of such gods as *Skadi*, harm; *Baldur*, good; *Freya*, love, &c.

A third form of civilization is theistic, theocratic, and supernatural. It is dualistic, and its bearers are priests and inspired men. It postulates a superhuman sphere and supernatural capacities, and for that reason it lays great stress upon the so-called lower, evil, and unholy states, which are to be overcome. It degrades reason to a secondary order of light and spiritual help, and demands often a blind faith in its leading men. The criticism upon this form of civilization is that it has misunderstood its

professed mission as bearer of the light-principle. In its eagerness to serve it has become autocratic and destructive of freedom. This form is represented by the Brahmins and Kshatrias, priests and statesmen, and warriors. Necessary as they may be on certain stages of development, there is no room for their supremacy and absolute dominion in an ideal state. Every reformation, every revolution has risen against these two, and every Ragnarok or downfall of the gods has drawn them into deserved destruction.

The new form of civilization, or the regeneration of the world that has followed upon the Twilights of the gods and the deluge that has swept away its tyrants, has constructed itself around Vidar and Vale, representatives of incorruptible nature and eternal light, or, in present-day language, Mind and Knowledge.

In the modern *Götterdämmerung* comes forth a fourth form of civilization; one that really partakes of the Human; one that is neither material, sensual, or priestly, but of the character of *Manna-heim*, "man's home." At present it is not much more than a protest, an attack, a negative. The powers-that-be are so mighty that the small voice of conscience that cries for justice and life is drowned in their reactionary noise and false accusations of nihilism. But, while the New manifests itself as a negative, and it can do nothing else, it is conscious of being at heart a positive, and that very nihilistic accusation raised against it is the best proof of its rights, and of the wrongs of the other side. The new civilization says, with Whitman,

The supernatural of no account—myself waiting my time to be one of the Supremes;

I am an acme of things accomplish'd, and I an encloser of things to be.  
I hear and behold God in every object, yet understand God not in the least,  
Nor do I understand who there can be more wonderful than myself.  
Divine am I inside and out, and I make holy whatever I touch or am touch'd from.

Professors of the New may hesitate to speak as boldly, yet the words of Whitman are the gospel they believe in. It is

also the creed which the world's potentates stamp as supreme egotism, atheism, and destructive nihilism. In truth, it is the rising morning star with "healing on his wings." It is Ormuzd, the god of light, that rises to annihilate Ahriman, the devil of oppression. It is the "demos," or the spirit of the people, which reasserts the ancient *vox populi, vox dei*. It is Nature that "Keeps the reverent frame with which her years began." The realization of this gospel will make man Man.

C. H. A. BJERREGAARD.

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### THE WORK OF IMMANUEL KANT.

The present-day movement of mental freedom begins with Kant's "Critique of Pure Reason." and to the same work must be referred the change of base in philosophy from cosmological starting points to psychological ones. From the same author came also the new movement which places the object of philosophical study in knowledge rather than in dogmatic belief. In short, Kant and his work represent a philosophical revolution. It should, therefore, be self-evident to all moderns who profess to live and move in the new life that they ought to be familiar with the purpose and arguments of the Critique of Pure Reason, and also with the Critique of Practical Reason, which is its complement, as well as with the thoughts which resulted in Kant's mind from these two works, and which he, no doubt, would have published in a third equally phenomenal work had he lived long enough to write out his thoughts. In his Critique of Judgment we may perhaps see the outlines of such a work. In it he bridges the chasm he has shown us to exist between pure and practical reason.

The Critique of Pure Reason shows that we do not know anything of the essence of things or of our own knowing. We know only something about the relations which exist between objects, or, better, we know them phenomenally. What we call

the world is not the world, but only a world which we have modelled according to our reason and feeling; it is a sort of synthesis of intellectual judgments and sensibilities. But while it is a "dream in a dream," we would be wrong if we thought as do the Brahmin and Buddhist, that the world is an illusion, a chimera, or a fraud. It is a symbol or a means by which we live and come in contact with the Real. We are lost in an illusion if we take our own notions of it for the Real. The same reasoning applies to our notions of God, cause, time, and space. They are only notions, not realities; they are our psychic forms for something "we know not what," and which we may never know. An analysis of our reasoning leads us therefore to an honest scepticism as regards these notions and the orthodoxy built upon them. But while we can know nothing beyond our own knowing or formulations, we are nevertheless anchored mentally on a safe coast. We lie tied up in that indomitable and unconquerable Will which is our true source of knowledge. This is the subject of the Critique of Practical Reason.

The Critique of Practical Reason shows that will, or what Kant calls "conscience," and not reason, forms the basis of our mind and all its so-called faculties. While the former work declared that we could know nothing of "things-in-themselves," it did not deny that they existed. The latter work goes further and builds upon them, though it does not undertake to prove their existence.

The two works, Critique of Pure Reason and Critique of Practical Reason, are the basis of all idealistic theories of the Nineteenth Century, and both works contain the germs of the present day Monism, which identifies the mysterious Unknown behind the phenomena of sense with the equally mysterious Unknown in ourselves. It was Fichte, however, who elaborated that thought.

The distinction between the two Critiques is more apparent than real. If we, for argument's sake, admit a dualism, we are

soon compelled to give it up, because Kant himself unites the two by the faculty of judgment, by which "we can feel what we can neither know nor will;" it is to him the mediating principle in such a way that the two disappear as distinct forms. The Critique of Judgment opens a new world, that world beyond phenomena to which we can not penetrate by the exercise of reason and over which our will can not rule. That world we may "feel;" we may become conscious of it through a "feeling" that there is a certain harmony within us and without us, and a harmony between these two harmonies. Such a feeling or immediate consciousness of harmony leads us to the *terra firma* of objective and subjective reality. In the Critique of Judgment we are taught the realization of the Sublime; we see an immanent order or purpose in all things, and we discover that we have an intuitive ability for the Sublime and a universal teleology. In other words, Kant sees in Nature something which resembles human reason and intelligence, and he substitutes evolution for creation.

It is not only curious to see the similarity between the intellectual development of a man like Kant and that of the mystic, but it is very instructive, because the two minds mutually prove the truth of each other's development and definitions.

The movement of the mystic mind is like this. Take for example the Katha Upanishad, the Wisdom of Solomon, or some of the writings of the Medieval Mystics, and we hear the most emphatic declarations about the vanity of things, the impossibility of knowing Reality and the assertion that there is only *one* Reality, and that Nature, at best, is only a shadow of it. All this answers to the critical attitude of the "Critique of Pure Reason." Then, again, we come upon numerous works on "the inner light," on "God in the soul," on "divine illumination," etc., all of which assert that in "the Ground of the soul" dwells or is a power of activity, of practical intelligence, a will that reaches far beyond all appearances. Such works make

Kant's "Critique of Practical Reason" an exact duplicate of the thoughts and purposes of the Mystics.

The mystic movement reaches its apex in the "Unitive Way" which is represented by works or expressions of every mystic on how to attain "Union with God," the Nirvana of the Oriental. All of these works or expressions aim at presenting a similar synthesis to that of "The Critique of Judgment." They teach that in us is a power, an image, in which blend both intelligence and will, and that these disappear as individual forces, being reborn in a higher unity.

Why should not all go to school with Kant and the Mystics, who say of Being, we can not know it, "words turn back from it, with the Mind not reaching it?" Yet, as we know of

"God's most intimate presence in the soul;  
And His most perfect image in the world,"

we reach out for a union with the Beloved, to whom we say:

"Thou art my soul, and all my soul is Thine."

Kant is the teacher for those who go the mediate way; the mystics are the best guides who follow immediately.

C. H. A. BJERREGAARD.

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#### A PSYCHIC ROMANCE.\*

Professor Flournoy and his fellow scientific investigators came to the conclusion that the mysteries of the case of Mlle. Smith, the heroine of the book before us, must be explained on either of these two hypotheses: (1) That the phenomena are the product of, and originate in, the subliminal consciousness of the medium; or (2) that the phenomena are really of supernormal origin, and emanate from the disincarnate spirits

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\*FROM INDIA TO THE PLANET MARS. A study of a case of somnambulism. By Th. Flournoy, Professor of Psychology at the University of Geneva. Translated by Daniel B. Vermilye. Harper & Brothers, publishers, New York and London, 1900.

of the dead, who return to earth and take temporary possession of the organism of the medium, talking through her mouth, writing with her hand, etc., while she is in a somnambulistic state. None of the investigators commit themselves to any final theory. They admit "that all things are possible" at the same time as they postulate the "principle of La Place," that "the weight of the evidence ought to be proportioned to the strangeness of the facts." They are even ready to drop the theories advanced if new facts can be brought forth. As true scholars, they never forget the saying of Bacon: "Truth is the daughter of time, not of authority." Nevertheless, Flournoy rejects emphatically the spiritistic explanation. He would rather explain the whole case by telepathy, telekinesis and clairvoyance.

The book has been dealt with by most reviewers in courteous terms. They will not commit themselves to its teachings, but private conversations with reviewers and men and women of judgment, whose criticism is worth listening to, and who express themselves more freely, reveal the fact that the book has created a profound sensation everywhere, and that outside of spiritualistic circles its phenomena are studied and explained as telepathy, etc., some mental phenomena. I find a singular concurrence of opinions, among those with whom I have talked, with those of Professor Hyslop, as expressed in the November number of *The North American Review*. I shall, therefore, quote his criticism on a few of the vital points of this romance. Says he: "The alleged inhabitant of Mars shows few, if any, resources in Mlle. Smith's memory except the most general outlines, but the impersonation is exceedingly rich in the material of spontaneous fabrication. In fact, this particular case is nothing but "the baseless fabric of a dream." The language, alphabet, representation of houses, animals, and plants, are shown to be unquestionably nothing but the production of Mlle. Smith's imagination in the unconscious state, worked out with marvelous originality and consistency. The products find their exact analogy in ordinary dreams. The language betrays its spurious character in its constructive resemblance to the French, which



is Mlle. Smith's native tongue." Professor Hyslop continues by showing how such creations spring from the subliminal imagination, a form of consciousness which we cannot hold responsible in the same way as we can hold the normal consciousness. He is unstinted in his praise of Flournoy's "scientific appreciation of the psychological problem before him," and the thorough way in which he has dealt with it, reducing incidents, which the ordinary mind considers mysterious, or even miraculous, to simple and well-known phenomena of mind, and sums up Flournoy's and his own case by saying that, as far as evidence is concerned, the spiritist is left without any support for his theory. Incidentally, he rejoices in the lesson taught "the scientific Philistine," who, of course, is the man who has laughed at Hyslop's belief in Mrs. Piper and her manifestations. He also crosses swords with Flournoy on the subject of "telepathy, or thought-transference, telekinesis, or the movement of physical objects without contact, and lucidity or clairvoyance," but that does not belong to my present subject and the romance before us.

Hyslop sums up in the following words:

"In other words, examination showed that there was not the slightest evidence that spirits had anything to do with the production of the phenomena, but that they were the unconscious production of Mlle. Smith's own mind in the trance-condition, playing on the obscure recollections of her own experience and receiving its impulse to do this from her normal conviction that her case was spiritistic."

C. H. A. B.

# THE HOME CIRCLE.

OPEN COLUMN.

EDITED BY ELIZABETH FRANCIS STEPHENSON AND EVA BEST.

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## NOTE TO OUR READERS.

In this Department we will give space to carefully written communications of merit, on any of the practical questions of everyday life, considered from the bearings of metaphysical and philosophical thought, which, we believe, may be demonstrated as both a lever and a balance for all the difficult problems of life.

Happenings, experiences and developments in the family and the community; results of thought, study and experiment; unusual occurrences when well authenticated; questions on vague points or on the matter of practical application of principles and ideas to daily experience, etc., will be inserted, at the discretion of the Editors, and in proportion to available space. Questions asked in one number may be answered by readers in future numbers, or may be the subject of editorial explanation, at our discretion. It is hoped that the earnest hearts and careful, thinking minds of the world will combine to make this Department both interesting and instructive, to the high degree to which the subject is capable of development.

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## CHRISTMAS GREETING.

The sweetest gifts, both spiritual and material, be the portion of our dear "Home Circlers" one and all!

May the kindest of all kind thoughts travel from heart to heart, and, in their passing, fill the wide world with gladness. May stores of pure affection come along with the parcels from Santa Claus' sleigh, and good wishes with gifts galore! May our Christmas chimes ring in no minor key, but joy-bells be attuned to life's every harmony!

Upon this happy Christmas day let us be grateful for our most precious gifts, the many sweet friendships, which like vines a-flower, stretch their beautiful tendrils out to the sunny places

107

of our lives, and, from our willing support of them, grow heavenward and expand into beauteous perfection.

Let us be merry and glad, and endeavor to share the merriment and gladness with those who live in life's shadier places. Let us open our hearts and give them of our fullness—each of us has more than some more unfortunate, be our store never so small.

So give, give, give—give with an open hand, royally and freely, without reserve and without stint; and with your gifts send *a part of yourselves*—send *affection*, for

“O my sisters, friends and brothers,  
We are each and all another's,  
And the soul who gives most freely from his  
treasures hath the more;  
Lose your life, if you would find it,  
And by giving love you bind it  
Like an amulet of safety to your heart for-  
evermore!”

There must be something radically wrong about folks who don't enjoy Christmas; who see no sense in the giving of pretty things, one to another, and who are only too ready to call the beautiful habit foolish, pernicious, silly, objectionable, irrational, absurd, injudicious and altogether ridiculous; who would rather not be made the recipient of a gift, since it suggests to their pitiful minds that the accepting of any such thing may put them under what they choose to consider an embarrassing obligation; who would, were it left to them, quell the joyous hilarity and noisy merrymaking, and turn the jollity into a pious and less expensive holiday; who do not believe in holly and mistletoe, and who do not care to garnish their homes upon this joyous birthday of our Lord, our Brother, the gentle Nazarene.

These people have few thoughts to give to their needy neighbors and their hungry little broods; they cannot even say

"Merry Christmas" and *mean* it, and they go to their unearned rest at night with life no whit the sweeter for the passing of the glorious day, but rather with a sigh of relief that the trying ordeal is once more over, and that "Christmas comes but once a year."

One cannot give with a generous heart and not be happy. The simple wish to share with others brings a sweet sense of one's kinship with the world—one's relations to the Father's children. This feeling, to be sure, holds throughout the year—as truth is always truth—but at Christmas time it seems to have a holier significance, and (haven't we all noticed it?) a Christmas gift is like no other gift in all the world. It seems to take upon itself a glamour that never surrounded it under any other circumstance. A handkerchief, a bottle of fragrant odor, a book—yesterday prosy articles of commonplace merchandise, to-day received from the hands of Santa Claus take upon themselves an enhanced preciousness never caught from counter or shelf.

Give—give—give! If you have a big home family, then lucky are you; if you haven't, then lucky should be some deserving one of your little world who sees none too much of the bright side of life, and to whom a stray beam of your own great gladness will seem as the sun of joy itself.

It will take so little to please this one who lives in the world's great shadow; some books you have read and can do without—a blooming pot-plant—a little picture. If there be little ones, gather up the old toys of your own or your neighbors' children—toys that will be in the way when Santa Claus has emptied his fresh sleighful of newer, smarter ones; mend the toys, re-dress the dolls, add a little store of nuts and apples and candies and oranges, and what of your own Christmas dinner you can spare, take them to these humble friends *yourself*, and I think—I *know*—the angels will go with you!

And then the *rejuvenescence* of it all! Its heart-frolic and laughter sweep us into a state of perennial youthfulness as

surely as does the fragrance of peppermint when it greets us in the leafy June woods; as surely as the flavor of some wild fruit loved and sought in childhood, or the sound of an old-time song!

No one need to be affluent to give. It is the inexpensive little articles made by one's own hands, and so becoming a real giving of one's *self*, that are the real Christmas gifts. It is much the same idea that makes real home out of—no newly bought furniture of modern luxury and elegance, but—the dear old worn things polished by care, and permeated through and through by long years of association into things almost as *sensate* as are we ourselves—articles that have been touched by the loved ones who have taken the mysterious journey before us, who await at a little distance on, with (who can say?) how many glad Christmases between!

A thousand tender memories awaken at Yule Tide. Again, in the midst of our home circle walk those who have "put on immortality." As thoughts fly back borne on the invisible wings of Memory, once again our dear ones stand in spiritual radiance among us. With our mental vision we see them; with our spiritual ears we hear them, and in the clusters of dewy roses we name for them and place about their pictured faces, they must recognize our love—these angels we have entertained so unaware.

Draw closer to the fire—this is Christmas Eve. Hold merry council till the "sand man" comes, and bright eyes of the little ones droop under his touch; and now that the wee ones are safely afloat upon the sea of a delicious drowsiness that rocks them across its waves to the shores of Slumberland, let us give the signal to waiting Santa Claus, and aid him in his quiet, beautiful, magical task.

And while our hands are busy let us lift up our hearts and voices and sing with the morning stars:

*"Glory to God in the highest! Peace on earth—peace and good will—good will to man!"*

E. B.

### THE OLD YEAR SPEAKS.

"The Old year dies to-night!" the whisper goes  
About the earth; the sunny tropics' breath  
Blows it across the sea to land of snows,  
And all the world awaits the Old Year's death.

I die—I? Fools, all of ye, that think  
That I am mortal; that when ye have tolled  
My death-knell far and wide, and by the brink  
Of that great ghastly grave so dark and cold  
You've dug for me, do watch me out of sight  
With tears and laughter as the hard clods fall  
Upon me in the silence of the night—  
Fools, all of ye, that think that endeth all!

Know ye, that all the past I claim as mine—  
The little space allowed me in your day—  
Fraught with the soul of motives all divine;  
The evil impulse; selfish prayers ye pray;  
The tears of anguish and the thrill of bliss;  
The joy, the sorrow, agony and woe;  
The fell temptation overcome; the kiss  
Upon the pallid brow of one laid low;  
The pain of parting; and the tender peace  
That cometh after separation past—  
All life may taste of life's own bitter lees  
Each cup of nectar must disclose at last;  
The lessons learned; the smarting of the rod  
Upon the back bent double with its load;  
The cries of breaking hearts to heaven and God;  
The hurt of sharp stones hidden in the road;  
Each hideous happening; each dire deed done—  
The little acts of love and words of cheer  
Live on—eternal atoms, every one—  
And make me what I am—a deathless year!

Ring out my knell, then, from a thousand towers!  
    Drink to my death, O fools, and turn away  
To greet the New Year, crowned with fragrant flowers  
    Who comes with new-born hopes to you to-day!

O eager eyes that greet the smiling boy!  
    O parted lips that sing him songs of praise!  
O hopeful heart that dreameth of new joy!  
    O weary feet that long for level ways!  
O empty arms that clasp his childish form!  
    O tired hands that smoothe his sunny hair!  
O ye who give him greetings, glad and warm,  
    O credulous and fond that think him fair,  
He is as old as all eternity—  
    This babe whose eyes again doth greet the light!  
He is as old as all eternity—  
    This new-born babe that comes to you to-night!

And with him come the harvests ye have sown—  
    In other ages—harvests ye must reap—  
Each soul must garner that which is his own  
    In fields whose dews are tears that ye must weep!

O waking soul, be strong and brave and true;  
    O hopeful heart, live not in earthly hopes;  
O tired hands, rest is not yet for you;  
    O weary feet, still climb the steeper slopes!  
Undying entities are you and I;  
    And you and I shall sometime meet again,  
And in my fields, beneath a bluer sky,  
    You'll come apace to reap your ripened grain!

Therefore, I charge ye sow a goodly seed  
    For every garnered ill; a golden grain  
For every noisome and unholy weed;  
    A gentle thought for every suffered pain.

long to have ye juster and more wise—  
More tolerant, and patient, and more kind—  
fore quickly heedful of your brother's cries,  
More charitable towards him in your mind  
han when I came to you; to show— But hark!  
It is the tolling of the passing bell—  
he light dies out—the world grows dim and dark—  
Until we meet again—farewell! farewell!

EVA BEST.

---

HER SAVIOR.

As snowflakes fell on Christmas night,  
And Christmas bells rang wide and wild,  
Within the arms of an erring soul  
Was placed the form of a little child.

Poor arms so wasted, worn and weak;  
Poor soul so empty of the good  
That is not reached, though it lies so near  
The hands of her fallen sisterhood!

Poor empty arms and empty heart—  
Poor soul so crushed by its dark despair—  
To her the world lay shadowed deep  
By the sin and the sorrow everywhere!

Until that night the angels came  
To her desolate garret, poor and mean,  
Nor jealously shut from her longing eyes  
The beautiful gates that stood between.

And there, as she lay on her bed of straw,  
And Christmas bells rang wide and wild,  
Within the arms of this erring soul  
Was placed the form of a little child.



And with it came a love divine,  
 A love that softens a heart of stone;  
 The form of a baby filled her arms—  
 A beautiful child that was all her own!

Then did the place grow full of peace,  
 And the stars of the dawning morning sang;  
 Throughout the wide, wide world the bells  
 Of a glad and a glorious Christmas rang!

While over the woman in tenderness  
 The hovering angels bent and smiled;  
 For they knew the Savior was born again  
 To her in the form of her little child.

—EVA BEST.

#### GIVING.

Give as the morning that flows out of heaven;  
 Give as the waves when their channel is riven;  
 Give as the air and the sunshine are given;  
 Lavishly, utterly, carelessly give,  
 Not the waste drops of thy cup overflowing,  
 Not the faint sparks of thy hearth's evening glowing,  
 Not a pale bud from the June's roses blowing—  
 Give as He gave thee, who gave thee to live!

R. T. C.

Except for the natural hope and expectation of a life to come, man could not properly work out his destiny upon this physical plane. Faith is a perpetual inspiration, while skepticism clouds the best efforts. A creed of annihilation saps the spring of human energy. It thwarts the finest possibilities.

—*Florence Huntley.*

## THE WISE MAN AND THE SEA URCHINS.

### (IX.)

A great square of white muslin had been hung up, smoothly stretched, to one side of the roomy cave, when, two days after the evening spent at the light-house, the Urchins invaded the Wise Man's domains.

More than anything they enjoyed the displays their friend and teacher afforded them by means of a fine stereopticon, and there was a shout of delight that "made the welkin ring" when their bright eyes discovered that there was a favorite treat of some sort in store for them.

It was a kingly summer day. A soft breeze blew in from the sunlit ocean, and the water sparkled goldenly.

"Take this, Violet," began the Wise Man, after cordial greetings had been exchanged, putting a fine field-glass into the girl's hands. "Take this, and when I have gone to yonder neck of sand look at me, you, dear, and the others in turn, through the wrong or big end of the glass. Here are pencils and paper; when you have looked, sketch roughly upon this paper the size I appear to you to be when seen through the wrong end of the glass."

Wonderingly the other urchins gathered about the interested girl, who took the field-glass from the Wise Man's hands, and together the seven watched their beloved teacher as he walked to a distant stretch of yellow-white sand, left bare and glistening at ebb-tide. Here he stopped, turned about face, and sent a "halloo!" back to them.

Violet lifted the glass, and, for the space of half a minute, looked steadily through it; then handing it to Ruddy she went to the paper lying on the big, round "study table," in the

center of the cave, and with bold, quick, practical strokes deftly limned the form of the master she loved so well.

She was a natural artist, and the while the others looked, with much indulgence in laughter, through the glass, the girl used the pencil with such precision, swiftness and skill that by the time they had all had a peep at the Wise Man she had finished a really speaking likeness of the master.

Feeling confident that each Urchin in turn had had a view of his diminished proportions, the Wise Man rejoined the little group at the door of the cave. Violet shyly offered him her hasty sketch.

"Well done, lassie! Here I surely am! And this 'small dimension'—is this the size I appeared to be to you?"

"To me, sir, yes."

"It's bigger than you looked to *me*," vouchsafed Ruddy.

"It's smaller than to *me*—"

"It's exactly right, and—"

"I rather expected you all to see differently, and so I'll take the 'general average' view sure to be seen by our sensible artist, Violet. Now, here am I, as I have just said, and you must look at me once again, Violet, lass, and sketch the next view as before, But I'll not go quite so far this time. Look all of you in turn after Violet, and see how small this lifelike sketch of me appears."

With these words the Wise Man walked about half the distance toward the neck of sand, and with a tiny stick propped the drawing Violet had made so that it stood upright against a boulder.

Again the girl looked, again made her sketch; this time it was upon paper no larger than the oblong of a postage stamp, and seemed nothing but a tiny blurred mass of lines.

"Again," commanded the Wise Man, putting the second sketch in place of the first. And then the third sketch was the smallest dot imaginable.

"Once more—," and this time Violet declared she could see nothing of even the speck of a paper it was on.

"And yet I am the subject of that sketch, and ought to be all there, oughtn't I? Nothing has been taken away, for we are going to suppose that Violet's lovely little sketches are photographs made smaller and smaller until they can no longer be duplicated. Yet the photograph must still contain every light and shade that was seen upon the subject's full figure when he stood before the glass.

"I am trying by means of this diminishing process to illustrate to you how small—how microscopic—anything may be, yet contain *all* that belonged to the large object. To me the unseen world of little things is as marvelous as and really more difficult to grasp than the thought of the immensity of the Universe.

"We can, in a way, realize the worlds in space—comprehend how planets after planets fill their appointed places; world after world—on and on and on—I am going to interrupt myself here so that I may read to you something that will put all this before you in finer language than is at my command.

"Let us find seats on these chairs and benches, and, Ruddy, will you kindly reach me that little book there at your elbow? Thank you. Now, hear the words of Jean Paul Richter. Who among you has heard of him?"

"I have heard the name, sir, and think he is a German author; but that is all I know of him," ventured Violet, when none of the others responded.

"You are right. He was a German author, who, in his youth, was often in an almost starving condition. He tried every way to make a living by his writings, but in despair turned his attention to teaching. But, the while he taught, his published works were being noticed and admired by the finest scholars in the land, and after a time, because of this deserved recognition, he was in comfortable circumstances, receiving an

annual income of one thousand florins a year. What is a florin, Brownie?"

"I don't know, sir."

"It's a piece of money stamped with a flower; hence the word '*florin*,' and worth where Richter lived about thirty-six cents in our money. So, you see, although not fabulously wealthy, he did not have to starve. Now hear something beautiful he has written."

Seven pairs of interested eyes were fixed upon the teacher's face; seven pairs of parted lips seemed waiting to drink in what seven pairs of young ears, in a moment more, heard in well modulated tones, as the Wise Man read as follows:

"An angel once took a man and stripped him of his flesh, and lifted him up into space to show him the glory of the universe. When the flesh was taken away the man ceased to be cowardly, and was ready to fly with the angel past galaxy after galaxy, and infinity after infinity. And so man and angel passed on viewing the universe, until our solar system appeared as a speck of light against the blue empyrean, and there was only darkness. . . . And they looked onward, and in the infinities of light before, a speck of light appeared, and suddenly they were in the midst of rushing worlds. But they passed beyond that system, and system after system, and infinity after infinity, until the human heart sank and the man cried out: "End is there none of the universe of God?"

"The angel strengthened the man by words of counsel and courage, and they flew on again, until the worlds left behind them were out of sight, and specks of light as they advanced were transformed into rushing systems! They moved over architraves of eternities, over pillars of immensities, over architecture of galaxies, unspeakable in dimension and duration, and the human heart sank again, and called out: "End is there none to the universe of God?"

"And all the stars echoed the question with amazement—

"End is there none of the universe of God?" And this echo found no answer. They moved on again past immensities of immensities, and eternities of eternities, until in the dizziness of uncounted galaxies the human heart sank for the last time, and called out: "End is there none of the universe of God?" And all the stars repeated the question. And the angel answered: "End is there none of the universe of God. Lo, also, there is no beginning.""

A deep sigh came in chorus from the Sea Urchins.

"Oh, that was *beautiful*," breathed Violet.

"But 'no beginning!' There *has* to be a beginning, surely, somewhere, somehow," declared Blackie, stoutly; "just *has* to."

"We never begin nor end, Blackie."

"Who, sir, doesn't?"

"None of us—you, Violet, Snowdrop, Ruddy, Blooy, Goldie, Pinkie, John O'Connell, or I."

"Never begin?"

"Nor end. You have come to understand that what the world calls 'death' doesn't end anything much—no more than a mere manifestation of a person's material existence for this one time and the other times to follow."

"Please, what is a manifestation?"

"*Man-i-fest-a-tion*—five syllables, Pinkie; no wonder you ask. It is a word that means a 'making clear to the senses or to the understanding; revealing or discovering the truth of anything.' We may say that we are thoughts of God in manifestation—that is, He has allowed us physical forms in which to dwell on this physical globe—'physical' meaning that which is opposite to the unseen or imagined man or globe, to the spirit of them both. We can all understand the meaning of a manifestation of hate—and this idea is an unusually *forcible* one in this instance, as the word is made up of two words—'*mani*,' hand, and '*ferdere*,'—hence the word really means 'struck by the hand'—made *manifest*."

"But not *begin*," repeats the puzzled Blackie. "Not ever *begin*!"

"Nothing begins or ends—it only changes, my boy. All there is now always was—always will be. Not a grain of dust can be put out of existence, nor can the universe rid itself of one drop of water. Nothing was ever destroyed; nothing was ever created. We speak of the Creator; but we who are creatures governed by time and conditions do not comprehend what is meant when we say that even He—the mysterious Origin of what we mistakenly call the 'Beginning' of things—*created* them—out of nothingness."

"It says in the Bible, 'In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God.'"

"Yes, Violet, the Word *was* God—Himself—the is always and forever. There is nothing new; nothing is ever created, nothing destroyed. Change is going on about us every second of our time, as I told you when I said the great lighthouse was slowly crumbling to decay. And as one thing dies another is born, or takes on fresh form, as does man, whose first tiny start into manifestation in this world is less a thousand thousand times than is the smallest speck you saw diminished by the aid of Violet's sketches of a man in the field glass."

The children exclaimed in wonder.

"It *is* wonderful! If the last sketch Violet made, and which could not be seen at all through the reversed glass were diminished over and over and over again, it would not yet be as small as the mysterious God-informed germ which as surely as the grandest orb that shines in the highest heavens holds God in the little living heart of its being.

"As I have said, it, to me, is as truly marvelous in its *littleness* as its opposite is in its grandeur greatness. Our mortal minds cannot grasp and make intelligible to ourselves the pure and simple *point* of such a beginning (to use a word necessary to us if we would make ourselves understood) of man's physical form. For within the tiny germ is that which science

calls a nucleus; within the nucleus the nucleolus; within the nucleolus the nucleoleolus, and so on without end so far as mortal mind can comprehend anything without end, and far as it goes—farther and farther and farther back there is always farther on the heart of its heart, the Divine Something that furnishes, or rather that is, the life of all that lives.

"See this little Japanese nest of boxes. Here is a sphere as big as an ordinary glass crystal. Let Violet open it for us, and illustrate to us that which I have been trying to make plain by verbal explanation."

Sixteen times did the astonished little lady lift the lid of an ever-decreasing-in-size wooden box, finding ever within the outer shell another sphere that fitted the last snugly. It seemed as if the end must come when a box no bigger than a pea opened in her fair fingers. But not until those pretty hands held so tiny a globe that it resembled a fine bead from a strand did the "nests" end; and then there was a putting together again as fascinating as the taking apart.

"The light and life which quicken the ungraspable unit (compared to which Violet's 'bead' is as an elephant to a flea or worse, for infinity stretches both ways, dear children) is as truly a Ray from the great Eternal Source of Light—a Life as is the seething flame of our gigantic sun—so surely a spark of the divine FIRE which is the light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world, and which is in all things that exist (for all things are *alive*), and is the Source of Life in everything in *or out of manifestation*, since it is life—immortal life itself."

"Then the 'Fire Worshipers' I read about the other day were not so far wrong, sir, were they—the Parsees?"

"Why, Brownie, boy, I am one of them myself! When I think of the magnificent grandeur of the orb at which the untrained eye may not gaze without danger to itself as representing a symbol only, a symbol of that uncomprehended FIRE which informs it with its Power, which is its heat, its



light, its life, I bow reverently before this stupendous and convincing proof of the living, loving, *caring* God-Father as does the most devoted Parsee.

"On the other hand, as I have repeated, I am as awed by the (to me) unmanifested Presence in things too small for mortal eye to see as I am by the manifested glory; for that great Power is there in the heart of the tiniest atom, active, deathless, all-mighty to bring unmanifested life into manifestation, and as beyond the power of our small minds as what we can grasp is beyond the intelligence of the oyster in its shell.

"Our world, the little world we have been following in its different states of progress, is all made up of old materials, the tiny cells that form it are old 'world stuff' brought into new manifestation; that is all. And as it came again into form so will it again disintegrate, decompose, and go back into that former state of unmanifestation it occupied before our world was needed for our especial habitation. For nothing exists save for *use*; always remember that, my dear Urchins.

"Thus the Universe is always supplied with material out of which to build homes for its children. And, like our earthly bodies, when these are needed no more they go back to their natural elements."

"Then, where'll we be if we haven't any earth or any body to live on or in?"

"The man I once told you about, Brownie—the man you couldn't see, needs neither of these material conditions when he leaves them; and they will last him that long, for LAW governs that. But as he does need a terrestrial or earthly dwelling and a physical body just at present, I am going to ask you to help me (in thought) to build that body for him, beginning with that tiniest unit conceivable for the first foundation stone in his mortal edifice. Who wants to help?"

"I, sir!" And the cave rang with the sevenfold cry.

—EVA BEST.

(To be continued.)

# THE WORLD OF THOUGHT.

WITH EDITORIAL COMMENT.

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## BIBLE READING NOW AND AFORETIME.

The discussions respecting the inerrancy and historic accuracy of the books of the Bible have divided the Christian world into two camps. One feature of the matter however, has often impressed the writer. Many of the zealous sticklers for the abstract authority of the scriptures are unfamiliar with their contents. A quotation from one of the writers falls upon their ears unrecognized. I once went to St. Paul's Church when the Episcopal Convention had begun its sessions. The Bishop, the late Dr. Horatio Potter, had delivered the opening discourse and the members were leaving for intermission. On asking one of the clergymen for the text, he took a Bible, opened it at the Table of Contents to find the book of Nehemiah, and gave me the chapter and verse. This need of such aid to ascertain it on the part of an expounder was not calculated to influence one favorably in regard to the importance of knowing what is contained in the volume. Yet I have known many persons who were not classed as "evangelical" who would cite chapter and verse at a moment's notice. The conclusion is unavoidable that the reading of the scriptures has gone out of fashion. The "Family Bible" formerly so familiar with its records of births, marriages and deaths, is a thing of the past. The book is relegated to other places than the center table. Significantly, likewise, the Bible Society itself has decided to close its business in New York as not paying expenses. Along with it the Methodist General Conference, for like reasons, has sus-

pended the majority of its weekly periodicals. The words of Chillingworth that "the Bible is the religion of Protestants" is steadily becoming less true. There may be more accord among them, but the trend is evidently toward a return to the lap of the "Mother Church." Whether this be so or otherwise, the change forestalls the adopting of new criterions in social life and neighborly relations. Let us hope that veneration and fraternal charity between individuals will continue and increase.

A.W.

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### TWO KINDS OF ANCIENT MYSTIC RELIGION.

The Orphean Mystics of ancient Greece were of two kinds, like religionists of other worships. One class professed to have been invested by the gods with the power of making good by offering and conjurations all sins which the individual had committed, or which had come from ancestors by descent, and to ward off their punishment without any great discomfort and trouble, and even with pleasure and festivities. But among the better sort of the Initiates, persons were admitted after certain prescribed purifications and their mutual practices of religion, by which the Orphic doctrines found their expression, partly in forms of prayer, partly too in expositions of the Holy Traditions called MYSTERIES, not only because only the initiated could take part in them, but also because both the ritual and the theologic expositions which then took place had a hidden, mystic meaning.

*Schæmann.*

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The alphabet as we now have it, so far as modern research has traced it, was begun by the Egyptians, continued by the Semitic nations, and perfected by the Greeks, to whom, through the Roman world, we trace back our familiar A, B, C.

—A. J. Evans.

## TWO SOULS.

Through a million cycles of endless time  
To the dizzying verge of space,  
Where worlds keep step to the rhythmic chime,  
Nor pause, nor hasten their pace.

Past rushing comet and burnt-out sun,  
Through the dust of dying stars,  
Together two Souls are hurrying on—  
Together while Time endures.

A lingering touch on the planet Earth,  
In the region of Night and Day;  
The angels smile,—and they call it Birth,—  
And then a moment of play.

And Sorrow darkens their childhood's dream,  
And they think that the angels weep;  
But it's only a moment in endless time—  
A moment for work and sleep.

They meet in the life under Earth's dull skies—  
These Souls from the realms above,—  
They pause and smile in each other's eyes,  
And the poets call it Love.

Only a moment—while angels sing—  
A moment in endless time;  
And then they are ready to go, and swing  
Into step with the Infinite Rhyme.

GEORGE WILLIAMS WRIGHT.

## TRANCE VISIONS.

Recent newspapers have given much space to a number of cases of trance visions, cases of partial or entire separation of mind from body during life. Yet there is about such cases nothing new—in fact, nothing strangely unusual. From the time when the Revelation of St. John the Divine was published and to the present day there have been comparatively frequent recurrences of the phenomena.

Until within late years, few of these cases were reported beyond a circle of intimate acquaintances of the individual dreamers. There was not sufficient general interest in psychical matters to warrant a study of them in the newspapers, nor was there such wide reading of the facts, even when they were published. People have been slow to take up the study of the soul-life. Religion has been, to a great extent, superstition, and the soul a sacred mystery not to be studied, as was the body.

The pendulum now swings strongly the other way. We eagerly seize and study every incident that may have in it an element of teaching on the mystery of soul-life, and, in our eagerness, we frequently gather the chaff with the wheat.

After all, the old collection of literature, long held sacred and called the Holy Bible, is to-day, as when unwritten it passed from lip to lip, authority for those who can understand the depths of a style practically entirely figurative. In that work, among many examples, the Book of Revelation is the clearest account of trance vision. Controversy as to its authorship is useless. If it be true that such a vision came, it matters not whether it were to St. John the Apostle, or to some early monk. The descriptions and prophecies are there, and in them there lies food for much study.

The most remarkable of recent trance-cases is that of Miss Olive A. Mills. Like many trance-seers of modern times, Miss Mills believes herself to have been dead and then brought back to life. She tells of passing through a long, dark space, like a great tunnel (the Valley of the Shadow of Death?), and approaching a

glorious light. She did not enter into the light, for a voice (that of Rev. Dr. Frank Sandford) called her back, "In the name of Jesus of Nazareth."

It is a noticeable peculiarity that most of these trance visions include scenes of heaven. Noticeable, too, that while the heavenly scenes may differ one from the other, the vision always is a scene perfectly orthodox to the dreamer; if he be an Episcopalian, so is the heaven; if a Presbyterian, heaven agrees with that creed.

These apparent discrepancies may, undoubtedly, be of the seers and not of the sights. Many have said that what they saw was "unutterable"; and it would seem probable that mental visions might transcend the descriptive power of words.

One of the earliest of modern cases recorded is that of Ann Atherton, given in Turner's "Remarkable Providences." The events occurred in 1669. Ann was then fourteen years of age, and lived two years after the trance, which lasted seven days. She said she passed through three gates and came out to the gate of heaven, where she "saw things very glorious and unutterable," but here her guide restrained her, and she went no further.

Elias Boudinot, LL.D., gave the world a "Life of William Tennent, late pastor of the Presbyterian Church at Freehold, N. J.," which was published in the *Evangelical Intelligencer*, 1806, and afterward reappeared a number of times in book form. Mr. Tennent was born in Ireland, June 3, 1705, and his vision came to him while a theological student. He was talking with his brother one morning and fell apparently dead. His trance lasted three days and left him ignorant as a child. After being taught for a season, his former knowledge came back to him, and then it was that he gave to a few friends the account of his vision. This account comes down to us with full and reliable authentication.

One of the most remarkable cases—recorded as a dream—unfortunately seems lacking in authentication at every point. The little eighteen-page 16mo pamphlet that contains it reads on the title page: "A Dream of Heaven, being an authentic narrative of a remarkable dream; with prefatory remarks. Fifth thousand. Philadelphia. F. Smith, 1848."

The four pages of prefatory remarks form but a sermonette—no proofs there. The opening paragraph of the narrative is: "In the year 1814, the late Mr. and Mrs. Foster, who were lost in the Rothsay Castle steamer in 1831, were acquainted with three sisters residing in London, two of whom were very serious, retiring women, and the third just as gay and volatile. They were all elderly, which rendered the gaiety of the third less becoming, and also inclined her the more easily to take offence at any remarks made upon it; she hated the piety of her sisters; and opposed it in many petty, spiteful ways, though they endeavoured sedulously to accommodate themselves to her wishes, and to render the difference of their opinions as little disagreeable as possible." Reading on, we learn that Anne, the impious sister, attended a dance one night, and the next morning was so quiet, and ate so little, that her sisters thought her ill, and questioned her. She replied that she was well, and did not wish to trouble or to be troubled. This continued for three days, and then she was coaxed to tell her dream of heaven.

She was in a glorious street in a kingly city, watching a happy multitude. After some time she followed them till she came to a temple of light. Here she paused. One after another invited her in, but their beauty and the beauty of the temple were uncongenial to her, and she stayed outside for some time. Finally one coaxed her in, and as they entered their garments changed to a glorious white. Inside was music and dancing. All seemed perfect harmony. She was importuned to join in the dance, but to everyone she replied: "I will not join in your song, for I know not the strain; I will not unite in your dance, for I know not the measure."

Then the Lord came to her. This is her description: "I thrilled in every pulse with awe; I felt my blood curdle, and the flesh upon me tremble; and my heart grew hardened, my voice was bold. He spoke, and deep-toned music seemed to issue from his lips: 'Why sittest thou so still, when all around thee are glad? Come, join in the dance, for I have triumphed! Come, join in the song, for now my people reign.' Love ineffable, un-

utterable, beamed upon me as though it would have melted a heart of stone, but I melted not. I gazed an instant and then said: 'I will not join in the song, for I know not the strain; I will not join in the dance, for I know not the measure.' Creation would have fled at the change of his countenance. His glance was lightning; and in a voice louder than ten thousand thunders, he said: 'Then what dost thou here?' The floor beneath me opened—the earth quaked—and the whirlwind encompassed me; and I 'sank into tormenting flame.' With the fright I awoke."

The last paragraph tells us: "She continued in this melancholy state until the end of the week, and was found in her own room a corpse; no one knows the cause of her death; she died without disease, and without apparent change."

"The Entranced Female" is the title of a pamphlet which appeared in London in 1841 and in Brooklyn in 1843. The truth of this account is vouched for by its author, Rev. Robert Young, and by Rev. Richard Traffry, both of whom claim personal knowledge of the facts stated.

Miss D—, a native of a British colony, was said to be dying and apparently did die soon after her minister, the author of this pamphlet, left her one day. Hers was another trance-case and in it she was led to see heaven, hell, and the earth. She recognized people in the various places, including some that died during her trance. The hell of her vision was a "Mikado" sort of a place, where the 'punishment was made to fit the crime.' For instance, Miss W—, condemned for love of money, was robed in a garment of gold, all on fire, and to Mr. O—, an intemperate drinker, boiling liquid was administered by devils.

From the Place of Symbols she beheld many of her earthly acquaintances allegorically represented, showing their virtues and vices.

The author describes this young woman thus: "There was a strange unearthliness about this young woman after this remarkable event. Previously her disposition was rather sullen, and there was an expression of sourness on her countenance; but the change produced by this occurrence was manifest to all



that knew her. Her temper became the most amiable, and her countenance was lighted up with more than ordinary joy. But, strange to say, in a few months she allowed herself to be exalted above measure through the abundance of the revelation, and consequently lost much of her glory; but the rod of affliction led her to recover her forfeited enjoyment, and in about three years after this trance she died happy in the Lord."

It is worthy of comment that, right or wrong, true or false, these trance-visions all place the regions of future life as adjacent to or in opposition to those of this life.

One trance-vision, heretofore unpublished, was told to the present writer by the man to whom it came. The dreamer (no better word presents itself—seer assuming too much), who is now a clergyman, was at the time of the trance a student. He was at his desk studying and, his brain being tired, rested his face in his hands. How long he remained in that posture he never knew, but this is what he saw, as he describes it:

"As I sat I felt a sensation of vastness, as if I had been placed in some far-off position in space, come over me. Then it seemed that I left my desk; that some way, not by walking nor by flying but by a motion that was neither, I went far away, to a city I had often wished to visit. I knew my change of place was merely mental, or spiritual. I knew my body was still with my books and papers, but I knew, too, that I was in the city I had desired to see.

"It was late in the afternoon and the banks and some of the large business-houses were beginning to close. I could see the clerks come out, nod to each other and start off, either singly or in groups. I concluded that, as I was there in mind only, it would be well for me to follow one of them and see what their homes were like. Just as I thought of this some men (possibly the directors) came out of the bank in front of which I was standing. They walked on together to the next corner where one turned off, the rest going straight ahead. Here, thought I, is my chance. I started to follow the one who turned. He had walked rapidly, for when I reached the corner

he was nearly to the next. As I turned on the block with him he looked back. There was an expression of dread upon his face hard to describe. He probably saw, or thought he saw, some one chasing him, for he started off so rapidly that I found it impossible to keep track of him. This struck me as being very peculiar for I thought that the mind, freed from the body, ought to be able to travel at any rate of speed that it chose. Nevertheless, he escaped me and I was forced to give up the chase.

"Afterward I went back and stationed myself before the bank once more. Here I stood for about an hour, as nearly as I could guess. Then a young man who seemed to be deep in troublesome thoughts passed me. I again started to follow. Evidently this man had a lighter conscience than the one I followed before, although his heart was certainly heavy, for he went on slowly with downcast eyes and never once looked behind—or ahead. He walked careless of everything and everybody and I followed easily until he reached his home.

"Here I met another surprise. I thought to pass through the door after he had closed it, supposing that matter would prove no obstacle to mind; but it was. As I ascended the stairs to the porch I heard distinctly my own footsteps. When I reached the top I stopped, partly to give the man a chance to get inside and to his room and partly to try to reason this out. Finally I started to enter but could not. Mind could not or would not pass through matter. The door must be opened to admit me. I could not open it and so was forced to give up.

"Time flew over the town. Whether it passed or stayed with me I never could ascertain. It was again afternoon. For some time I walked about aimlessly, then I was surprised by a familiar voice from behind me calling my name. Looking back I saw Charles Ferris, a commercial traveler whom I had often met at home. In a moment he came up and clapped me on the back with the expression, 'Hello, I didn't expect ever to meet you here! How long have you been around?'

"I told him that I was there on a visit, had been around but

a short time and expected to return that evening; at the same time, although I said nothing about it, I was puzzled to find that any one there could see and recognize me. The whole mystery of mind and matter seemed to be hurled upon me consolidated, so to speak, and I became thoroughly mixed trying to connect theory and facts.

"From these thoughts I was awakened by Ferris's exclamation, 'Only here on a visit! Lucky man! I'm here to stay 'while the endless years roll by.' When you go back just stop in and tell Jordan & True that I have given up traveling and am a salesman now at Williams & Hallett's, won't you?"

"Somehow this remark of Ferris's sounded sarcastic in some way and I did not like it. Still I went to the hotel with him and enjoyed a comparatively pleasant afternoon.

"When I left Ferris the idea struck me that I was wasting a great deal of valuable time. My mind and body were apart; one running about prying into foreign affairs, the other languidly resting somewhere. They ought to be together working at-*what?* That question came upon me like a grim phantom. *What ought I to have been doing? Where did I belong?*

"I doubt if ever another man went through such a terrible experience as was then mine. My mind, separated by unknown distance from my body, had lost its way. In vain I tried to recall my former occupation, home, method of life,—all were gone. Memory was dead. I could not even think where I was nor with whom I had last been. Crazy by this terrible mental homesickness I wept aloud, I cried, I shrieked. All in vain. The city slept and I was fearfully alone.

"How long this terrible agony was on me will always be a mystery. At last I became unconscious. That was all till I awoke."

Between the time of this trance and the time of his telling of it, the narrator had discovered that Ferris, Williams and Hallett were dead men when the vision occurred.

For obvious reasons fictitious names are used in this account.

KARL M. SHERMAN.

## GREAT TRUTHS.

Great thoughts are still as stars,  
Great truths are high;  
They grasp the soul, they break its prison bars,  
And all its fears defy.

Like emeralds they shine,  
Inlaid with gold,  
And in the realms of harmony divine  
Their magic hues unfold.

From Nature's soul they spring  
To joy and light,  
And in a rhythmic flow of beauty sing  
Their paeans of delight.

They lead the Heirs of Sight,  
They speed them on  
To Life's supernal summits that are bright  
With victories bravely won.

They are the prophet's dower,  
The poet's crown—  
They storm the gates of glory with a power  
That brings the kingdom down.

Great Truths! They come from God;  
In Love have birth;  
They spring to life from each prophetic word  
Whose beauty thrills the earth!

ELIZA A. PITTSINGER.

## THEORY OF THE HEBREW SCRIPTURES.

The Bible is the utterance of a period of law and wide-spread civilization in the East. It is founded on politics and religion, and requires but a correct knowledge of the ancient language, philosophy and Semite history to enable us to comprehend the purpose for which it was written, the theology it inculcates, the theocracy it supports, the philosophy on which it depends, and particularly the form of causation that it teaches.

—S. F. Dunlap.

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Swedenborg's following increases rather than decreases. Mesmerism, once derided, is now introduced as "hypnotism," and practiced by the "regular" schools of medicine. The almost simultaneous birth, rise, and development of Theosophy, Christian Science, and Mental Healing among intelligent people are phenomena which physical science has not explained.

—Florence Huntley.

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When the Pentateuch was written—that is, probably as late as the second century, B.C., the Bible was the New Constitution of the Priesthood that was to rule the Hebrew nation in the time of the Maccabees.—S. F. Dunlap.

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## BOOK REVIEWS.

FRAGMENTS OF A FAITH FORGOTTEN. By G. R. S. Mead. Cloth, 630 pp., 10s 6d net. Theosophical Publishing Society, London and Benares.

In this handsome volume, Mr. Mead has given to the world the results of his vast researches in early Gnosticism and Oriental literature in general. Portions of the present work have been previously issued in magazine articles, but are here revised and annotated, making a volume most rare and important in modern literature.

The synopsis of contents covers twenty-one pages, closely set with an almost bewildering array of subjects impossible adequately to describe in a limited review, but fascinating in the extreme to the lover of the Occult. The book must be read to be appreciated, and we predict that it will prove one of the most important books of the century, in helping to shape the thought of the Western mind on Eastern religion and philosophy.

THE ACTOR'S CHILD. By Henrietta Payne-Westbrook, M.D. Cloth, 236 pp., \$1.00. Peter Eckler, New York.

"The Actor's Child," by Mrs. Henrietta Payne-Westbrook, may be described as a story from life, combining what the author has thought, observed, and desired to see realized. It purports, however, to illustrate the ineradicableness of heredity, while striving to show it guided into a career of usefulness. It is piquant in description, and abounds with mirthful episodes which entertain, while the purpose of the tale is never lost sight of. There is little, however, of the prosy didactic style, to repel the reader. One is diverted by many of the descriptions, they are so real, and really funny. It is the story of Frederick Fraser Travis, the son of a gifted mother and a less worthy father, who, having been orphaned at birth is given up to the Rev. Mr. Travis, a former friend at school, and reared supposing himself the child of his foster-parents. Though religiously trained, the hereditary endowment is not eradicated, and he is detected in numerous pranks which exhibit the histrionic proclivity.

In course of time he is "converted," and sent to college to be educated for the ministry. Here he falls in with gay students, and "runs wild" with them. Naughty as much of his conduct is, one is often moved to laugh heartily over the forms which his ill-doing generally takes. The "old Adam" is revealed without disguise; the rare genius of the mother crops out, as well as the inexcusable recklessness of the father. Only the

strong faith and purpose of the foster-parents enable them to endure patiently his foibles, his often infirmity of purpose. In the last chapters of the story some of the unreality appears by which the current literature is characterized; but, as a whole, the little volume is a tale from real life. It has plenty of humorous incidents to add to its spiciness. The efforts of Mrs. Travis at matchmaking, the awkward attempts of the two ministers at wooing, each choosing the maiden who was intended for the other, and the other little incidents interspersed through the book are highly entertaining. In short, the story is unlike the current literature of the time, and this fact adds much to its attractiveness. A. W.

**DISCOVERY OF A LOST TRAIL.** By Charles B. Newcomb. Cloth, 202 pp., \$1.50. Lee & Shepard, Boston.

Mr. Newcomb, in this, his latest work, gives to the reading public a valuable addition to the "New-Thought" literature. He does not claim that there is anything new in it, but he has clothed the philosophy, which is its groundwork, in terse language, and the book is full of pithy sentences which strike to the heart of the subject. No reader can be misled as to what he intends to say.

The suggestive title awakens an interest which is amply satisfied by a perusal of the pages.

"We may surround ourselves in our thought-life with fruits and flowers of rare loveliness. We may find the springs of gladness bubbling up within the soul."

"When we have recovered the lost trail of a spiritual purpose, it leads us out of the shadows of the passing day and into the shine of the eternal years."

"In every sea of trouble there is some enchanted isle."

"The disciple who seeks peace and power must climb above the plane of personality beyond the surf of sensational life that breaks like turbulent billows on the shore laden with wreckage and debris."

The above quotations will give the reader a hint of the nature of the work, and we cannot do better in closing than to quote the author's words in his preface: "If these pages should aid any troubled soul to discover the inner light that shines upon the path of life, if they should open the spiritual vision to discern the mighty hosts encamped about us to deliver us, the lost trail will indeed be found, and as fellow-pilgrims we will go on our way rejoicing."

**LIVING PICTURES OF THE ANIMAL KINGDOM.** By Dr. L. Heck. Cloth, 196 pp., \$3.00. The Saalfeld Publishing Co., Akron, Ohio.

This volume of nearly two hundred pictures and instructive reading will give pleasure to both young and older readers, while at the same time it offers a new field of study of the animal kingdom. It is issued in a very attractive form, captivating the eye as well as the mind of the child, and cannot fail to find a place among the educational books for young people.

**BABY'S RECORD.** Compiled and arranged by Harriet R. McPherson. Cloth, 50 cents. Wood-Allen Publishing Co., Ann Arbor, Mich.

"An illustrated diary for the baby," which every fond mother will delight in. Provision is made here for every event of moment "from the first smile to the first day at school." On each left-hand page is a poem and illustration, the opposite page being left blank for the record to be written in, and the inside cover is prepared in dainty fashion to receive the little one's photograph. The book is attractively bound in pale blue and gold, and we predict success for it, especially as the price brings it within reach of all.

**THE RELIGION OF DEMOCRACY.** By Charles Ferguson. Paper, 160 pp., 50 cents. D. P. Elder and Morgan Shepard, San Francisco.

"I come to you with great ideas, ideas big with revolution—but they are common. You will recognize them as your own, only it is necessary to put words to them. Words are wings of ideas; without words they brood, but cannot fly. And these ideas of ours must fly from land to land and kindle the whole earth."

With words like these does the author of the book before us sound a trumpet call to his generation. With the boldness of honesty and sincerity, he discusses the vital subjects of religion, meeting the inquiring spirit of man with the hand of a brother strong to guide toward the light, where one is shown, as it were, a new universe, and a new democracy that will revolutionize the world and its religions.

All through the book is an atmosphere of freedom that is most refreshing, and there is a broad, fearless grasp of great truths, which should make the work more than welcome to all thinking people.



**LIVING BY THE SPIRIT.** By Horatio W. Dresser. Cloth, 102 pp., 75 cents. G. P. Putnam's Sons. New York & London.

In this latest work of Mr. Dresser we discern the same pure, uplifting spirit which pervades his other writings, and while it is of small bulk the pages are replete with ideas of lofty purpose couched in the language of simplicity. We quote from the preface: "The purpose of this little book is to simplify the problem of life. Its aim is also to increase the reader's knowledge of self, to add to his powers of helpfulness, that through this added understanding of life and this greater power of service he may be the more ready to manifest the fullness and beauty of the Spirit."

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#### PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

**FATE MASTERED, DESTINY FULFILLED.** By W. J. Colville. Ornamental white binding, 52 pp., 35 cents. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York.

**THE MYSTIC SELF.** By Rayon. Paper, 70 pp., 35 cents. Published by M. Rayon, Box 927, Chicago.

**THAT PECULIAR WISDOM IN THE BIBLE, ASTROLOGY.** By C. H. Van Dorn. Paper. Published by the Author, Newark, N. J.

**EVOLUTION OF IMMORTALITY.** By Rosecruciae. Cloth, 145 pp., \$1.00. Eulian Publishing Co., Salem, Mass.

**KRISHNA AND KRISHNAISM.** By Bulloram Mullick, B.A. Paper, 179 pp., price, 2s 6d. Published by S. K. Lahiri & Co., 54 College Street and Nokur Chunder Dutt, 6 Chorbagan Lane, Calcutta, India.

**THE TEN COMMANDMENTS.** By Rev. Geo. Chainey. Cloth, 130 pp., 60 cents. Stockham Publishing Co., 56 Fifth Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

**WOMANLY BEAUTY OF FORM AND FEATURE.** By Albert Turner. Cloth and gold and silver, 256 pp. The Health Culture Co., 503 Fifth Avenue, New York.

**ELECTRICITY AND THE RESURRECTION.** By William Hemstreet. Paper, 282 pp., 50 cents. Universal Truth Publishing Co., Chicago, Ill.

**THE OCCULT LITERARY NEWS AND REVIEW.** Published quarterly by E. Marsh-Stiles, 12 St. Stephen's Mansions, Westminster, S. W., 2s. 2d. per annum; single copy, 6½d. Foreign subscription, 50 cents.

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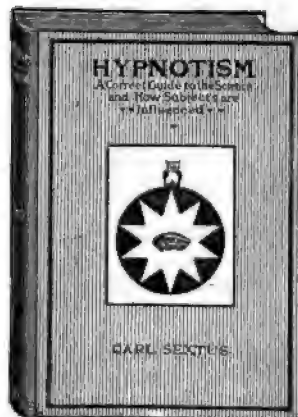
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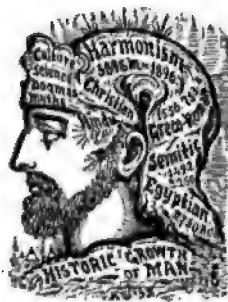
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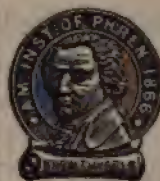
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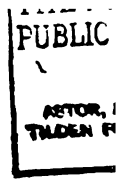
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